WEEK ENDING MAY 18, 1929

5c

# Liberty

*A Weekly for Everybody*

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*"Outside, Bum"*

—Leslie Thrasher—

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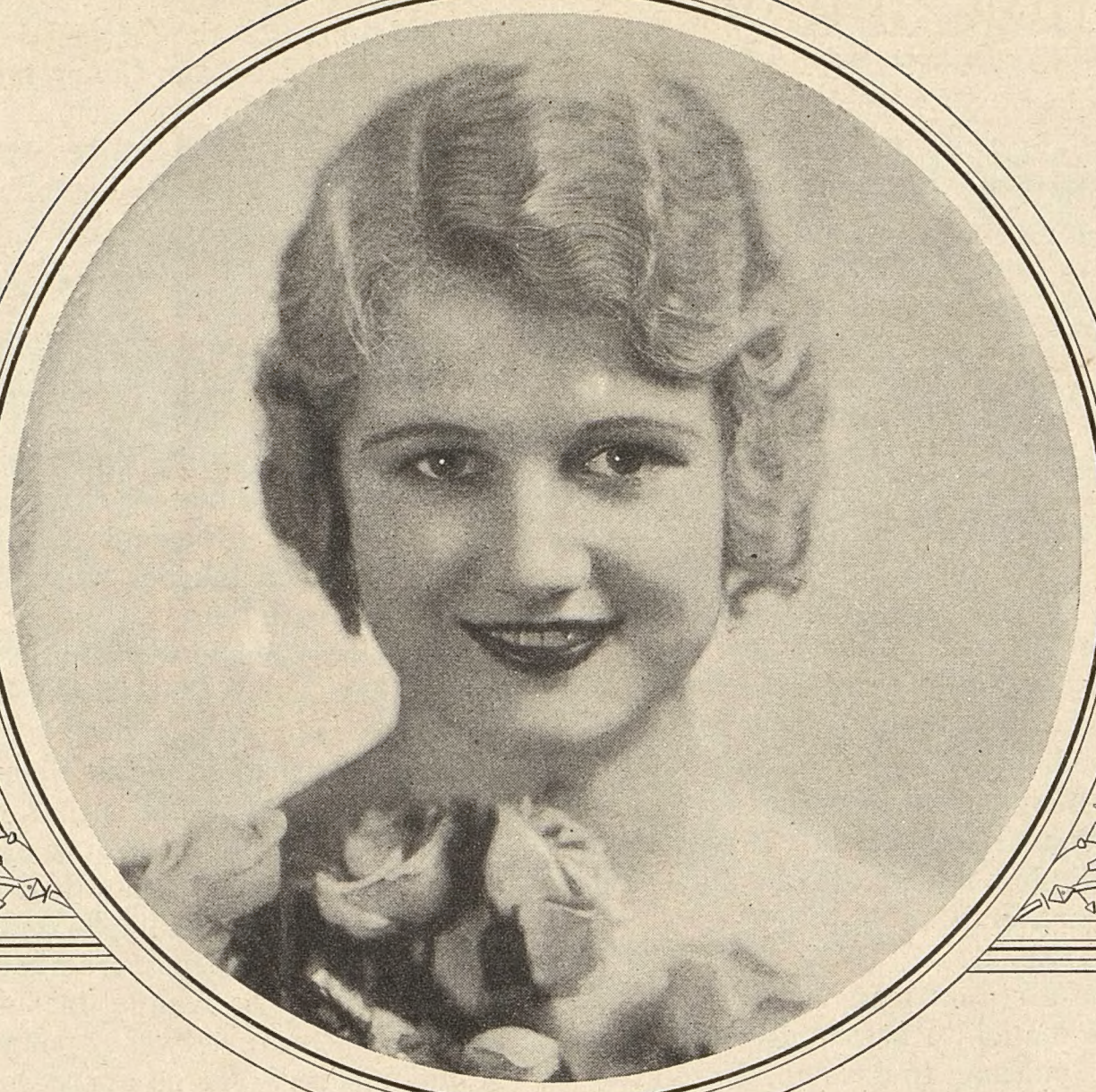

# *Now I'm the happiest girl in the world*

The first time Bill called he knew I was displeased. I said nothing, but he understood. Since then he has worn garters—his socks are always neat and trim. This pleased me greatly. It makes a girl happy to have her feelings respected—to know that her opinions count. Neatness is not a "little thing"—and the man who thinks a woman doesn't care whether his socks are up or down certainly does not know women.


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MAY 18, 1929

# Liberty

*A Weekly for Everybody*

VOL. 6, No. 19

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*"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.*

## IN PRAISE OF MONEY

Money has been called the root of all evil.

Down through the ages nearly everything unkind that anyone could think of has been said about it. "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." And so forth.

Well, in a sense you may say it is the root of all evil. But it is just as true to say it is the root of all evil and of all good.

If it enables man to live more basely, it also enables him to live more gloriously. It may exert a malign influence, but it may also be an instrument of great beneficence.

It accentuates life.

It won't make a stupid man wise (though it may turn a wise man into a stupid one) but it enables even a stupid man to develop himself and use more fully the advantages of existence on this planet.

Money is power. It is difficult for a man to have great power without a great deal of money.

The money may be in his ownership or it may be in his control. A poor man may—and often does—become President of the United States. But your poor-man President is powerful because he controls great expenditures and budgets and appropriations of money. The same may be true of the man who manages a vast corporation which he does not own.

Now please do not write to Vox Pop and remind us of the men who have had great influence without even vicarious possession of money. We know they have had great influence. But they have not had great power. The two are different.

There are those who profess to despise money, but most normal human beings are unhappy when they don't have it.

Even the most austere ascetic of the middle ages would occasionally accept alms. And the most humble churches have poorboxes.

Like a sword, money is dangerous if not skillfully used, but, again like a sword, in the right hands it is a keen and puissant weapon against adverse circumstances.

We think it is the duty of the ordinary man as well as of the extraordinary man to provide not only enough money for current living but also enough for a substantial reserve. There is need of it in sickness and for burial; for going to another climate for health, or to Europe for the good of one's soul, or to the country for the sake of the children.

Not all men find it possible to perform this duty, but all men can try. Aspirations are a large part of life, and we maintain it is foolish and an affectation to say this is an unworthy one.

It starts on a materialistic plane, but what of it? It quickly gets beyond that. Somewhere along the way money touches most of the things that make life worth living.

Anything people want to do is so much easier if they have funds than if they have to kowtow at the bank. If you have ever begged for a loan to tide over a time of desperate illness, you know that.

What it all comes to is that, except in the case of rare geniuses, it is the duty of every man to get money and spend less than he gets.

As Mr. Micawber said, "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery." Or as another genial gentleman put it some centuries before, "Light gains make heavy purses. 'Tis good to be merry and wise."

If you earn a little and save five per cent of it you are better off than if you earn twice as much and spend five per cent more than you earn. Many a man whose expenditures have grown faster than his income has learned this to his sorrow.

And what a great source of domestic infelicity this matter of money is! Men think of economy in terms of hats; women in terms of cigars. Yet with rich people, who do not have to worry about hats and cigars, domestic harmony seems even less prevalent than elsewhere.

Probably it is true that when two people share the desire for money—for material gifts such as motor cars and seats at the opera—the common interest is beneficial. When money is inherited the ambition to make money is lacking and people grow apart.

Too much poverty is ruinous, and so, frequently, is too much wealth. As with most things, there is a golden mean.

But for the general run of men it is safe to say they always should strive to get more money—and have several children to leave it to.

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# Increased sales of new CADILLACS and LA SALLES create exceptional buying opportunity for GOOD USED CARS of all worth while makes

CADILLAC-LA SALLE dealers are enjoying one of the most prosperous selling seasons in Cadillac history.

This is a fact of genuine importance to Used Car buyers.

The greatly enlarged business in new Cadillacs and La Salles has increased the size of Used Car stocks now in the hands of Cadillac-La Salle dealers.

These stocks are, also, far more varied.

The strong trend to Cadillac-La Salle is, to a marked extent, the result of a change in buying habits. Many who thought they must confine themselves to cars of lower price are now purchasing new Cadillacs and La Salles because they are convinced that, regardless of first cost, they offer a sounder and more satisfying investment.

Therefore a greater variety of makes in good Used Cars is available.

Dealers are naturally eager to liquidate these stocks and prices are extremely attractive. The General Motors Deferred Payment Plan, a very convenient banking service, may be used in the purchase of a Used Car as well as a new car.

It would be good judgment on the part of anyone contemplating the purchase of a Used Car to investigate these statements at once.

As to good condition of cars and fair dealing—such matters can always be taken for granted with any Cadillac-La Salle dealer.

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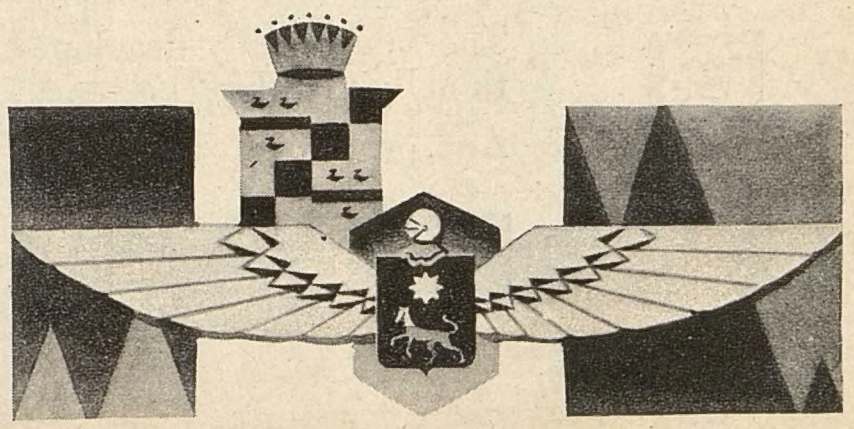

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## RCA RADIOLA

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# The CAT Man

*A ghastly fear took possession of him. They were waiting for him to die.*

## *A Story of Poetic Justice*

By

## REX BEACH

*Pictures by* ARTHUR D. FULLER

HE loved cats. Even on the night when he killed his sweetheart he delayed his get-away long enough to go home for his two pets—a black tom and a one-eyed tabby—for he could no more think of abandoning this pair than an adoring mother could think of leaving her children behind. He was a hulking man, over six feet tall. His coarse red hair grew low on his forehead and far down the back of his neck, his eyes were round and pink-rimmed, his hands were enormous and the fingers were curved like claws.

His passion for cats had manifested itself at an early age. As a boy he had befriended every dingy stray cat in his dingy neighborhood; he had stolen milk and food for them; he had hidden them away in little-used closets, and when his parents were asleep he had often crept out and transferred them to the warmth of his own bed. Many a thrashing he had received for bringing them indoors. What did he want with more cats when the house was over-run with them? his father had asked. But whippings had not cured him and up to the day he left school to go to sea he had collected and cared for every homeless cat he encountered. So it had been ever since, and he was past forty now.

Strange that a person of his vicious habits should be capable of such an affection. Perhaps it was because he himself possessed marked feline characteristics. He was lazy, useless, and cruel; he was selfish and wholly incapable of gratitude; despite his bulk he moved with a silent ease and limberness—in his whole body there was not a joint that cracked. Moreover, his lambent, green eyes were quick to glow with rage, and he could see in the dark.

A bully, a liar, a thief, and a murderer, this man. He made no human friends and yet the wildest alley cat fawned upon him and broke into purring at his touch.

Returning from the deserted pier where he and Marie had quarreled for the last time, he used his few remaining shillings to pay his landlady, called his cats, and then with them in the bosom of his jacket and his dunnage bag over his shoulder made his way back toward the docks, passing down dimly lighted streets that smelt of tarred ropes and apples.

VESSELS were loading and unloading in the glare of lights, winches rattled, unbroken streams of hand trucks, each trundled by a sweating man, maintained a rumbling like distant thunder and, in the stream, thickset tugboats with their sterns well down chugged and snorted busily. Moving swiftly and silently and keeping mainly in the shadows the man headed for a certain timber ship which he knew was pulling out that night short-handed. By daylight he was on his way to South America.

Marie had been good to this fellow, she had paid for his meals and his drinks, she had given him money in order to keep him ashore with her. She was the only woman who had ever really loved him—the others had proven themselves to be selfish grafters—and although he had never been able to bring himself to destroy a sick or crippled cat, and flew into a rage when people talked about drowning litters of unwelcome kittens, he nevertheless suffered no remorse at having killed her. He had a sailor's superstitions, to be sure, and he was sorry he had knocked her into the water—there was bad luck in that—but to the crime itself he gave scarcely a thought.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINE]

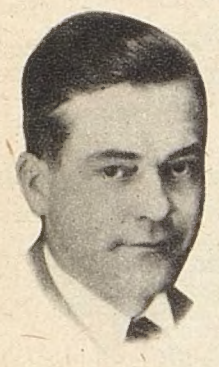
# Mr. Beach *and* Some Others

REX BEACH must be a great help to those who are planning literary careers for themselves. He is so compact and satisfying an example of how it ought to be done. You write a novel and make a hit with it; get magazine editors into the way of clamoring for your work; enlarge your soul with travel and your pocketbook with more writing as things suggest themselves, and there you are, famous and rich and happy. It's really all quite simple—as Mr. Beach probably will *not* tell you if you ask him. . . . He was born in Michigan, went to school in Florida, and then settled down in Chicago to study law. It seems to be part of the formula of successful authorship to start doing something else and change your mind. In 1900 he left law school; in 1906 he was famous as author of The Spoilers, and thereafter life for him has been one novel after another. These he writes wherever he happens to be, which usually is an interesting place. He is a mighty hunter, and his favorite hunting companion is his brother-in-law, Fred Stone, the comedian, with whom he has indulged in such little diversions as going after Kadiak bears in Alaska. The last we heard of him he was winning golf tournaments in Florida, but he may, by now, be facing a hard summer in Nice. And of all the authors we know he is, in his work, the most timid, conscientious, and painstaking! There may be something in that for those who aspire to write.

Rex Beach

Grace Robinson

GRACE ROBINSON, who has been to Florida for LIBERTY and tells about it in this issue, is one of the best reporters in New York. She alternates her magazine activities with covering murder trials and such for the Daily News. She comes from Nebraska, and has never quite got over being a little shy in the big city. . . . STELLA CALLAGHAN is not widely known in this country: we could not even find a picture of her. But see if you don't like the sentimental episode to which she invites your attention on page 28. She is an Englishwoman, the daughter of a late Admiral of the Fleet. . . . As for GERALD MYGATT, he is a native of New York City and a former newspaper man. During the war he enlisted as a private in the regular army, thinking it a sure way to get to the front—and emerged as a captain of artillery without ever having left the United States. To cover his chagrin he plunged into short-story writing, which has occupied him off and on for ten years; he has also been in the advertising business and was for a time associate editor of Cosmopolitan.



Gerald Mygatt

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**Prize awards for solutions of The Mystery of the Lost Heiress, by Sidney Sutherland, are announced on page 71**

*" Get out of here," she shrilled, brandishing her bottle. Through a fog he stared from the woman to his shipmates.*

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Drifting from ship to ship during the next few months, the fear of discovery left him. After all, he told himself, Marie had no relatives in Liverpool. She had come there as a refugee from Belgium and nobody at the laundry where she worked would feel called upon to raise a howl at her disappearance. People were forever disappearing. And, at the worst, nobody could prove that he did it.

She had practically ceased to figure in his thoughts when, one night, he was awakened by a shouting from the bunk above him. " For the love o' Pete," he heard a voice complain, " shut up about your damn' Marie and leave us get a bit of rest! "

The man broke out in a cold sweat. Talking in his sleep! That was odd, when he hadn't been dreaming. What had he said? For a long while he lay awake nervously stroking his two pets with whom he shared his bed. Here was something new. This was dangerous.

On the following day when nobody mentioned the incident he felt somewhat easier.

But twice again on the run to Singapore the same thing happened, and a growing fear took possession of him. Dimly at first, and then more clearly, a picture fixed itself in his mind—a picture of Marie's vengeful spirit hovering over him at night like an ugly, soft-winged bat. It was the silent beating of her wings that stirred thoughts in his brain and fanned them into words. While the ship was docked at Singapore, something occurred that struck positive terror into him. Following a night's heavy drinking in the red-light district, one of his shipmates told him that he had gabbed a lot about killing a woman. His informant, a rat-faced Frisco fellow, warned him to keep his mouth shut in future.

The big man blinked his pink-rimmed eyes and walked away without replying. He was shaken to the core. Blabbing now, with a bit of liquor aboard! What infernal luck! Where was this thing leading him? If it kept up he'd feel a knot under his ear. And he didn't dare ask Frisco how much he had said in the pub, either. He decided it was the part of caution to jump the ship, so a few days later he and his two cats were on a vessel bound for Australia.

But Marie was more often in his mind now than previously. Slowly she had assumed a definite personality and he began to fear her. To keep from talking in his sleep he tried tying his jaws together as a man does who wishes to break himself of snoring.

He went on another drunk in Sydney, and was swaying at the bar of a water-front hotel when he heard a shrill voice screaming into his ear something about " murder," " Marie! " The words partly cleared his addled brain,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[ THE CAT MAN
Continued from page nine ]

his fever cooled, and he found an angry woman with a bottle in her hand confronting him. She was the barmaid.

"Get out of here before I crack this over your lousy skull," she shrilled, brandishing her bottle. "Get the hell out! We don't serve no murderers in this place."

Through a fog he stared from the woman to his shipmates, and on their faces he beheld unfriendly expressions which alarmed him. Urged by the barmaid's vigorous arm and equally vigorous epithets, he lurched off through the low swing door to the street.

He was in a panic now; his heart thumped; his knees shook under him.

"I've done it this time," he muttered thickly. "I've let it out, for sure."

Fright had pretty well sobered him by the time he got back to the ship, picked up his cats and his duffle bag, and boarded the Newcastle train. As he was borne away, he decided that it had come to a pitched battle between him and his ex-mistress. Obviously she was impotent to harm him when he was himself, but she was amply able and ever ready to pounce upon him when he fell off guard. She was a vindictive wench and bent upon vengeance. Awake he was her master, but asleep or drunk they were on even terms and then their souls grappled.

Convict him out of his own mouth, would she? There was a dirty woman's trick. But he'd fool her. He'd strap his jaws together every night and he'd turn teetotal, damn her eyes!

Nothing less than a superstitious terror, an abysmal fear of the unseen coupled with his natural cowardice, could have held the man to this purpose, for his vitals had been saturated with drink these many years and they demanded it. There were times when he thought he would go mad for a taste of rum. Repeatedly, while he tramped the streets of Newcastle looking for a ship, his feet led him to the doors of some drinking place, and inside him an insane craving ten thousand times more compelling than mere food-hunger or water-thirst cried out for satisfaction. He ached, his brain was afire, mind and body alike were consumed by rebellious yearnings almost impossible to subdue, but somehow he fought them down.

A BOAT loaded with coal for the East Indies eventually signed him on, and as the grimy old tub wallowed northward he continued to fight that ceaseless battle with his appetites. Here was torture; this was punishment. Marie had shipped with him, as always, and she gloated over his sufferings. He would never shake her off; never again would he be able to slake his thirst. Or if he did, she would, in all probability, lead him up the scaffold steps and spring the trap under him. In his mind he cursed her a dozen times a day.

The Great Barrier Reef and Thursday Island had been left behind when thin streamers of smoke began to rise through the deck seams. It was a horrifying sight. Spontaneous combustion had taken place in one of the holds, and for two stormy days and nights, while the deck grew hotter and hotter underfoot, the collier crew fought the fire. Then suddenly the vessel listed, her decks bulged, and flames burst through with a roar. Amid shouts and confusion the order came to abandon ship, and hastily the small boats were provisioned.

The one in which the big man stood was run down from that belching inferno, but the sea tore it adrift and he found himself alone except for his cats. The waves hurried him away and to those aboard he was soon lost in the darkness. For a long while he could see figures flitting about against the glare, but the gale blew him on into the night and finally he could make out no more than a reddish glow upon the horizon, and this suddenly went black.

All that night the lifeboat tossed and tumbled. A terrific deluge broke finally and drenched its solitary occupant, but he bailed steadily and when morning brought a change in the weather and the sun came out he dropped exhausted upon the gratings and fell asleep. For the first time in months he slept without tying his jaws together.

HIS dreams were untroubled and when he awoke to find a long, gentle swell upon the ocean and his two cats frisking over him, he experienced a feeling of relief akin to triumph. The lifeboat was seaworthy and it contained an ample store of food and water. What was more, something told him that he had shaken off his ghoul; that he was free. Marie had always been afraid of fire. It was the one thing that provoked in her a swooning terror, for she had fled from Belgian flames and even the sight of a flaring match made her shudder.

The man laughed and shook his fist at the empty sky; profanely he voiced his relief. Then he fed himself and his cats, rigged up mast and sail to take advantage of the sou'west breeze, and spoke aloud to his pets:

"We'll head her north by the sun and stars. There's islands there and we'll raise 'em afore long."

Schools of fish made the surface of the water boil as they rose in panic from some hidden menace beneath them, long-winged sea birds uttered lonesome cries as they joined in the fray, and in the wake of the slowly moving lifeboat the dorsal fin of a cruising shark occasionally appeared.

On the afternoon of the second day a speck appeared upon the horizon which grew slowly, assumed outline, and became land.

"We'll make it by dark," he told his cats. "Wonder what the natives'll be like."

But the wind fell with the sun and it was nearly midnight before the boat grounded on the sand. Heaving the anchor overboard, the man picked up his pets and waded ashore. Dim shapes scuttled past him and disappeared into the sea and he said:

"Turtles! Dozens of 'em! That means fresh meat, whatever happens. Eggs, too."

He deemed it unwise to lie down and fall asleep in these unknown surroundings so he wandered about close to his anchored boat until dawn. Then he discovered that he was on a lovely little island. It was a tangled, fruitful place and, although many of the tropical trees were strange to him, he noted with satisfaction a considerable number of wild oranges, rambutans, bananas, mangoes, and the like. One end of the island was stony and bare and this was a breeding place for sea birds. They were present in thousands and they showed no fear

of him until his cats sprang upon a nest of newly hatched gulls. Then they rose screaming and circled close, beating the air with their wings and uttering apprehensive cries. The man laughed and stood by while his animals finished their breakfast.

Overlooking the rookery was a bluff of volcanic rock, a hillock of slag pierced by a cave. He climbed up to it and peered inside, but it was a while before he could summon courage to explore its depths. Immediately he did so, a nauseating stench greeted him and the place awoke; the air grew thick with little fluttering bodies which streamed past him in clouds. Bats! They brushed his face and neck and his flesh crept. They darkened the entrance, they hung from the roof in solid black masses. He swore at them and slashed them down with his stick. He loathed bats for they reminded him of Marie.

"Filthy, creepy little swine," he cried, covering his face finally and making for the open air. Standing outside the entrance he struck them down as they circled blindly. "Stinking vermin! I'd like to kill 'em all. They ain't like cats. There's nothing human about 'em."

*Two white men stepped out on the beach eying the ragged, hairy giant who awaited them with a purring cat in his arms.*

A thorough exploration of the island, which occupied him until early afternoon, failed to discover any sign that it had ever been inhabited.

It was a tiny paradise perhaps two miles in extent and it struck him as strange indeed that natives from other islands had not appropriated it. Probably that was due to the fact that there was no fresh water.

Returning to his boat, he landed his stores, then rigged his sail upon four uprights so that it would catch rain water. Next he hacked down and trimmed a sapling to which he lashed his shirt, and this flag he made fast in the top of an isolated coconut palm. Out of stakes and palm leaves he built a rough shelter and when darkness came he kindled a fire and toasted bacon and boiled a bucket of tea over it. He was extraordinarily well content with himself.

HE had been on the island a little over a month when a big *prahu*, blown off its course, hove in sight. He waved his arms and yelled to it until the natives saw him and came within hailing distance, but his shouts, his wild gesticulations set them chattering and they sailed away without coming ashore.

Not until they had faded out of sight did he cease to roar curses after them.

"Well," he said, having by now developed the habit of thinking aloud, "there must be other islands near by or them niggers wouldn't be kicking about. If I knew where I was at, and had a compass to go by, I could leave whenever I wanted to."

But the more he considered leaving his little domain, the more he dreaded doing so. Marie's restless shade was doubtless cruising the seas in search of him, and if she ever found him she would put him through that old familiar torture again. Here he was at peace. Better to be lonesome than to be hanged, he reflected. Perhaps she assumed he had been drowned. In any event, she could haunt this island and be damned to her. What if he did talk in his sleep when there was nobody to hear him? . . . He wished he had a jug of rum and could go on a big drunk. A man needed a good drunk about once a month. But, for that matter, there were coconuts by the thousand, and a hot sun to ferment their juices. He'd manage to make out on that score.

AFTER mature consideration he decided to stay where fate had tossed him, and he would have taken down his shirt, now whipped by the wind to a frayed rag, only for two things. First, he was running short of flour and tobacco, and second, that cave in the bluff, he had discovered, contained a valuable deposit of guano. Guano, of course, was as good as gold. No, he was secure here and in a fair way to make himself independent.

A week later he made out a sail on the horizon and again he raced back and forth along the beach to gain attention. The sail grew larger and he finally saw that a small fore-and-aft schooner was bearing down upon him. It penetrated the reefs and dropped anchor, then a dinghy came ashore.

Two white men stepped out on the beach eying with surprise and speculation the ragged, hairy giant who awaited them with a purring house cat in his arms and another rubbing its arched back against his legs.

"Ahoy, there!" said the smaller of the two visitors. "How are you, stranger?"

"Not too bad," the castaway answered.

"Not too bad! You don't look none too damned good. How'd you get here?"

"It don't matter how I got here."

"Righto!" the other declared resentfully. "It's all one to me if you came on your yacht or swam down from Russia for the exercise."

The big man blinked his pink-rimmed eyes; the visitors stared at him silently for a moment. Then the last speaker resumed, "Now, look here, Robinson Crusoe. I'm Skipper Jarvis of that trading schooner—the Flora. Some natives came into Tenimber a few days back with a yarn about a white man on this island, and I've wasted forty-eight hours lookin' you up. I'm headed for the New Guinea coast. Get aboard and I'll drop you at Port Moresby."

"Thanks, Cap'n, but I'm goin' to settle here."

"Here?" Skipper Jarvis passed a hand over his Cap-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE CAT MAN
Continued from page eleven

tain Kettle beard and looked meaningly at his supercargo. It was plain he thought this fellow had suffered a touch of the sun. "In Gawd's name, what d'you want to settle here for? Were you thinkin' of layin' out a race track or maybe openin' a store?"

"No. I've found a tidy bit of guano and I had a mind to work it if I could get somebody to call in every so often and take it away. Come and look it over and I'll make a deal with you."

After a short discussion, Jarvis and his companion followed the castaway along the beach to the bat cave and inspected it. When this was done the captain admitted, "It might pay to pick this up. Suppose I find you a partner to keep you company and some niggers to help you work it?"

"I don't want no company," the man asserted sullenly. "And I don't want no niggers, either."

"Why, you'd go off your blinkin' rocker in no time, livin' alone in this Gawd-forsaken place," the super told him.

"Not me. I don't like people. I'll be all right."

They argued with him further, but he held his ground.

"Have it your way," the skipper agreed at last. "We've got to be gettin' on. I can put in here every sixty days for shipments. How's that?"

"Good."

"And I can put ashore what you'll need till my next trip—canned stuff, kerosene, candles, clothes, tools, and some empty sacks. I'll bring a bit of lumber for a proper shack if you can make out in the meantime. Anything else?"

"Tobacco. I want "

"Oh, sure!"

"And I need a gun and some ca'tridges."

"Right. How about a drop of liquor?"

The man hesitated; he licked his lips and a greedy light flickered into his eyes, but he managed to refuse. He knew only too well that he would be unable to resist it if it was at hand, and he dared not risk even one drink with strangers about.

The stores were landed as promptly as might be and debited against the man's first shipment, but when asked for his name he said harshly:

"What the hell! Call me anything." Whereupon Jarvis shrugged and entered him in the Flora's books as The Cat Man.

Before the schooner left, the man voiced one other request:

"I say, Cap'n, fetch me some more cats, will you?"

"Cats?"

"Cats is all I care for. Don't forget. Any kind at all, so long as they'll meow."

AS the sun, resembling a huge red poker chip, sank below the horizon, the anchor chain squealed through the Flora's hawse pipe, her canvas fluttered, and she slid out between the reefs.

The man went about his work with a feeling of triumph: he laughed and he whistled and he talked to his cats. One of the first things he did was to scrape the ship's name from his lifeboat—it was well to completely cover up his tracks—then he made himself some so-called grog by fermenting a quantity of coconut juice and, when he deemed it fit to drink, he indulged himself in a spree. It was a lusty one; he yelled and he capered in the sand; he staggered up to the gull rookery and flung rocks at the birds and destroyed their nests. He cursed Marie, too, at the top of his voice. He invented jeering epithets to hurl at her.

He was sick for a day or so after his debauch, but he slept this off and then, much relieved in soul and in body, he began to dig his guano.

In due course the schooner returned with lumber and fresh supplies, but it was not in these that the hermit took his principal delight: he had eyes at first for nothing except the five new cats which it had brought. They were wild, half-starved creatures, picked up at native villages, but he stroked them, talked to them until they purred with pleasure.

Jarvis was disappointed at the amount of fertilizer he found sacked, for he had an eye to profits and investigation had proven that he had stumbled upon a good thing here, but when he suggested landing a couple of coolies to help with the work, the man gruffly refused. Jarvis pressed the point and the man flew into a rage.

"It's my island," he bellowed, "and I'll run it like I please. I won't have you nor your stinkin' coolies on it, understand? And you can tell anybody you see to keep off. I've got a gun and I'll use it. See?"

This outburst both surprised and offended the skipper. For a moment he considered telling the man to go to blazes and refusing to call back, but he could not well afford to cut off what promised to be a profitable trade, so he scratched his prominent Adam's apple, shrugged, and walked away.

THE Flora came and went thereafter at regular intervals, and people as far as Port Moresby heard about The Cat Man. To them, and especially to the members of the schooner's crew, he remained a mystery and a recurring topic of conversation.

Three years went by. Those cats had bred until the island was overrun with them and, doubtless because life there peculiarly suited them, they grew to an unusual size. Everywhere the man went they followed him. It was a strange sight to see him striding about surrounded by his pack, and although they fawned upon him and he could do anything with them, they were unfriendly to his visitors. For a while they hunted their own food, wreaking such havoc with the birds that they finally migrated. Even the bats they destroyed. They monopolized the man's shack, they stole his food, unexpected litters of kittens were forever turning up and, when there was nothing left on the island for them to hunt, he was forced to find food for them.

Fortunately, this was no difficult task, for there were many turtles. During certain seasons these monsters came ashore at night in pairs and, while the females crept up beyond high-water mark to lay their eggs, the males remained near the water's edge on guard, ready at the approach of danger to signal a warning and scuttle back into the sea with inglorious haste. By heaving these creatures over upon their backs and leaving them to paw helplessly until he was ready to chop them up, the man secured food for his four-footed friends. When he occasionally ran short of turtle meat, it was an easy matter to catch fish.

There was a large quantity of guano in that cave and Jarvis resented the slowness with which it was being dug. Several times he and the man had words about it, but there was nothing the skipper could do. He was afraid of the great hairy fellow and of his pets too. In truth, he had almost as good reason to distrust the one as the other, for one day a coolie trod on a sleeping cat and it turned on him and clung to his leg, clawing and biting until its owner pulled it off.

At night, as Jarvis and the supercargo sat on deck playing their phonograph and drinking whisky and sodas, they often discussed The Cat Man and his peculiarities.

"It ain't natural," the skipper would say. "You'd think any man would at least want a woman to make a bit of a fuss over him. But not him. And there's plenty of these dusky girls would jump at the chance to queen it on this island. As I figure it, he's in hiding."

But this was not the super's idea. "There's more to it than that," he declared. "There may be a price on him, like you say, but I've an idea he's found pearl shell in the shallow water and he's layin' away a fortune." The speaker was possessed of a romantic South Sea imagination and he had once done a little pearling. "That's why he's so scared we'll slip ashore and spy on him; that's why he won't use any help with his guano. He just digs enough to keep us coming. Mark my words,

he'll pull out some day with maybe a million pounds on him and give us the laugh. There ain't any other explanation to it."

"Damn him! And after all we've done for him, too! If it wasn't for that gun of his and them cats, I'd find out, but—I'd sooner land at night among them New Guinea head-hunters than risk it here. Them squealing devils would tear a man to ribbons."

The supercargo nodded.

Feeling his old thirst coming on him, as it did periodically, The Cat Man one day brewed himself another batch of fermented poison, and when it was ready he made a beast of himself as usual. His spree lasted nearly a week and for several days thereafter he paid the penalty. But this time he did not succeed in sleeping off his nausea; on the contrary he grew sicker, if anything.

There came a morning when he could not stand on his feet. It enraged him to find himself in this condition for he had never known a day's serious illness. He forced himself to rise and gulp down first one then another of the scanty remedies left behind by the supercargo. But they only made him vomit the more.

Coming out of a long sleep it occurred to him that he had not fed his cats. He felt as badly as ever, but managed to get as far as the meat box outside and heave its offensive contents to the waiting animals.

By the next morning his fever had increased, but he felt less concern for himself than for his cats—he'd be all right in a day or so. Their hungry meowings distressed him, and his turtle meat was all gone. He crept out of bed and opened tins of bully beef and fish for them, feeling some alarm at the quantity required to go around. However, he couldn't let the poor things suffer.

He lost track of time then; he slept some, occasionally a delirium overcame him and he was back in Liverpool with Marie.

Once he summoned the strength to rise and hack open his remaining tins of meat and cast the contents to his cats. Then he fell back into bed.

How long his illness continued he did not know, but his rugged constitution triumphed finally. It threw off the effects of the poison he had imbibed, and one morning he awoke clear-headed.

The sun was shining brightly and yet, oddly enough, a tempest was raging. He listened for a while, then he opened his swollen eyes wider.

THAT noise was not the wind, it was the snarling of his cats. He turned his head and saw that the cabin was full of them; they were coming and going through the open door, and they were thin, restless. A huge tom sat on a bench near his bed and stared at him fixedly, its tail twitching nervously.

"Poor old fellow!" he said. He reached out his bare arm and stroked it. The animal licked his hand for a moment—then, without warning or provocation, it sunk its teeth and its steel-like claws into his flesh.

The man yelled and shook it off; with his fist he knocked it to the floor. The cat landed upon its feet and crouched, staring at him out of burning, yellow-green eyes that had suddenly grown ravenous. It licked its lips and growled; the nervous movement of its tail increased.

The man's hand and forearm were bleeding, but he felt too weak to rise and wash them so he lay where he was and stanched the blood with his bedclothes.

"Damned ungrateful beast," he muttered. "I'll pay you off for this." He glared at the offender only to discover that every pair of eyes in the room was fixed upon him; the animals watched him with an eager, unblinking intensity. More cats slipped in through the door, and he noticed with a shock how thin and gaunt they had become.

Then a ghastly fear took slow possession of him; he felt himself growing cold and faint. His pets! It must have been days since he had fed them and they had turned against him. They were sitting here waiting for him to die.

He yelled at them furiously and waved his blanket, but they shrank back only slightly and soon edged closer. From outside came a plaintive meowing and in the doorway appeared a huge female followed by a litter of complaining kittens. The mother cat was a rack of bones, her teats were shrunken, but when she came to pause the kittens seized them avidly and she cuffed them aside. She, too, fixed a disconcerting stare upon the figure in the bunk.

With an effort The Cat Man raised himself and swung his bare legs over the edge of the bed. He'd have to drive them out of the shack while he was able, and close the door. He should have known better than to leave it open.

Ravenous devils! Waiting for him to croak! And that old tom—biting the hand that fed it!

IT was the first time in all his life that a cat had turned upon him. Well, he'd get his stick and lay it on 'em, break their legs, give 'em something to squall about.

He lurched to his feet and seized the staff he sometimes used, then swung it viciously.

Bedlam broke loose. There was a spitting and a growling, a scuttling rush as the animals somersaulted over each other to escape him. One of them screamed in agony and the man shouted: "Serves you bloody well right. Get out! *Scat*, damn you!"

In a wave they surged about the room ahead of him, snarling, squalling, fighting with each other. They were pets no longer.

Suddenly the man felt his knees buckle under him, then the floor rose up and stunned him. . . . A trickle of blood ran from his injured hand and stained the floor.

. . . . . .

The Flora came to anchor late one night under a low yellow moon, but not until dawn did Jarvis and his supercargo row ashore. As they left the schooner the skipper inquired:

"Say! Did you hear them devilish cats last night?"

"Rather! They kept me awake. How that bloke stands it I don't know. I'd go off my blinkin' nut."

"Sounded like they was eatin' each other up. Lord! It was enough to make a body's blood run cold. . . . I say, where's the boss this morning?"

When the boat grounded and The Cat Man had not appeared, the captain uttered a loud halloo. He repeated his call without result, whereupon his companion cried excitedly:

"What did I tell you? He's pulled out with his treasure. Strike me pink, if he hasn't put it over on us, just like I said he would."

Together they made their way toward the cabin.

"What's happened to all the cats?" Jarvis inquired as they drew near the house. "There don't seem to be half as many—"

Then he uttered an oath. "No wonder it sounded like they was eatin' each other up. That's just what they were doing."

"The dirty swine!" exclaimed the other man. "Leavin' them poor animals behind to starve. He'd ought to be arrested."

Again Jarvis called to the hermit; then, receiving no answer, he entered the open cabin door. He halted so suddenly that the super collided with him. In horror they stared at what lay revealed.

The skipper backed out finally and closed the door, his face was the color of chalk.

"Gawd Almighty!" he said in a weak, shocked voice. "This is horrible."

The super, who was clinging sickly to a palm tree, nodded his head. "Ain't it? And—he loved cats."

THE END

GRAPHIC SECTION

# News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

IN HARMONY WITH U. S. COAST GUARD'S sinking of British rumrunner, 225 miles off our coast, ambitious U. S. Marine captain raids champagne cellars in Reims to stamp out industry which is distasteful to the Anti-Saloon League.



DEAF MAN delivers himself of a few remarks on what he gets out of the talking motion pictures.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS. Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh embraces his fiancée before leaving on a trip.

THE NOW-YOU-TELL-ONE CORNER. *(A penny is paid for thoughts accepted for illustration in this corner.)*

CELEBRATED GERMAN MOVIE DIRECTOR surrounded by his ja-men. *(Idea by Douglas Fairbanks, Beverly Hills, Calif.)*

*A Refinemint to Smoking!*

*After every smoke*
*Refresh the mouth with –*

**LIFE SAVERS**

THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE

FOR "THEY TAKE YOUR BREATH AWAY".

*Presenting Fashion's newest . . .*

*Jantzen Color Harmony sets* . . . two matched Jantzens in a choice of harmonizing colors for your type . . . blonde, brunette or titian. A choice of models, too. The new Jantzen *Sun-suit,* with low cut neck and armholes . . . ideal for sun-bathing as well as swimming! The voguish Jantzen *Twosome* . . . two-piece appearance with one-piece comfort! The regulation Jantzen . . . smart in its simplicity! For those in and out of the water several times a day, these color harmony sets are indispensable. As the gift distinctive, they are inspirational.

You can depend on the Jantzen to give you smartness in their trim, graceful lines, to give you absolute comfort and freedom for swimming and to assure you perfection of fit . . . *always.* For Jantzen is tightly knitted from the strongest long-fibred wool. It fits you lightly, smoothly . . . *without a wrinkle.* Due to the magic of Jantzen-stitch, it has permanent elasticity. See the new Jantzen models at your local stores, for men, women and children. Conveniently buttonless in sizes to 40; unbreakable rubber button on larger sizes. Bright hues, pastel shades, stripes. Color-fast. Your weight is your size. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; Sydney, Australia.

Jantzen

The suit that changed bathing to swimming

Jantzen Knitting Mills, Dept. 43, Portland, Oregon

Send me free 'Jantzen Color Harmony Guide' showing Jantzen colors best suited to my type.

Name_____ Address_____

*A boxing tea at the famous Oasis Club at Palm Beach, Florida. Gene Tunney can be seen in the foreground at the extreme right of the picture. At his right is E. F. Hutton, and at Mr. Hutton's right, with his elbow on the table, is J. Leonard Replogle. In front of Mr. Replogle is Tony Biddle; behind him is Milton Holden.*

# *Pleasure Hunting In a* BIG WAY

*The Winter Quest for Happiness at Palm Beach*

*By* GRACE ROBINSON

Photographs from Pictorial News Service, Inc.

ON February 27 at Miami Beach, Florida, under a star-studded, tropical sky, 35,000 persons assembled to watch Sailor Jack Sharkey exchange blows with Willie Stribling, Jr. It was the most extraordinary audience that ever came together in this country to watch a prize fight. A wide slice of the spectators in the new pine saucer that night were society men and women from Palm Beach, most exclusive winter resort in America.

Think back to Ward McAllister, that impeccable gentleman who in the early nineties drew up the original list of the Four Hundred. Suppose McAllister, helping the exalted Mrs. Astor plan her dance, had said, "Let's stage a prize fight first and let the dancing come afterward." What would have happened? The lady would have swooned. Prize fights were not even mentioned in polite society

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where ladies were present. If a lady had *attended* one of the vulgar exhibitions she would have been automatically excommunicated by all believers in the goodness and sweetness of the sex. The idea of a matron's staging a prize fight for the entertainment of her friends would have been too dreadful.

Yet at Palm Beach this last winter, private boxing exhibitions constituted one of the most popular entertainments of today's Four Hundred. Of the thousands of women who saw Sharkey win from the young Georgian at Miami Beach, perhaps the most intelligent female fans were those sun-browned society women who had motored or come by train from Palm Beach. Of all the great feminine contingent that stormed the flat pine arena that night, there were only two that I am positive had never seen a prize fight before. One was Estelle Taylor, Jack Dempsey's wife. I was the other.

The big contest was held on society's front porch, two hours' motoring from Palm Beach. No setting could have been more sensuously pleasing. It was out of doors in the sunny southland at a season when the rest of the country is trudging through snow and ice. Instead of bare, rattling branches overhead there were the fronds of coconut palms moving in an indolent, balmy breeze. Instead of the howl of a bleak wind there were the gentle swish of a southern sea, and pleasant sounds of revelry proceeding from outdoor cafés and from speak-easies that left the door wide open.

*Mrs. Frederic W. Procter of the Palm Beach colony, attired for surf and sunshine.*

ALL day flivvers chug-chugged in from Georgia and other southern regions, and special excursion trains from the north disgorged droves of dusty fight fans wondering where they were to sleep that night, for all of Miami's mammoth hotels were full. Late in the afternoon the millionaires began to arrive from Palm Beach. Thomas L. Chadbourne came in on a private train which he had chartered. With him were dozens of his millionaire friends, and dozens of his friends' friends. He took the whole gorgeous mob to dinner at Deauville, a swanky eating place at Miami Beach.

A group of bachelors from Palm Beach's swagger Oasis Club—which stages boxing exhibitions for its members—arrived on a private car. Mr. and Mrs. Warner Jones came in their private Pullman with an aggregation of gay friends. Rail was too slow for Joseph Harriman, James R. Hyde, Rodman Wanamaker, 2d, and some others. They flew from Palm Beach. Hundreds more motored down in their Isotta-Fraschinis and Rolls-Royces and sleek Minerva cars and squeezed down on their sixteen inches of hard ringside plank in time for the preliminary bouts.

At a glance you could tell how long a person had been in Florida. The artistically tanned ones had been there most of the season; they were chiefly Palm Beachites. The red lobster effects belonged to those who had arrived a day or two before and had been in bathing once or twice. The people with the prosaic northern complexions had just arrived. They mostly wore northern clothes. Under the garish lights above the ring they looked hot and uncomfortable, lugging their winter overcoats.

Everybody craned his neck to see Estelle Taylor, who sat about five feet from the ring. She was a slender figure in filmy gray evening dress with rhinestone cuffs, an ermine wrap, a scintillating collection of diamonds, and many orchids. She felt overdressed, she said, protesting prettily: "Jack made me wear this—he likes this dress—he would have had me sitting here from five o'clock on, if he'd had his way." Jack himself, in dinner clothes, was all over the place, attending to last-minute details of the fight he inherited from Tex Rickard, master showman, who originally planned it.

I HAD to stand up to make room for a plump, dark man with a good-natured face to squeeze past me to his seat. He was Al Capone, the distinguished Chicago racketeer. I looked for the famous scars which have given him the sobriquet he hates, "Scarface Al," but they were hardly visible in that unnatural light. There was a flutter of interest over him, and on all sides people spoke of his magnificent winter house on Palm Island, near Miami, with his aids on constant guard and a machine gun behind every hibiscus bush. "He has a reputation as a host, too," murmured some people on my left.

One-Eyed Connelly, prince of gate-crashers, squeezed in, climbing over a couple of Palm Beach millionaires. He was a comical figure in monocle and dusty dinner coat. Later I saw a candy vender hand him a chocolate bar for nothing.

Babe Ruth was there in blue serge and white flannels, grinning like a delighted schoolboy from behind the latest thing in sunburns.

I spied Irene Castle, chewing gum under an absinthe-green hat. The man beside her under the eyeshade was her husband, Major McLaughlin. Edna Brokaw, New York society girl, was remarkable for her successful wearing of a blue hat and blue shoes with a green coat. Everybody recognized Florenz Ziegfeld, the father of the Follies, and trailing in the offing was J. Leonard Replogle, society man.

There were Sam Harris, New York theatrical man; Harry Heckheimer, Dempsey's attorney; Paolino Uzcudun, the fighter; James J. Corbett; George White of the Scandals; W. C. Fields, the showman; Firestone of tire fame; Erskine of the Studebaker company; and scores of other celebrities.

What an aggregation! It was Broadway and Park Avenue and Chicago's Cicero all jumbled into one, with huge chunks of Main Street out near the perimeter of the great bowl, strongly flavored with Georgia, Stribling's home state.

The preliminary fights started. Soon blood was spattering in the ring, threatening to fly past the ropes, and I trembled for the immaculate white costume of Mrs. Jimmie Walker, wife of New York's mayor. She sat in front of me, wearing a white fox scarf, and munching pop corn from a paper bag.

Then—after a "battle royal" of a dozen blindfolded colored boys—came the big fight. Sharkey came out in a blue bathrobe with U. S. N. embroidered on it. Strib-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]

# YESTERDAY . . TODAY . . TOMORROW

## THE NAME BUICK WILL ALWAYS MEAN BETTER MOTOR CARS

*"Buick" is far more than merely a factory and a product. It is a national institution. It has its roots deep in the life of America. It will continue to serve the nation, in the future, as it has served for a quarter of a century.*

Of only a few automobiles could anyone say with confidence: "This car will *live*. Its manufacturers will continue to build it twenty years from now with the same fidelity and the same devotion as they build it today."

Of that few, one automobile would be named instantly by everyone in America. And that automobile is Buick.

Industrial leaders would give billions, if billions were needed, to perpetuate this name. More than two million Buick owners, and the public itself, regardless of motor car affiliations, would voice their approval.

Because *Buick* means a great deal more than merely huge plants, fine machinery, great financial resources, or even a highly skilled organization.

It is a part of national tradition, interwoven with the life of every city, town and hamlet. It has contributed to the health, comfort and material welfare of hundreds of thousands of families. It has carried the story of American industrial genius to every corner of the world. It is one of the institutions of which America is proud.

Almost from the dawn of the motor car industry, this name has stood the symbol of truly fine automobiles, made better and better with each passing year, and always made superlatively well. And the name will continue to bear the same high meaning.

This fact of permanence is one of the fundamental values obtained and appreciated by every man who buys a Buick automobile.

He knows that *Buick* is sound. He knows it is reliable. He knows that Buick will always mean better motor cars.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
*Division of General Motors Corporation*
Canadian Factory: McLAUGHLIN-BUICK, OSHAWA, ONTARIO

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

ling looked younger than the sailor, and his hair lay slick and black. I clearly saw Strib's heart beating in the moment before they clashed. They glared at each other, and then at a signal they were at it. . . .

Ouch! Strib hit Sharkey below the belt, it seemed. Just excitement, said the man sitting next to me. Sharkey hit Ma's Boy in the face, and he began spitting blood. O-oo-ff! What a frightful right to the chin Sharkey gave! Now look at *his* head go back. Strib'll break his neck, I thought.

I caught a glimpse of Estelle Taylor just then. During the preliminaries she had winced, and now her face sagged. Probably she was realizing for the first time what her husband Jack had given and taken in his fistic battles. She didn't like it.

But Palm Beach folks liked it. They were yelling and cheering for more.

*The Palm Beach vogue of the manly art extends to the youngest generation. This is Kohler's boxing class at the Ferguson School.*

On and on went the $400,000 battle, with boos and groans and cheers from the thousands who had paid from five to twenty-five dollars each (unless gypped for more by speculators) in order to see it.

The famous Florida moon came up over the swishing ocean as Palm Beach society climbed over the rough planks to go home. I heard one fair debutante say to another as they stepped into a Rolls-Royce: "D'ye remember that left hook Sharkey shot into Strib's middle in the beginning of the third, just before they went into that clinch?"

"You mean just before they began to wrestle?"

"Yes. Well, that should have been called a foul. It was clean below the belt. Strib should have got that round. That Magnolia referee person looked to me like a nit-wit with the mumbles."

"Righto. I agree with you. But, hell, have you got a snort left in your flask? I'm a bit punch-drunk myself."

It was apparent that a prize fight, even to its vocabulary, was no novelty in Palm Beach. Later, at that pleasant resort, I found out why. The colony, in this respect at least, has gone tough.

PALM BEACHITES, a bit bored with the ocean and the palm trees and with watching their skins turn brittle and mahogany color, have publicly and passionately embraced the fistic sport. Palm Beach is an island, bounded on the east by the sapphire and jade Atlantic, and on the west by palm-fringed Lake Worth. Across Lake Worth is a workaday town known as West Palm Beach. The two towns have nothing in common, Palm Beach being a region of unbelievably expensive hotels and magnificent Spanish winter homes, while West Palm Beach is simply a bright little town of meat markets and hardware shops and the folks who work in them. In West Palm Beach the American Legion stages two prize fights each week. At first these were attended by the usual run of men with checkered vests and fat cigars who pronounced *patio* "pay-show." In time Palm Beachites began to feel the lure. Now the ringside boxes are reserved for society people and the audience is always generously sprinkled with barebacked women and flashing jewels.

"Hit him in the bread basket!" Mary Brown Warburton, whose father is the Social Register mayor of Palm Beach, always yells when her favorite needs encouragement.

"Kiss him!" is the unusual exhortation of Mrs. John C. King, a society woman who at the ringside becomes entirely forgetful of her bringing up.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Phipps, millionaires and polo enthusiasts, were in mourning during the past season and accepted no invitations. But they never cut out their prize-fight nights.

The cave-man sport sailed right into the glory of an ocean-front house last year when J. Leonard Replogle, a society leader, gave a luncheon for Gene Tunney, the heavyweight champion. Eighty society swells came to eat and worship, including one title, Count Michael De Zogheb. The late Tex Rickard, famous promoter, also attended.

IT was left for the ultra-exclusive Oasis Club to make fights the vogue at Palm Beach. It has made the hit of its life by staging hybrid functions called boxing teas. The members and their female relatives and friends sit at tables in the patio and drink tea while the imported tough boys on the platform try to annihilate each other with their fists. Between rounds the orchestra plays softly, and the spectators dance if they care to. The women mostly coo with delight at the bloody spectacle, or loudly lament their disappointment if the handsomer man seems about to be torn apart. The ropes are prettily draped with green and yellow bunting, and there are plenty of palms and hibiscus plants about to assure folks there is really nothing brutal about this.

Occasionally a fair newcomer faints and has to be carried out head and heels, her ropes of pearls trailing on the cement floor. But mostly the gentler sex yells for blood and criticizes the management if at least a couple of gladiators don't take the count.

One of the most successful functions last season was the evening party given at the Oasis Club by Mr. and Mrs. Horace H. Work and Mr. and Mrs. Blaine Webb. After the boxing exhibition, the guests danced.

Boxing is an essential part of the education of Social Register children. A seven-year-old boy may forget his broad A now and then, but his left jab is never allowed to weaken. The exclusive Ferguson School has a special instructor named Kohler for the blue-blooded lads. Walter Monahan, who once trained Tunney, teaches the juveniles boxing at the fashionable Bath and Tennis Club. Once a year the children bat each other all over the ring in a big socking tournament at the Oasis Club, while fond mothers applaud.

*The swimming pool of the George A. Dobyne home at Palm Beach.*

But it takes a great deal of diversion besides boxing and prize fighting to fill up all the hours Palm Beach millionaires are free to devote to pleasure hunting. And nothing short of kingly pastimes can dispose of the money they have to spend.

A Palm Beach season is a fine example of how complex life can be made, given time and money. On a simple tropical island these millionaires have evolved a plan of life that is exhausting even to think about, and makes highly organized New York seem like a rest cure by comparison.

Of course there is the usual run of outdoor sports, bathing in the surf and golf and tennis. There is a great deal of drinking. The energetic outdoor life of the rich Palm Beachites balances their hectic drinking program.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

HE THOUGHT:
*"How absolutely lovely she is tonight!"*

SHE THOUGHT:
*"How glad I am I washed my hair and changed to this fresh dress!"*

# *Real cleanliness is the greatest beauty secret!*

What is it that puts high-lights in your hair... glints of gold or copper? What is it gives your skin the vivid pinkness that even great painters find difficult to get on canvas? What is it that transforms the simplest summer frock ... makes it *charming?*

The answer, of course, is *real cleanliness.*

It isn't that we do not know these things. The question is, do we make *use* of this great aid to beauty as much as we might and should?

### *What doctors say about shampooing*

The dryest hair is oily enough to catch the dirt that flies everywhere. As this grime kills hair luster, why let it accumulate?

Authorities advise a thorough shampoo every two weeks . . . and *oftener* when a hair dressing is used, when you perspire freely, when your hair is naturally oily, when in work or play your head is exposed to more dust and dirt than is usual. And remember, any good toilet soap is a good shampoo soap. Don't fail, either, to wash your comb and brush thoroughly every few days.

### *Wash your face the only "best" way*

The skin, also, is invisibly oily and dirt-catching . . . and water alone will not remove this film. Soap, the real cleanser, is needed.

Skin specialists say that creams and powders, when used as a *substitute* for soap and water, increase rather than lessen the possibility of blackheads and "shiny nose". They call soap and water "the most valuable agent we have for keeping the skin of the face normal and healthy".

### *Elbows, underwear and finger nails*

Are your elbows dark and roughened? Then *brush* them every night with warm soapy water and see this unloveliness gradually disappear.

If you aren't able to manage as many professional manicures as you would like, soap-scrub your nails once a day with a stiff brush, and push the cuticle back with the towel while drying. You'll find that except for occasional shaping and polishing, little else is needed.

From stockings and underwear to dresses, scarfs, gloves, etc., there's only one safe rule about your clothing: anything that is *doubtful* is definitely *too soiled to wear.*

### *The kind of beauty called "elusive"*

Other people know when we do and do not take baths. Other people notice when the attention we give to cleanliness is the 100% and constant kind.

Isn't "daintiness" just another name for being *clean?* . . . and "elusive" beauty, probably mostly *extra* cleanliness? . . . of body, face, hands, hair, clothing, and all the many little details?

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*Published by the Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers, Inc., to aid the work of* CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, *45 East 17th Street, New York.*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

Fishing and airplane trips help considerably in this respect. They frequently go to Long Key Fishing Camp, 170 miles from Palm Beach. The train takes six and a half hours. No red-blooded millionaire would dream of missing five hours' sport with the gamy tarpon, so they fly in planes in an hour and a half.

This is the usual plot: Mr. Millionaire sends his yacht down two or three days ahead, loaded with servants and eatables, all kinds of camping equipment, and everything needed to make a millionaire feel at home on a strange key. Then he and his friends fly down, leaving the Curtiss station on Lake Worth at 9 A. M. and reaching Long Key at 10:30.

The trip down costs $500. If the plane returns immediately to Palm Beach, it charges another $500 to come back. Or it will lie over at $100 a night. Generally these simple pleasure seekers let the plane go back and return for them a few days later, thus keeping the plane bill for the entire holiday down to $2,000. If it is a one-day picnic, the plane calls at 4:30 and all hands are back in Palm Beach in time for cocktails at 6.

At Long Key the millionaires fish and drink liquor. There is an old-fashioned bar there. When they weary of that they drink liquor and fish, and when that grows monotonous they drink liquor.

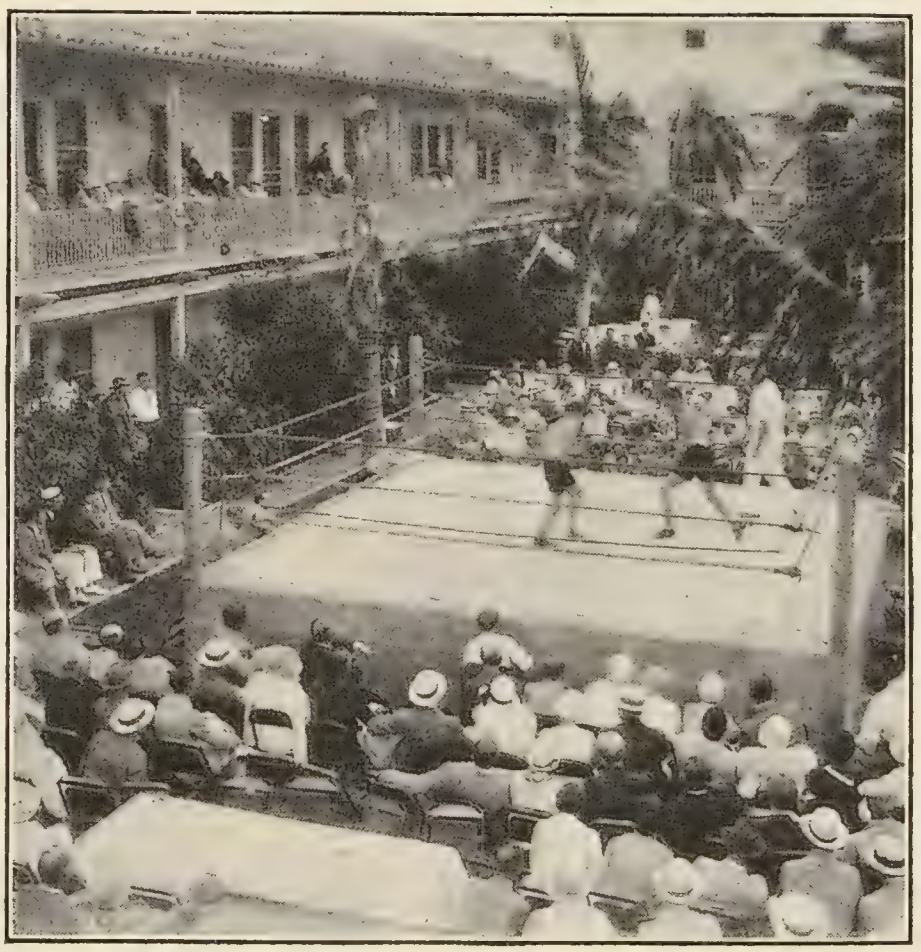
Rodman Wanamaker, 2d, loves Long Key, and almost any day he may be seen embarking with a party, the noses of the Ireland amphibians pointed south. One excursion last winter was especially notable, not because Lady Dudley Ward of London was the only woman in it, but because she was such a smart picture in bathing suit and overalls and beret when the ship started. On the return there was a shattering of glass when Lady Ward attempted to climb out. She cried that she had wrecked the plane; but, on examination, it was found she had merely put her foot through the windshield.

Sometimes the millionaires do their fishing in the Gulf Stream which flows obligingly past Palm Beach. By the ancient yacht route through the north inlet to the ocean it takes as much as an hour and a half to get into the dark blue current. Millionaires have found an easier way. They send their yachts out ahead, and then they taxi out by plane, the amphibian aircraft setting them neatly down by the side of the boat. The plane-taxi bill runs only to about sixty dollars, and the return trip costs the same. They consider the extra hour or two of fishing well worth $120.

THERE are other pleasant jaunts by plane. When Palm Beachites tire of the hypothetical prohibition on their island, they fly sixty-eight miles in fifty-five minutes to West End in Great Britain's Grand Bahamas. There they go to Crawford's, a private warehouse with a bar always going full blast and rooms upstairs for those who have tried to keep up with the bar. At Nassau, near by, are half a dozen bonded warehouses, and British schooners were kept busy all winter hauling liquor to West End for American millionaire consumption.

At Crawford's one can get Johnny Walker Black Label, a fourteen-year-old Scotch, at $2 a quart; excellent champagne at $28 a case; and all brands of brandies, liqueurs, etc., at nominal cost. When the planes return to Palm Beach, the United States Public Health Service examines the passengers for contagious diseases. The customs officials are on the job to watch out for illegal importations of galoshes, furs, etc. The Immigration Service comes to the landing dock to make sure no British West Indian servants are being smuggled into the country. But the dry snoopers bask calmly in the sun across the lake at West Palm Beach and never come near the returning millionaires. Professional fliers profit handsomely, because no millionaire ever tips his pilot less than a fifty or a hundred-dollar bill, even for a fifteen-minute flight.

Mr. John "Drive Yourself" Hertz owns his own plane, The Three Johns, a Sikorsky twin-motored, leather-upholstered affair that often goes zipping over to Nassau and Bimini. Gar "Speed Boat" Wood is often seen about Palm Beach in his Fairchild cabin plane on pontoons.



*Another view of a boxing tea at the Oasis Club, showing action at the center of interest. Nowadays Palm Beachites of both sexes are discriminating fight fans.*

IN addition, Palm Beach has an elaborate system of entertainments designed to appeal to the mind. There is the Current Events Lecture Series, of which Mrs. John Robert Bryden is chairman and president, and Mrs. Alfred Goddard Kay is secretary and treasurer. Only 100 minds are officially recognized as such by this body, because if everybody in Palm Beach came clamoring to the officers, asserting that he, too, had a mind, the project would become just ordinary. Every year the sixty original members admit forty more. They meet at each other's houses, and listen to distinguished speakers. Then a lot of luncheons and dinners have to be given for the distinguished speakers, and much time and money is thereby disposed of.

There is also the Society of Arts, for music lovers of the right sort, membership limited to 250. Last season Mischa Elman and Joseph Lhevinne went to Palm Beach to play for them. On another occasion the Society of Arts had the whole Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra there. Marion Talley sang. Private individuals, too, began to realize that not the ocean but music was the really chic thing. Mrs. Hugh Dillman, the former Mrs. Horace (Automobile) Dodge, had Elizabeth Rethberg and Gigli from the Metropolitan Opera Company singing together at her house. It is said of Rethberg that she won't open her mouth for less than $3,000. Gigli demands something like $3,500 for one little glimpse at his tonsils. Mrs. Dillman's music bill for the evening was plenty.

Culture does well in Palm Beach. Every year there are dozens of art exhibitions. There are exhibitions of table decorations and garden accessories; of water colors and portrait drawings in color; of gentlemen's accessories for house and yacht; of etchings, ship models, old glass, and dozens of other things that are crying to be exhibited where a millionaire will toss out sixty-five or seventy thousand dollars for a tapestry as nonchalantly as most folks lay down the price of cigarettes.

At present Palm Beach is in the throes of an Era of Dissatisfaction and Desire for Greater Grandeur. A visitor marvels that the millionaires and their wives haven't dark circles under their eyes. For surely they lie awake nights trying to invent new ways of spending

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

# 4 FORWARD SPEEDS

*SILENT THIRD , DOUBLE HIGH*

## SIX-SIXTY-SIX AND SIX-SEVENTY

A remarkable and exclusive Durant transmission, now available for the first time in popular priced cars.

Its advantages in acceleration, speed, power, handling ease and economy of operation will instantly appeal to you.

SIX-SIXTY-SIX
$895
*and upwards*
*all prices at factory*
LANSING MICHIGAN
112 IN. WHEELBASE

SIX-SEVENTY
$1195
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LANSING MICHIGAN
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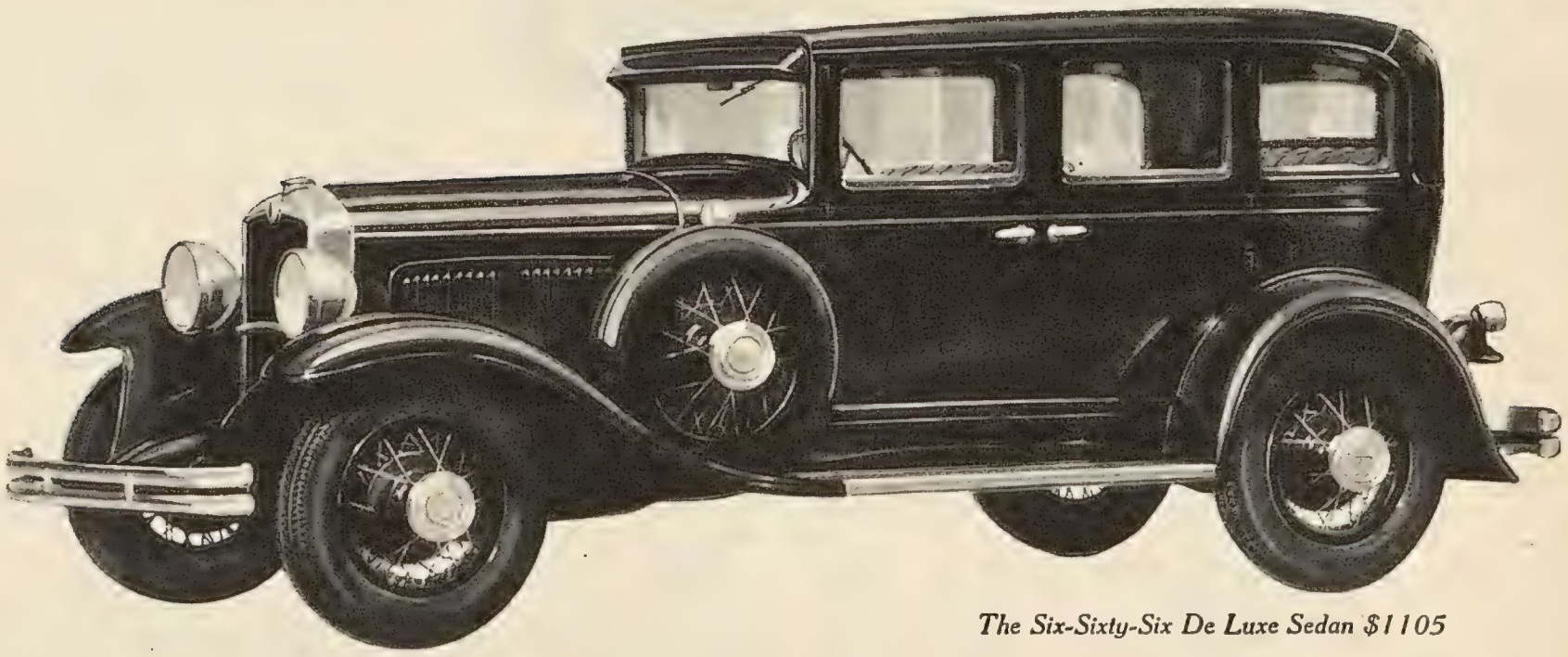


*The Six-Sixty-Six De Luxe Sedan $1105*

# DURANT

A GOOD CAR

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

money. The apotheosis of the Age of Grandeur seems to have come with the erection of the Bath and Tennis Club. This is a magnificent Spanish building on the ocean front, near the $3,000,000 dwelling of Mrs. E. F. Hutton, breakfast-food millionairess.

In the old days Palm Beach colonists bathed on the beach belonging to the Breakers Hotel. Now society (not the merely rich) goes to its Bath and Tennis Club, which is so frightfully exclusive that when I requested permission to look into the building for the purpose of describing it in this article I was told in horrified tones over the telephone that writers were not allowed inside for any purpose whatsoever. So I must describe the Olympian activities of the Bath-and-Tennisites from hearsay. I'm told that each day after their dip, these social gods and goddesses change to pyjamas and sit around all day in this informal attire, eating their lunch cafeteria fashion. There is a "bull pen" for the men, and a "ladies' bull pen" for the ladies. In those the members strip and bask nude in the sun, safe from the eyes of all except each other and a chance sea gull or an aviator overhead. The full membership fee at this club, I'm told, is $10,000. A temporary membership may be had for less.

*Miss Marjorie Oelrichs about to step into an amphibian flying taxi.*

A classic incident of the Era of Greater Grandeur at Palm Beach is told of Mrs. Hutton. That exalted and beautiful lady was giving a musicale in her patio. Rain descended as the high-priced pianist was about to start his performance.

"Beg pardon, madam," said the butler, "but the grand piano is getting all wet."

Mrs. Hutton surveyed the scene.

"Simmons!" she exclaimed. "Why, *Simmons!* Take away that old Knabe and bring the second best Steinway from the third sitting room!"

*Mrs. E. F. Hutton as an Indian princess at the recent Whoopee Ball of the rigidly exclusive Bath and Tennis Club.*

ALTHOUGH Palm Beach is dedicated to the energetic pursuit of pleasure, the town boasts half a dozen brokers' offices. Every week-day morning at 10 o'clock these are filled with supposed pleasure seekers, eyes glued on the ticker, buying or selling according to the news from the Street in New York. A conscientious trader can't leave the ticker until 3 o'clock, or later, when the Stock Exchange closes. Heaven knows what will happen if he merely dashes home for a sandwich.

One wealthy man, John Grosberg of New York, became weary of missing his ocean bathing. So he hired three boys to run for him between the water and E. F. Hutton's brokerage office in the Breakers Hotel. If Mr. Grosberg was being bounced about in the surf and saw one of his messengers approaching he swam into shallow water and, dripping, received the latest market news, gave the boy an order to buy or sell, and returned to his sea frolic. He was thus enabled to get in two and a half hours' bathing every day while carrying on his business as efficiently as if he were in New York. During the hectic market of the past season, Palm Beach traders exercised a tremendous influence on Wall Street.

No sooner is the day's trading over than it's time for another whirl at gambling, and this takes place in a setting more brilliant than any broker's office. This really picturesque gambling—the gambling for sheer pleasure and excitement—is done at Bradley's. In the newspapers Bradley's is cautiously referred to as the Beach Club.

It is an unpretentious white frame building situated on Lake Worth in the heart of Palm Beach, two blocks from the Catholic church. Only members and their guests may pass the little desk in the entrance hall, guarded by half a dozen suave bouncers and private detectives. But the members number thousands of the wealthiest and most influential people in America, and many who live in Europe. Nevertheless, Bradley's is supposed to be a big secret.

*Barclay H. Warburton, Jr.*

When I went into the big circular room where roulette and hazard were going full blast, with tense-faced men and women at the tables, I saw nobody at all except two or three hundred millionaires and a minister or two.

BRADLEY'S has been going ever since Palm Beach was an infant, and that was more than twenty-five years ago. As things stand now, nobody knows about the gambling except two or three isolated millions of persons scattered here and there on the globe. The souvenir post-card venders in Palm Beach help keep it under cover by selling pictures of the casino, with the name of the owner, Colonel E. R. Bradley—the whole being cleverly disguised under the caption, "The Monte Carlo of the Western Hemisphere."

Gambling is a violation of the law in Florida, and although everybody talks constantly about Bradley's, and every visitor or colonist who is even moderately well-to-do plays there, Colonel Bradley becomes very nervous when anybody in the writing profession sets foot in Palm Beach.

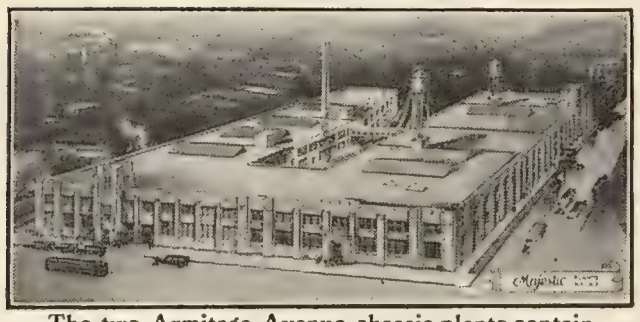
The appointments are simple, the food and service are the last word in perfection, and the nightly jewel display of the women is the most magnificent in America. No one—not Mr. E. T. Stotesbury himself—is allowed there after 6 P. M. unless in evening clothes.

Although fortunes are won and lost nightly in the general room downstairs, the really big game—chemin de fer—is played on the second floor. There you may see Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt, Flo Ziegfeld, or Fifi Widener Holden with diamond bracelets from wrist to elbow, or any one of several other celebrities hazarding thousands on the play of a few cards. During the season just past Mrs. Jessie Woolworth Donahue, the ten-cent-store millionairess, was the heaviest winner. At the winter's end she was reputed to be $170,000 ahead!

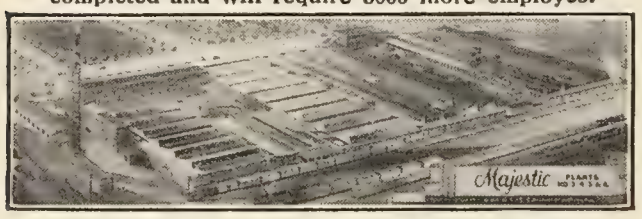
Many amusing stories come out of Bradley's delightful gambling hell. The one with the longest whiskers is that

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

# WHAT IS BEHIND GRIGSBY-GRUNOW CO.



The two Armitage Avenue chassis plants contain 125,000 square feet of floor space and employ 2500 people. Part of the plants shown have just been completed and will require 3000 more employes.



The four plants at Dickens Avenue are 375,000 square feet in area, and in them 4500 employes make the cabinets, speakers and power packs.

Plant Number 7, nearing completion, adds 50,000 square feet of space and will employ 1000 more men and women.

In this modern tube plant, 1000 employes are making Majestic Tubes of the same high quality as Majestic Radio Receivers.

*Every Sunday evening, from 9 to 10 o'clock Eastern Standard Time, Majestic presents headliners of the Stage and Screen over a coast-to-coast hook-up of the Columbia Broadcasting System and the American Broadcasting Company.*

Time payments in the purchase of Majestic Receivers are financed through the Majestic Plan at lowest available rates.

*Manufacturers of*

## Majestic

ELECTRIC RADIO

THE world knows and acclaims Majestic radio as the most outstanding receiving set ever built—outselling all other makes by so great a margin that wherever *Radio* is talked of, *Majestic* is talked of.

So meteoric has been the career of Majestic, so tremendous has been its sale, so universal its popularity, that only a very few have come to know the real story behind Majestic success—a story that reads like a chapter from Arabian Nights, yet one that is packed with hard business sense and sound merchandising principles.

It is due the public to know something about the organization behind Majestic, which made possible the slogan that has swept America, the slogan that is true, and the slogan that the public believes—*"You can't buy a better radio set than Majestic at any price."*

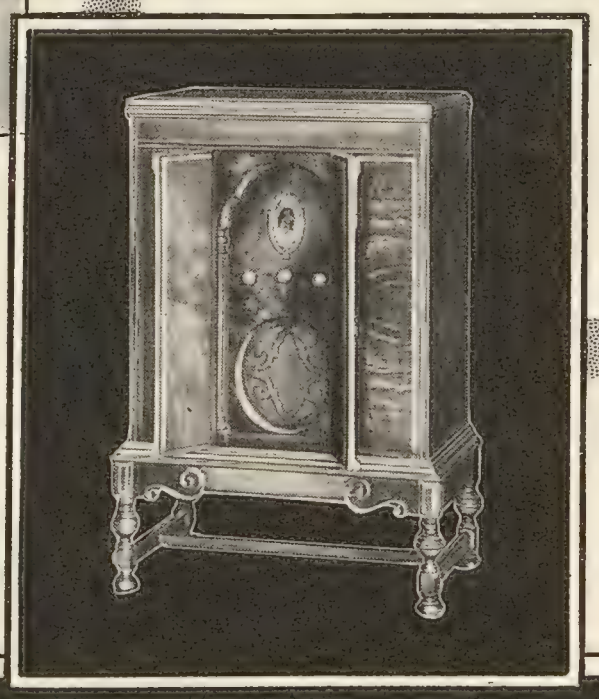
Unlike Topsy, Majestic didn't "just grow"—Majestic is the realization of a dream, as all great business successes are realizations of the indomitable spirit of wishing to do something better for the world than has ever been done before. Back of Majestic radio is an organization of men who have put their souls and hearts into building a product better and finer, at a price so low that the whole world may enjoy *all* the thrills and *all* the pleasures of modern radio.

Starting with this ideal—the will to accomplish—Grigsby-Grunow Company within a short space of seven years has grown from a small plant employing a few people, to their present size, where eight great plants, making every part of the Majestic radio receiver, give employment to more than 8000 people. Each working day more than 4000 complete Majestic sets are produced in these eight great factories.

More than thirty carloads of steel, fine cabinet woods, wire and other raw materials are received each day, and more than forty carloads of complete Majestic radio sets are shipped out to more than 12,000 Majestic dealers the same day. To insure its receiving the very finest of raw materials, Grigsby-Grunow's own men are stationed at the sources of supply to select the best, and speed its shipment to Chicago. The company operates its own veneer plant, and has even gone so far as to purchase stumpage, to insure a constant supply of the best panel woods for cabinet construction.

Besides more than 8000 employes in Chicago, a small army of Grigsby-Grunow field representatives travel the entire country, assisting dealers to help you get a greater appreciation of what Majestic is doing and more enjoyment from your Majestic set.

The Grigsby-Grunow policy is not to rest on present achievements, but to look into the future. Scores of the finest engineers in the entire field of radio are constantly experimenting, testing, and planning to make Majestic a still greater value, and a still greater source of enjoyment.



## GRIGSBY-GRUNOW COMPANY

*General Offices:* 5801 Dickens Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

*Licensed under patents and applications of R. C. A. and R. F. L., also by Lektiphone, Lowell & Dunmore and Hogan License Associates.*

Majestic Radio-Phonograph Combination gives you—at moderate cost—the greatest instrument for musical entertainment the world has ever seen. *Everything* in Radio—an *electric pick-up*, electric motor phonograph—in a cabinet of beautifully matched butt burl walnut.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

about the young woman who came weeping to Colonel Bradley, saying: "My husband has just lost six thousand dollars here. It wasn't his. Unless I can get it back, he will have to go to prison—boo—hoooooo!"

Colonel Bradley gave her back the $6,000 after making her promise that she'd never permit her husband to set foot in the Beach Club again. A few days later he noticed the same young man playing.

"What do you mean, coming here after your wife promised me you'd never come back, and I returned the money you lost?" he asked sternly.

"What do *you* mean?" returned the young man. "My wife? I have no wife."

A more recent episode, which reveals the princely manner in which the chemin de fer fiends play, deals with a slight blunder Mrs. Vanderbilt made in her manipulation of the cards. It was a stupid error—one of those mistakes even capable players will sometimes make—and it lost her $5,000 to a wealthy Jew. He did not wish to take advantage of a mistake so palpably the result of momentary absent-mindedness, and gallantly offered her money back.

"No, keep it," urged Mrs. Vanderbilt. "You won it fairly. It was my blunder."

"Indeed, I will not," returned the man. "We're all friends, aren't we? What's a blue chip between friends?"

The single blue chip represented more money than many people can save in a lifetime of toil. The incident became the classic table yarn of the season.

Occasionally men of great wealth and supposed business integrity fail to pay their debts at Bradley's. A well known moving-picture magnate in New York welshed to the tune of $20,000. He can't play again until he pays up.

Bradley's is the most colorful institution at Palm Beach. If it were abolished, Palm Beach as a millionaire playground would probably cease to exist.

A GAME of chance has found its way into the sacred precincts of Mrs. Hugh Dillman's $3,000,000 (or is it $4,000,000?) home against which the sapphire ocean pounds day and night. In the costly Spanish taproom stands a quarter machine, just like the quarter machines one sees in speak-easies everywhere. Except that the Dillman machine is built for nickels, not quarters. It was pointed out that at the end of the season Mr. Dillman magnanimously gives the machine's winnings to the Salvation Army, thus dissipating any impression that he is running a gambling racket in addition to his job of being husband to one of the richest women on earth.

Wearied with their endless pursuit of pleasure in luncheons, teas, beach parties, drinking, gambling, fishing, flying, dancing, lectures, musicales, art exhibitions, Palm Beachites have recently set about satisfying an æsthetic urge to own the ocean. By moving the Ocean Boulevard at various points, thus inclosing more beach in their own yards, and by other maneuvers, they have succeeded in getting 99½ per cent of Palm Beach's matchless ocean front into private ownership.

There are eighteen miles of this priceless beach. The workaday, year-round residents own 1,600 feet of it. Many of the wealthy property owners have erected fences so that their ocean is not even visible to casual visitors motoring along the remnants of Ocean Boulevard.

In addition there is Gus' Baths. That is a small bathing casino with a few feet of ocean where commoners may bathe and eat hot dogs if they aren't too noisy about it. Every time Mayor Barclay Warburton (of top social reputation) motors past Gus', he gnashes his teeth and starts new schemes for abolishing this nondescript establishment.

At present Gus is still holding out against purchase offers. But the millionaires hold the mortgage on his famous Rainbo Pier which extends 1,000 feet into the surging ocean.

It seems inevitable that in a short time the millionaires will own all the ocean front.

THE END

WHEREVER FASHION PARADES

Smart people go places and do things. Smart places, smart things. Palm Beach, Pinehurst, Newport, Southampton, Hollywood . . . are some of the places. Wearing sport shoes PLYTEX Soled is one of the things. Naturally, since PLYTEX is the most dashing touch of Fashion, most eloquent quality expression ever given to the footwear fold. Go to any store where smart footwear is sponsored. You find Plytex Soled sport shoes not only sold, but *featured!* Plytex is offered in black, tan and pure crepe —colors pleasingly contrasted—quality vividly visible. For men and women. Essex Rubber Co., Trenton, N. J. *Creators of Sport Sole Styles.*

PLYTEX
*Sport Soles*

*Let us tell you the names of stores nearest you that are featuring Plytex Soled Shoes.*

# Two Up!

## *The Audibles Improve Their Score with Plays on Cops and Copy*

A Page of Movie Reviews by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

**In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.**

★ ★ ★

SECOND-RATE stage plays often make first-rate photoplays and first-class dramas frequently land in the zone of screen mediocrity.

Nightstick was passable footlight entertainment. Under Roland West's direction it has been screened and sounded into a high-power melodrama for United Artists. Its new title is Alibi.

It is a sort of glorification of the New York cop. Joan Manning, daughter of a grim old police sergeant, loses her heart to a young and handsome gangster just out of jail. She believes that Chick Williams has been treated unfairly by the police. So she sets out to prove Chick's worth.

A warehouse murder brings Chick again within the range of suspects. But Joan bravely does her best for her Chick, despite her father and his police friends.

I shall not spoil your interest in Alibi by telling you what comes of Joan's faith in her Chick. You won't be sure who's who until the end of the picture, for Director West has shrewdly masked his gangsters and their uniformed hunters with alternating flashes of nobility, brutality, kindness, and savagery.

Most of Alibi is high paced. It slows up badly once, when a young detective dies slowly in the arms of his sobbing cop pals. There is—honestly!—even a hint of a heavenly choir given audibility here.

But Alibi frequently hits moments of terrific suspense. One comes early in the film when a warehouse is robbed at night and a policeman killed. Another follows when a nighthawk taxi chauffeur mixed in the crime is given the third degree. And the big kick is the final chase across the top of a skyscraper.

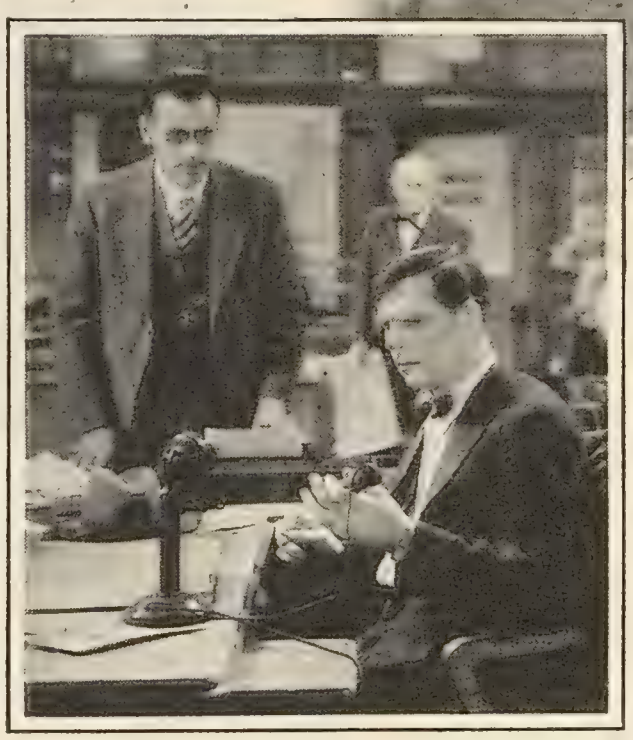
Alibi has an almost all-stage cast. As Chick Williams, Chester Morris is the gangster who pits his wits against the police. His is easily one of the best performances of the year.

Probably you have seen dozens of underworld films, but you had better see Alibi.

★ ★ ★

Like Alibi, Ward Morehouse's popular stage play of newspaper life, Gentlemen of the Press, emerges in the audibles better than behind the footlights.

This is just a story of newspaperdom—and its joys and tragedies. To you who have never felt the throb of presses beneath your feet, Gentlemen of the Press will tell something of a reporter's career.



*Walter Huston as Wickland Snell in Gentlemen of the Press, another triumph for Hollywood over Broadway.*

Wickland Snell, the central figure, always has been too busy to have time for a life of his own. He was covering the Jeffries-Johnson fight at Reno when his baby was born. He was helping Pershing pursue Villa into Mexico when his wife died. And later, when his daughter is in the throes of childbirth and needs him, he is guiding an extra to press and he never hears her whispered farewell over the telephone from the hospital. As the first damp paper with its seven-column head is laid upon his desk, Snell learns of his Dorothy's death.

His life, you see, has been lived to the beat of a typewriter and yet it has not been empty.

Walter Huston, another and exceedingly able stage actor, is Wickland Snell, and if the films ever have a more perfect newspaper man, I want to see him.

*Chester Morris and Irma Harrison in Alibi, wherein the former takes the rôle of the gangster.*

★ ★

Christina is one of the last of the old silent films. In it William Fox's gentle little star, Janet Gaynor, plays a Dutch maid who falls in love with the rider (Charles Morton) of a tiny traveling circus. This has no more action than an international fight between logical heavyweight contenders—but it's nice.

***Do you know that—***

Chester Morris is a son of William Morris, one-time stage favorite? . . . Walter Huston came out of vaudeville to score Broadway footlight hits in Desire Under the Elms and The Barker? . . . Charles Morton is twenty-one?

# The FURNISHED

*A Short Story by*

STELLA CALLAGHAN

*Pictures by* JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

*The door opened and Ann stood there, taking in the scene.*

IT was a miserable room, a deplorable room—the kind of room in which no one could wish to spend a night, if one had any choice. But one had no choice.

"Yes, this will do," said Ann without enthusiasm.

"Uh?" The old woman who had reluctantly toiled in front of her up the long stairs was not only deaf, but had only one apparent tooth.

"This will do—I'll take it," shouted Ann.

"Twelve shillings a week," grunted the old woman.

"Yes," shouted Ann.

"In advance."

Ann fumbled in her shabby hand bag and produced the exact sum with an air.

"Receipt," she articulated clearly.

"Uh?"

"Receipt."

The old woman gleamed something like approval on her.

"Downstairs," she muttered, then turning rather fiercely: "No service—top floors does their own."

It took some time to get that clear.

"Turn-out once a week," insisted Ann.

"'Nother shilling."

"No," shouted Ann.

Another gleam, and apparently Ann won. Five minutes later she had staggered up with her only suit case, and taken possession.

It was a miserable room. The tiptop of a decayed house in a once fine street in Pimlico. It was not so very small. In its affluent days probably two housemaids, or three, had shared it. It did not look as if it had been done up since—a dingy wall paper with drab flowers had come off in strips, showing the plaster. The light from the window was blocked by a pretentious stone parapet with round apertures, and a gutter a foot or more wide ran beneath it, level with the window.

"Easy for the burglar from next door, or over the roof," thought Ann. Then she remembered she had nothing to burgle, and smiled.

It was a furnished room—that is to say, it had a small, low, hard-looking bed with a dingy coverlet, a horrible chest of drawers with a cracked mirror on it, two chairs, one with a broken leg, and an iron tripod washstand. The floor had a strip of worn linoleum. On the whole, it was clean. It had a minute gas fire and ring, and two shallow cupboards. Also, it was at the top, nearest the freedom of the sky. Above all, it was cheap. When you have lost a good job through stupidity, or the stupidity of others, have been without work for six weeks, and then got a post at half the salary of the former one, it is the last item that counts most.

She had been an idiot, of course, to have stayed on so long at her cheery hostel with its gay cozy bedroom and adequate meals; but she had been so sure something would turn up before her savings had quite gone; she had so liked the companionship of the friends she had made there, and they had been good to her, passing on possible openings; especially good at the comic auction sale she had had of her pretty things, her cushions, rugs, pictures, even her frocks, though she had long ago sold most of these for what she could get.

Yes, she had been an idiot; from her silly pride, she supposed. Even now her hostel friends did not know she had taken a rotten clerk's post in a shop at two pounds a week. They thought she had given up and was going home; hence the sale; the laughing uproarious competition for Ann's things; the jolly good-bys and promises

# ROOM

## *In Which the Adage About Poverty, Love, and Windows Gets All Mixed Up*

*The young man dropped the kicking legs and faced her squarely.*

to let her know if they heard of a good thing that would bring her back amongst them. They did not know she had no home, no real home, that is; no one who cared.

She attacked her suit case vigorously, determined not to look at the dirty coloured walls, the dingy ceiling, the poor strip of lino, the grayish coverlet of the bed.

"Oh!" A dimple of satisfaction flickered for a moment. Out of the suit case came the one jolly thing she had kept—a lovely soft, jade-green silk cushion with gold tassels. She had not been able, absurdly, to part with that. She knew how well it suited her auburn hair, how snuggly it was, how opulent-looking.

She flung it cheerfully on to the dingy bed.

"That will cheer you up, Room."

But the cushion shrank, as it were, into the dull drabness, the cold discomfort. Ann looked at it for a moment, and then went out. She laid out a few shillings of her precious money on things to clean the room. "Top floor does itself." At least no one else—no smutty maid or frowsy old landlady could enter, except for that once-a-week scrubbing of floor.

The room should not damp her spirit, or sap her courage. But night after night, when she returned from her dull uncongenial work, toiled up the long stairs, fitted the clumsy key in the lock, the room greeted her sourly, with no sense of home, of rest. She longed to buy a shade for the one electric light, a nasty blaring thing in the middle of the ceiling; a rug for the floor, a cover for the bed, something to keep that one cushion in countenance. But she dared not take the money, not until she had a whole five pounds put by.

As long as she was at work, or walking briskly to and fro, she could keep up, the fleeting dimple could come and go at things that happened in the office, things she saw in passing, things that invited her in the shops or on the hoardings. But back in the room, the dimple vanished, her mouth drooped, her healthy little frame shuddered, and more than once the jade cushion, on the floor now, was the recipient of an auburn head that buried itself with shut eyes in a determination not to see the surrounding cold drabness.

### II

CAUTIOUSLY one trousered leg followed the other over the stone partition that divided roof from roof behind the parapet. Very cautiously, bending down so as not to be seen from the street far below, the tall figure sidled along the gutter. The window was open—Ann's window was always open. It was the best she could do for the room.

The man surveyed the open window with satisfaction, and emboldened, leaned forward and peered in.

Legs cautiously inserted first, head and shoulders followed. It was only a step for his long legs to reach the floor. He tiptoed across the room and tried the door. It was locked and no key obstructed. He nodded with satisfaction and, tiptoeing back, stood before the tiny mantelpiece with its two or three photographs. One was a school group which he scanned carefully; another was a small girl with a very large dog. Then he stared at the jade cushion on the bed.

"That's all right; that's the girl, no doubt about it," he thought, and looked round slowly. Over walls and ceiling he looked, seeming to calculate a plan.

"Bit of a risk, but it could just be done."

Stealthily he pushed the window up from the bottom and emerged on to the gutter.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE FURNISHED ROOM
Continued from page twenty-nine]

The cold, gray, dingy attic settled down again to its emptiness.

Not for long. Within half an hour, long stealthy legs, clad now in workman's overalls, sidled along the gutter. The parapet hid the intruder well from the road. He was followed by another shorter, stouter man, who lowered over the dividing wall a short ladder, two buckets, then stepped back to the adjoining roof and returned with cloths and mysterious packets. He looked petrified with fear as he peered in at the open window of Ann's room.

"Blimey, gov'ner, it don't seem 'ardly safe," in a hoarse whisper.

"SAFE as chokee if you keep your mouth shut and work as quiet as you know how. There's no one in the house this time of day except the old woman, and she never comes higher than the first floor. 'Top floors does themselves.' Now then, that bed to the middle of the floor; careful with the suit case! Underneath."

In swift silence, broken only by the fat little man's stentorianbreathing, they set to work.

Only when the spring dusk fell at half-past 5 had the tall young man finished to his satisfaction. The short fat one, his fear growing as the little clock ticked out the seconds, was tidying away all traces of their deed.

"'Urry up, gov'ner, for the lor's sake. The ladder is bloomin' sure to stick in the window."

The young man replaced the jade cushion on the dingy bed, made certain jottings in a little notebook, and looked round.

"A rough job, but not bad," he decided. "Clear out, Bill, if you can get through without sticking; take care of the pail. We've only got five minutes safe."

A damp cloth over the window sill, a brush along the gutter, and there was no trace of their entry or exit.

The room was left to silence once more.

*"I simply had to find out," murmured Ann. "What was it I've missed? There's nothing else you could have thought of."*

## III

ANN returned. She had had a hard day; her fellow clerks had irritated her; her work seemed boring, more mechanical than ever, and she dreaded returning to that unfriendly, drab, cheerless room. Was it worth going without any supper and spending one and fourpence on the pictures? If she did, it would mean tenpence less in the box where the five-pound margin of safety was piling up, and anyhow, one would have to go back to the room some time. It was absurd how it depressed her, but she had never been other than surrounded with charm and daintiness, gay colours and simple, jolly things. She had not realized how awful it could be to do without them.

As she mounted the stairs came a fighting determination that, five pounds in hand, she would start the search again for another room; there must be one as cheap somewhere that had not got dingy paper hanging in strips. She would spend next half-day looking for it.

THEN she thought of the long tramps she had had before; the odd places she had found herself in; the queer landladies, or the ultrarespectable ones who had stuck out without compromise for twenty-five shillings.

No, she must endure until something turned up. It couldn't be—a life before her that was all like the room—all drab, all dingy, no adventure, no excitement.

She fitted her clumsy key into the lock and opened the door. There was a faint smell in the room, something she could not define; clean, not unpleasant, but something new.

She turned up the light.

She gasped, started, and stood staring. Was she in the wrong room? The wrong house perhaps?

No, there was the litle bed with her jade cushion winking at her; there was the chest of drawers, the cracked mirror, her few photographs . . . But it was the walls, the ceiling . . .

In place of the torn drab paper, the blackened ceiling, the grayish paint, the light gave back a golden glow of warmth and colour.

The pale yellow of the sloping ceiling deepened to a soft orange on the walls; the cupboards, door, and mantelpiece reflected light in their lemon paint. She stood entranced, gasping.

"How wonderful—how wonderful!"

Her first instinct was to run downstairs and thank the

old woman. Then, remembering that she would be cooking for the first and second floors and would be angry at being disturbed, Ann's courage failed. She would thank her in the morning.

Meanwhile, she could do nothing but pull the jade cushion on the floor and sit on it, looking round and round at her warm walls and up at the ceiling, and gaze at the shining paint.

Then she saw a notice in black artistic writing pinned on the cupboard door.

"Take care—paint—possibly wet." She laughed, hugging herself. What did it matter? Oh, the nice clean smell!

"She must have had a conscience after all," she thought of the landlady, "and a marvelously artistic sense. But perhaps that was the painter left to his own devices, bless him!"

It seemed almost impious to fry sausages for supper in that golden glowing room. It seemed absurd to take one's eyes off the shaded orange walls to read the free library book. It was enough to sit and dream how one could live up to the room, pinch more here, save more there, so as to be able to get a rug, a lamp shade, curtains, bedspread—far-away things—as soon as that five pounds was intact.

Only as she was slipping off to sleep at last, did it occur to her to wonder how the landlady had had access to the room, for only on cleaning day, just past, did Ann leave the key in the door.

"Has another key, I suppose. How unpleasant! Never mind, don't care as long as she uses it to do things like this . . . Must thank her in the morning."

But perhaps it was only a dream after all; perhaps the room had truly got on her nerves and made her lightheaded; perhaps she would wake in the usual drab misery.

But no. She awoke to the early spring sun shining on the gay walls, flickering on the lemon paint. It was real!

She found the sour old woman cleaning the doorstep and tried to pour out her appreciation.

"Uh?" The old woman was incorrigibly deaf in the open air.

Ann tried again, shouting about her lovely room. It was no good. The old thing only caught the word "room" and muttered something about, "If you're not satisfied, you can go," and went on with her scrubbing dourly.

"But I *am* satisfied. I love it!" Ann shouted gayly as she ran off. The old woman shook her head and muttered something still more sour.

"Must have a heart of gold under rough exterior, and all that sort of thing," sang Ann to herself. Had she looked up she might have just seen the face of an anxious young man peering through the round aperture of the parapet far above her; but of course, she did not look up.

## IV

THAT evening the return from work was a joyous thing. Ann almost danced along the pavement, walking all the way, and deciding on a supper of cocoa and bread and jam only, so as to be able to put eightpence more into the box toward the embellishing of the room. She must live up to those glowing lovely walls. Perhaps she could at least buy the lamp shade at the end of the week.

There would be no need. As she switched on the light, there it was, hiding the glaring bulb in a large bowl of glowing amber light, and beyond it, framing the dusk sky through the open window, hung silk curtains of jade green to match her jade cushion. She closed the door, and sat down plump on the floor. Something was happening! Things did not behave like this.

Feeling half uncomfortable, through her mind went absurd wondering as to whether, perhaps, after all, the fairy tales one had discarded at seven, were true.

*Had* she a magic ring, a wishing carpet, an Aladdin lamp, or whatever it was that she did not know about? She was so dithered, as she would have put it, that she found herself going mentally through her few possessions wondering what had magic properties. Nothing seemed likely.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[ THE FURNISHED ROOM
Continued from page thirty-one ]

A witch then! Perhaps the sour old landlady was a witch in disguise. She did not look like one. She looked like a sour landlady. But one never knows. Or she might be a terribly rich old lady, who did this kind of thing for a joke. Well, it was a good joke then; Ann enjoyed it. She decided that this was the explanation, and danced round her room, fingering the jade curtains, holding up adoring hands to the amber light. The rest of the room was incongruous of course, but what did that matter? She had the colour, the warmth, the satisfying glow of jade green with the soft orange and lemon. It was all too marvelous for words! Never had cocoa and bread and jam tasted so good.

AFTER supper she took out the one evening dress she had—slip of an amber thing—and put some needed stitches into it. On Saturday night, when the barrel organ came round, she would dance in it—dance by herself in her orange-walled room.

Next morning she again tried to thank the old woman, charring the stairs now, but only got a muttered, "Don't want none of your sarcasm. If you ain't satisfied you can go," and Ann went laughing, thinking how well the old woman acted, or was she one of those who don't like to be thanked? Ann resolved that perhaps, now that there was no need to buy a lamp shade, she might get a pot of flowers for the old thing on pay day, just to show she really was grateful. She only hoped, worldly-wise, that the rent would not be put up. If it were, she would have to leave. How awful!

As she ran down the steps she did not notice that a van was delivering a bale of carpet at the next house, and why should she note that a fat little workman was haranguing the carrier for coming at that particular time? But the carpet was laid over her bare floor when she returned that night—a soft neutral-coloured thing, and before the grate was laid a beautiful old Persian rug. Also over her bed was spread a coverlet of old gold, and two cushions, amber and night blue, kept the jade company. It was no longer a bed, but for daytime purposes, a pleasant divan.

This time it was beyond a joke; beyond a fairy story. Ann sat down on the soft carpet, and the dimple vanished, and the little mouth drooped. Of course, that would be it. The horrid old woman was furnishing the room so that she could put the rent up and turn Ann out. It was a cruel thing to do, and a cruel way to do it. Or perhaps, and here Ann's heart missed a beat, she had done it for some Awful Nefarious Purpose of her own.

Someone else had a key. . . .

In a panic, Ann was up, her hat on again, her feet tumbling downstairs, and she was out, round the corner, recklessly expending shillings of her precious money on a bolt, screws, and screw driver.

Not till she had, with infinite care not to spoil the paint, firmly secured that bolt and seen that it worked, did reaction come. Laughing at herself, she sat down on her Persian rug. Anyhow, she was safe till the end of the week, when the rent was due.

. . . . .

NEXT day the horrible chest of drawers and the chairs had been painted a dull gold, and the cracked looking-glass replaced with a charming three-sided mirror; a small old oak oval table had appeared, and a folding deck chair, done in attractive cretonne, was placed before the gas fire; and the iron washstand hidden behind a lacquered screen.

Home was so bewildering by this time that she tried to take it as a matter of course, but failed completely. Having cautiously looked in her cupboards and under her bed for the possible intruder, she bolted her

*SHE could do nothing but pull the jade cushion on the floor and sit on it.*

door triumphantly, and gave herself up to reveling in the totally transformed room.

There was excitement in life, after all, and adventure and things happening. Even if it all fizzled out at the end of the week, when the sour old landlady would tell her the future rent would be three guineas at least, it would have happened to her, and nothing could take it away, that at least it had happened. And for a few more days she would enjoy it, love it, revel in her beautiful colours, her soft carpet, her comfy chair. Even if—but with a woman's curiosity struggling with a resuscitated child's belief in fairy tales, she would like to *know* . . .

V

"BLIMEY, gov'ner, there's someone coming upstairs. It's 'er footsteps, swelp me it is!"

"Damn!" The hammer with which the tall young man was putting up a bookcase, had slipped on to his thumb as he whipped round. Listening a fraction of a second, he made a grab for his tool bag.

"Get out of the window, you fat old fool, quick!"

The fat little man had already made a dive for the open window, but he had not noticed that it was not fully opened. He had dived, in his panic, head first, and he stuck—stuck hopelessly, head and shoulders out, legs in—struggling frantically as the key grated in the lock. The tall young man seized the kicking legs and pushed.

Too late. The door opened and Ann stood there, taking in the scene.

The young man turned and saw her. He dropped the kicking legs and faced her squarely, a picture of dignified foolishness.

"I'm sorry," he said simply. "He's stuck. You can see he's stuck. I can't help it."

"No . . ." laughter gurgled up in Ann, ousting bewildered indignation. "But perhaps . . ." she came forward with practical helpfulness, "if we opened the window a little wider . . ."

"Oh, exactly," said the young man. "One might have done that. Allow me."

On either side of the still struggling Bill, they pushed the window to its widest, and the fat little man fell through comfortably to the gutter. Neither paid him any attention. They stood, instead, looking at each other. Ann, recovering her composure with a struggle that fell short of suppressing the dimple, saw before her a tall, very personable young man, in smudgy workman's overalls, looking, as I have said, a picture of dignified foolishness. He saw Ann—Ann trim and neat, with her auburn hair curling out of one side of her little hat, her wistful brown eyes belying the dimple.

"Are you—are you the painter?" she asked at last.

"THE painter?" A ray of hope that she might have heard of him as an artist shot through him, then he realized.

"Er, yes—no, that is. Bill is the painter. I'm the decorator and furnisher, you know."

"I see. But may I ask why you have to come in and out of the window?"

"Because—well, how else *could* we come? It's the only way—far, far better thing and all that. I assure you, Bill has never stuck before. It was only in his indecent haste—lost his head when he heard you coming."

The young man was very earnest and dignified.

"But why should Bill lose his head? I mean I don't understand yet."

"No—it's all a little complicated, really, isn't it? But it's your own fault for turning up too soon. Spoilt the day's work."

"I'm so sorry;" the young man seemed to demand penitence somehow, "but if Mrs. Okum had just asked for my key . . ."

"Mrs. Okum?"

"The old woman, you know."

"The old woman downstairs? But why . . .?"

Light dawned on Ann.

"Doesn't she *know?*" she demanded, awed.

A slow, very charming smile spread over the young man's face, making him look like a schoolboy found out,

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]


# No matter how white teeth may be NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

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[THE FURNISHED ROOM Continued from page thirty-three]

rather than the dignified workman.

"Not a thing about it."

"Oh!" A bubbling delight came into Ann's worried little face.

"How marvelous. But I don't see . . ."

"No, of course you couldn't. That old mirror was so hopelessly cracked, I know."

This dawned on Ann slowly, and slowly the flush mounted to her cheeks. A painter and decorator ought not to say things like that; but then he wasn't, and he had done her room, her dreadful room, so beautifully; and it wasn't the old woman; and perhaps she would not have to turn out, and . . .

"Who are you, please?" she said in a very small voice, as the young man, seeing the flush, had turned with discomfited dignity to exit by the window.

He paused with one leg over the sill.

"My name is John Strangeways—Strangeways & Co. It's a marvelous name in the circumstances, but it happens to be my own. The Co. is chiefly Bill, my ex-batman; sterling fellow, but fat—too fat on this occasion."

"And why did you do this wonderful thing to my room?"

The young man grinned again, schoolboy fashion. "Is it wonderful? Do you really approve?"

"Oh, yes, yes! It's what I had dreamed of, only ten times more so."

"Then, am I forgiven?"

"If you will tell me . . ."

THE leg returned promptly to the room.

"Just this. I saw you arrive with your little forlorn bag. I saw you go out next morning. I saw you return. I saw you do this day after day. I couldn't go out till I'd seen you, and I came back before you did on purpose. I knew you must have this room."

"How did you know that?"

"Because I had just left it myself," said John Strangeways promptly.

Ann gurgled with laughter.

"That of course explains everything beautifully."

"I was—or thought I was—an artist. Very unsuccessful. Turned my hand to house decorating. Got an order—very successful. Got more. Getting quite affluent. Moved from this—this hole—to the first-floor suite next door. That's all!"

"Except that you are an artist," said Ann softly, looking round.

"There was to have been one more touch," murmured the young man regretfully. "Why *did* you come back so early?"

"Because I *had*, I simply *had* to find out," murmured Ann. "So I got a dreadful headache and they let me off. What was it I've missed? There's nothing else you could have thought of."

"SUPPER," said John Strangeways sadly. "When you returned tonight you would have found a supper, simple but perfect, awaiting you on the table. You've spoilt it, you see, by your natural, but deplorable feminine curiosity. Spoilt the last perfect artistic touch. For what is that table that it should demean itself by cocoa and half a loaf of stale bread and a miserable pot of jam? Should it not have held a cold chicken, some Russian salad, a dainty patisserie, and a half bottle of wine? It's not only the artist's soul in me that is hurt, but also I can't help thinking it would have done you a darned lot of good."

There was a pause. Ann's eyes were filled with tears, unaccountable and absurd. Then she looked up, the dimple struggling for mastery.

"Is there—was there—I mean could there be enough supper for two?"

The young man gave a whoop of joy.

"There is—that is, there wasn't meant to be, I assure you, but there is; there shall be; there must be! In twenty minutes," he added as he dived through the window.

. . . . . .

Grunts, puffing, and blowing without; stealthy movement along the gutter, and a discreet tap tap on the window. Ann, in her amber wisp of a frock, pulled back the curtains. Within the room was a glow of orange, of soft light, of gay colour and warmth. Without, framed completely in the window, Bill holding gingerly a laden tray.

"Supper, miss, if you please. If you'd kindly take the tray, as the gov'ner says I'd better not come in, in case I got stuck again and couldn't get out."

"Oh, thank you, Bill. And Bill, I'm so glad—so very glad—you're so—so—"

THE END

*NEXT WEEK—*

A glamorous tale of the South Seas by

**Beatrice Grimshaw**

New reminiscences of a famous family by

**Theodore Roosevelt**

The chronicle of an amazing undersea adventure by the diver hero

**Tom Eadie**

# They CAN Keep a Secret

## A Detective's Troubles with the Talkative Sex

As Told to Prosper Buranelli

By

MICHAEL FIASCHETTI
*Former Head of the Italian Squad, New York Police Department*

*Picture by* DALTON STEVENS

*The girl raised her lips. I had told her to put on a love scene for Marjorie's benefit.*

HER brother was wanted. A stiletto party, and he had got in some fancy surgery. I strolled up to her flat in a tenement to inquire for him. I could tell that she spotted me right off for a dick. She was a young Sicilian woman, with gaunt, handsome features and big, burning eyes. Half a dozen children hung around her skirts.

"Good morning, signora," said I, walking in. "I want to find your brother. Where is he?"

"I don't know."

"Is he in town?"

"I don't know."

"You are married, aren't you, signora?"

"I don't know."

"These children, are they yours?"

"I don't know."

"My God, woman!" I began to get mad. "What *do* you know?"

She raised one hand with a melodramatic gesture worthy of a great actress.

"Listen, Signor Policeman. I know that in the morning the sun rises and in the evening it grows dark. That I know, and nothing more."

I said, "So long." I was satisfied. I knew that all the machinery of the New York Police Department could not get anything out of that lady. And I'm telling about it now to go on record with a summons and complaint of how hard it is to drag a squeal out of a woman.

Yes, I have heard all about how women talk a lot: they tell you everything but what you want to know. The girls ought to be the best of stool pigeons, as sometimes they are—but not often. Men spill everything to women, and crooks open up to their broads as no third degree or dusting off in the back room of a station house can make them. But try to get a cutie to come clean. It can be done sometimes, but it takes a special bag of tricks.

It's only natural. The sweet things know perfectly well that the way to ask a question of a lady is to take off your hat and be polite. The third degree is something less than second where a woman is concerned. And then you can seldom get anything on a moll. She may be in the thick of a crooked mob, but it's only once in a while that you can rake up evidence against her that will make a jury say "guilty." If you can't do anything to them, how can you make them talk? Still, there are times— And that reminds me of one of the flashiest blondes you ever saw. She was a presiding genius of swell parties. That was her racket. She had a place up near Broadway in the Forties, something like a restaurant; if it hadn't been before prohibition, it would have been a speak-easy. Anyway, it was slick and full of gold trimmings. The Big Girl knew rich men and beautiful dolls, and was the fixer and arranger for clubby little entertainments. Of course, a bank roll might be missing before the night was over, and a badger game might come off once in a while. She was a stately, golden-haired creature who dressed like a fashion ad and had the manner of a duchess. And really, in spite of pocket picking and badger games, she thought herself something of a fine lady and managed now and then to crash into gilt-edged circles.

She knew a lot. I can't say how she was fixed with book learning, but she was wise to a library full of what was going on in her own neighborhood. She was hooked up with a mob that did strong-arm work for her, and her boy friend was a gangster.

Another gangster was knocked off, and I knew the Big Girl would have the facts. And that's how pretty soon a big bull happened to murmur into a pink, delicately formed ear:

"Come clean, Big Girl, or I'll have your joint closed up."

She laughed in my face.

"Be yourself, Fiaschetti," she gurgled. And for the present that was all.

I could have had her closed up, but I wanted a squeal. Something dramatic was needed, a bit of strategy and staging. Nothing like it to impress the feminine intuition.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THEY CAN KEEP A SECRET]
Continued from page thirty-five

I lined up a friend of mine—not a detective, for that might compel me to send her away, which I didn't want to do—and got him entrance into the Big Girl's place. I gave him seventy-five dollars, and he was to play drunk and flash the roll in such a way that it would be stolen, with the Big Girl right in the middle of things.

The plan worked beautifully. What a sucker he seemed! The Big Girl herself grabbed the roll. And that's how it happened that a dreadful dick spoke harshly to a beautiful baby.

"It's six months on the Island for you, Big Girl."

Such a swell dame doing a bit on the low-down Island!

She thought it over, and then snapped back, "All right, Fiaschetti, what do you want?"

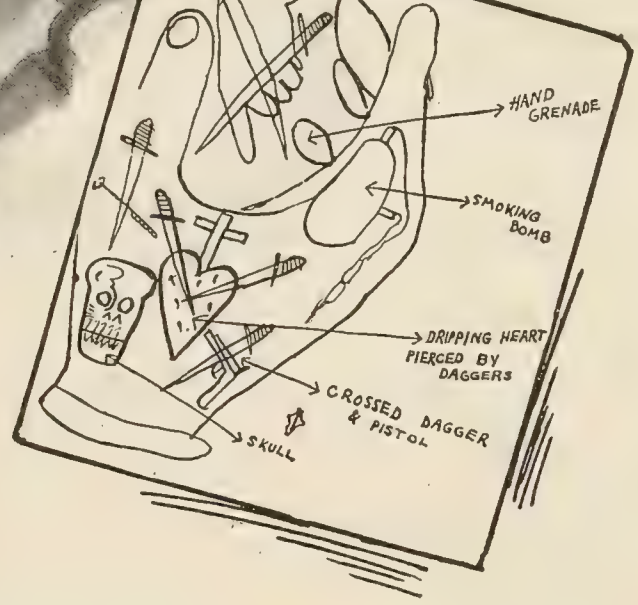
I really think she would have stood for being put out of business half a dozen times rather than have squealed—but the Island was different. First I recovered the seventy-five, and then came around to the murder. She spoke her piece all right, and later on a gangster went to prison.

One good squeal deserves another, and the Big Girl turned out to be one of the best stool pigeons I ever had. She tipped me off to various rackets, silk robberies mostly, and the tips were so full and complete that it made detective work a pleasure.

She would tell me who the crooks were and what fence had received the stolen goods. All I had to do was to grab the boys and tell them the fence had squealed, and then grab the fence and tell him the boys had squealed. There were confessions galore.

*Picture by G. Patrick Nelson*

*I can still see the jealous rage in those black eyes. Carmela was slender and young, not more than nineteen*




*At the right, a Camorrist threat of death, in picture writing. It was an item of the evidence against Carmela's lover and his associates.*

One case, though, was not so easy. I got two tough mugs. We sweated them properly, but could not make them come through. I ducked away just before they were locked up for the night, and hid in a cell next to their two cells. They thought the cell where I lay was empty.

I WAITED there for eight hours. They talked from one cell to another, but warily kept to subjects that didn't mean anything, family matters and such. Finally, though, one couldn't help calling out to the other:

"Listen! All we got to do is keep our mouths shut. We done that job right, and everything's covered."

"No," responded the other. "We made a clean getaway, and the wop hasn't got a thing on us."

That was all, but it was enough.

"Haven't got a thing on you!" I roared suddenly.

In a minute I was asking them a few questions again. They were so startled they weakened and came through.

The Big Girl is still going strong—in the bootlegging racket now. She is more splendidly gowned and bears herself with a more stately dignity than ever. The Island for her? No wonder she emitted various and sundry squeals in her well modulated voice.

But, on the other hand, in some cases give me the old green-eyed monster. That's the animal, insect, or fish that draws the information from the fair. Hell, you know, hath no fury like a woman scorned—and neither hath it anyone else who turns stool pigeon as enthusiastically.

I can still see the jealous rage in those black eyes. She was slender and young, not more than nineteen. She walked into the office of the Italian Squad at Police Headquarters, timid and hesitant. Timidity and hesitancy gave place to anger and a flood of words the moment she got going on her story.

"I did everything for him," she raged across my desk, "and now he has left me for that creature!"

HER name was Carmela Pino, and she lived in Brooklyn. She fell in love with a handsome barber and soon afterward discovered that he was a Black Hander of purest ray serene, member of a savage Camorrist gang. He was, in fact, Bartolo Fontana, who later on was to be blazoned in the newspapers as "the Bloody Barber of Kenmare Street." Carmela was startled to learn this, but if love can make the world go round, it can make a girl forgive her lover for being an assassin. Carmela clung all the more loyally to her Black Handing barber.

Now, though, he had given her the air for another dame. And love will have to make a number of worlds go round before it makes a woman forgive that.

"I want to get even with him!" the girl screamed, clutching the edge of my desk with her fingernails. "I want to see him punished for what he has done!" I always liked to oblige a lady, especially in circumstances like those. I inquired what the worthy beard-scraper had done.

"You know of Camillo Caiozzo who was found in the river in New Jersey?" she said in a low voice. "It was Bartolo who killed him."

The murder she mentioned was fresh in my mind. A man's body had been fished out of the Shrewsbury River near Red Bank, New Jersey. The back was riddled with the charge of a shotgun. After a lot of trouble we identified the dead man as Camillo Caiozzo, an obscure laborer. That was as far as we got. There was no clue to the murderer. It was a baffling and disappointing case. And now the entrance of the mortally jealous Carmela on the scene was an unexpected stroke of luck—the break.

"It is strange," she continued, in a tone of terror and bewilderment. "I don't know why he did it. They were good friends—like brothers. They had been friends since they were boys in Sicily. And Bartolo killed him."

"Perhaps they had a quarrel," I suggested.

"I don't think so," she said. And could offer no

further enlightenment. I sent her back to hang out with the gang as much as she could and report to me what she could learn.

That's how the tip came through. All that remained was to build up a case. Put it this way: you get a bit of information, and then you grab the suspect and break him down.

That is how detective work is done—a general formula. It's liable to a lot of variations. You ring many a change on it. Sometimes there's a chance to pull a Sherlock Holmes, with clues, deductions, and the cigar ashes.

Bartolo Fontana, member of a gang of Black Handers, had murdered his best friend. I could make a stab at the explanation. It is common in criminal gangs for a member to be nominated to do a killing, and it has been heard of more than once that a man has been compelled to knock off a friend against whom he had nothing and whom he held in affection.

That's a situation for you. It's likely to be charged with emotional explosive.

It happened that I knew the barber and his Brooklyn shop; it was on Kenmare Street. As the head of the Italian Squad, I was acquainted with most Italians engaged in business around New York. I didn't dream of getting rough with Bartolo. He was a swarthy, grim fellow, the kind you can't bulldoze into talking. I had another line of attack. You've got to use psychology in this detective business. Psychology will catch more crooks than a mile of rubber hose. Rubber hose, you know, has at times raised welts and unlocked jaws.

BARTOLO was just getting ready to close up. I sauntered in. We exchanged greetings—he with a rather startled "Hello, Mike"—and I sat down and lighted a cigar. No, I didn't want a shave, I said. (I was afraid he might lose his poise and cut my throat.) I started to talk, asked how business was and about the health of his family and whether he had heard from Italy lately and so on. He gave these pleasant inquiries pleasant answers. A crook is usually as polite as a policeman will let him be. But I could see that Bartolo was puzzled. I was not a comfortable kind of guest. What did I want? What was it all about?

"Eh, Bartolo," I exclaimed, after I had given him time to grow thoroughly perplexed, "I am tired—been working hard. I need a little relaxation. Come on and let's have dinner together."

He glanced at me, more puzzled than ever, and quickly made an excuse. I wouldn't take it; waved it away with a friendly "Aw, come on, Bartolo." He didn't want me within miles of him, but it is hard for a crook to refuse a policeman.

I treated him to an excellent dinner, with good wine—not too much wine, because I didn't want him to suspect that I was trying to get him drunk and make him talk, which I wasn't. Afterward I proposed that we take in a show. He didn't want to go, but again dared not refuse—I was so persistent. After the theater I said it was late and the trip home a nuisance, and took him to a hotel for the night.

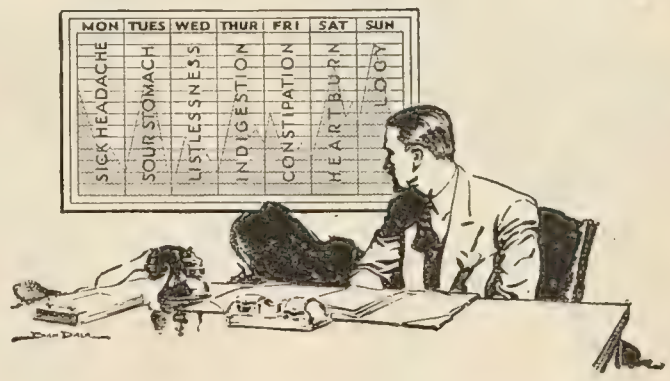
The next day I kept him with me, and the day after that. It was the same racket, everything very chummy and a hot time—big eats, a card game now and then, and theaters—and at night we stayed at the hotel. In bed I lay with my gun in my hand, keeping a half-open eye on the barber, and didn't sleep a wink. I was afraid he might kill me. Never once did I make a break about any such unpleasant thing as Black Hand, best friend, Shrewsbury River, or murder. From the way I acted we were just a couple of Boy Scouts out for a little fun.

It got Bartolo almost nutty. He couldn't understand. He wondered and tried to figure it out. His perplexity tortured him. This game I was playing with him was like some ghastly enigma. It was a thing to break any man's nerve, and Bartolo was the brooding kind. His hands kept moving uneasily, his eyes grew haggard, and he couldn't sleep at night. Sooner or later there was going to be an emotional upheaval; that was what I wanted and had planned for.

It came at the break of dawn after the third night,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]


# How many "gray" days in your week?

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[THEY CAN KEEP A SECRET
Continued from page thirty-seven]

and in a stranger, moodier way than I could have dreamed.

He tossed in bed from one side to the other, then got up and wandered around the room. He went to the window and stood looking out, silhouetted against the gray light. After a while his arms went up in a gesture of utter despair.

"My God, my God!" I heard him exclaim in his native dialect. "He was my friend, a brother, and I killed him. But you know, my good God, I didn't want to do it! I had to do it. They made me kill him!"

He went prowling around the room again, like a caged animal.

"I've got your number, boy," I said to myself. I stirred as if awakening, asked Bartolo why he was up so early, received a muttered reply, switched on the light, and walked over to him.

"I've been taking you around for three days, Bartolo," I began. "Do you want me to tell you why?"

That was what he wanted to know above all things. He stood there in his underclothes, glaring at me, as I went on with a dose of hot shot.

"You know what has been going on, and they know all about it at Headquarters. They know all about how you killed Camillo Caiozzo and threw his body in the river."

I GAVE him a long drink of that medicine. Carmela, whose jealousy was holding out nobly, had sent me messages during the past three days—nothing important, but the kind of detail that makes a convincing narrative. I shot everything at Bartolo to deepen his impression that all was known and all was lost.

That line of argument is always good, although it is not likely to work with a stanch Black Hander, whose tradition it is to die without squealing. And I had a still better line for Bartolo, nerve-racked, half crazy, and tortured with brooding over what he had done.

"I should have arrested you, Bartolo," I said, "but I didn't want to. I don't want to see you go to the chair, when you are not to blame. You didn't want to kill Camillo Caiozzo. He was your best friend. They made you do it, and it was a dirty thing for them to do. You were always white with them, and they handed you a rotten deal like that. They are to blame, and I want to get them. I want to get them for having made you kill your friend."

Bartolo muttered and cursed, and I kept whipping up his rage against the gang. Of course, I didn't neglect the soothing little argument that he would go to the chair if he shielded them, while if he came clean he was in no danger of "burning" for what was really their crime. And by the time the sun had fairly risen he had spilled everything.

The gang, it turned out, was one of the worst Camorrist organizations on record. It had ramifications throughout the United States, and was responsible for a score of murders. The killing of Camillo Caiozzo had been one of its characteristic acts, a barbarous episode fit for some other and utterly barbarous era.

A meeting of evil-faced men in a smoky room, and Bartolo Fontana is there.

"Eh, Bartolo, you know Camillo Caiozzo, don't you?"

"Know him? We were boys together in Italy. Our fathers were friends. He is like a brother."

"Very good, you must kill him."

"Why?"

"Back in Italy his uncle killed the brother of one of our members. We execute the law of the vendetta for our members. You are his friend—it will be easiest for you to kill him."

We rounded up the whole mob, and the case of "the Bloody Barber of Kenmare Street" was a sensation of the day. It really marked one of the important stages in the breaking up of the Black Hand in New York. The electric chair claimed several members. Bartolo Fontana got a heavy prison sentence.

As for Carmela, she disappeared from sight shortly afterward. I happen to know that she married a decent

fellow, a workingman, and they cleared out for distant parts to get far away from the criminal scene into which she had been thrown.

That case got me a good deal of credit, and you couldn't blame me for giving the green-eyed monster three cheers. It certainly took an awful bite out of the Black Hand. It wasn't the first time and won't be the last a jealous woman turns stool pigeon. But sometimes you have to woo the monster, coax it along. Sometimes you can tip a moll off to the fact that her man is untrue to her.

Or you can tell her that, even if he is really as faithful as a husband locked in a cage. You can play on her feelings like a malicious neighborhood gossip, and it helps to uphold the majesty of the law. And that's another way the detective gets his man that you won't find in any of the yarns about Sherlock Holmes and the other Great Detectives.

Like Frankie and Johnny, they were lovers. And a handsome couple they made. Bill was tall and athletic and as slick a dresser as you will find on Broadway, and Marjorie was an image of brunette pertness and fire. They billed and cooed the way you see in the movies. The star of love was superbly in the ascendant in their lives. It is true that he beat her up once in a while, but it was all jake with her. I suppose the thing to have done was a "Bless you, my children" act, but then the cops were never sentimental. And Bill was a stick-up man.

I was out to get him and his mob, and pretty soon I was giving advice to the lovelorn. Up to Marjorie's place, and a few questions, which she didn't answer. I hadn't expected her to.

"YOU'RE a simp moll," I said. "You're getting yourself into trouble by protecting him, and he's double-crossing you. He'll be giving you the air pretty soon. He's got another jane, and he's nuts about her."

"You're a liar!" She was ready to claw my eyes out. "Him play me crooked? It ain't so!"

It is, it ain't, it is, it ain't—that's the way it went more or less for a couple of minutes. She didn't weaken.

"Bill's true blue, and I'll trust him to the limit." She said this with that utter and unswerving trust which you find only in a woman. It was sour music in my ears. Still, the more fervently they believe, the sorer they get when they are shown.

"You're a sucker and a dumb-bell," I told her. "What would you say if I showed you the dame, and him with her, and all lovey-dovey?"

"All right, you show me," she replied scornfully.

I told her to wait and say nothing for a couple of days, and I'd show her.

For all I knew, her man Bill was true love and devotion itself, but, after all, he was only human, and there wasn't any harm trying.

I knew a girl about as pretty as they come. She was keeping out of the way of a rough and exceedingly angry husband. She had left him and was living with the other chap. Anybody situated like that seeks to oblige, especially if you hint you might possibly say something to the husband. I told her what I wanted, and she said, "All right."

"There's a guy," I said. "He hangs out at a speakeasy. You go there and give him the glad eye and get him to shine up to you. All you have to do is to talk him into taking you to dinner or the theater and tip me off to it. You won't have to see him again."

She was rather pleased, I think, with the assignment; she went about it enthusiastically, and made a good job of it. If she had failed I would have gone right on and lined up other beauties. Sooner or later one was bound to succeed in catching the fish. After all, he was only human.

A taxicab waiting in front of a doggy cabaret. In it, the agitated Marjorie and I. She became almost jubilant as time went by and they did not appear. Then they did. The girl had the man by the hand. She raised her lips, and he kissed her. I had told her to put on a love scene as they came out.

"Go ahead," I called to the driver. I didn't want a scene, didn't want Bill to have any suspicions of what

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]


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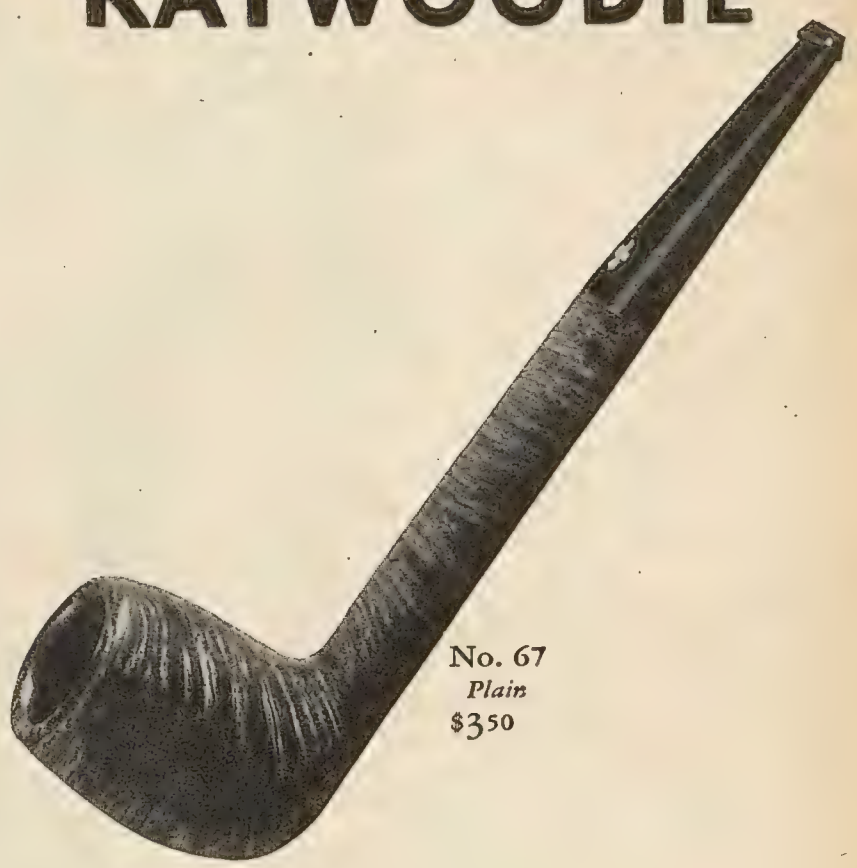

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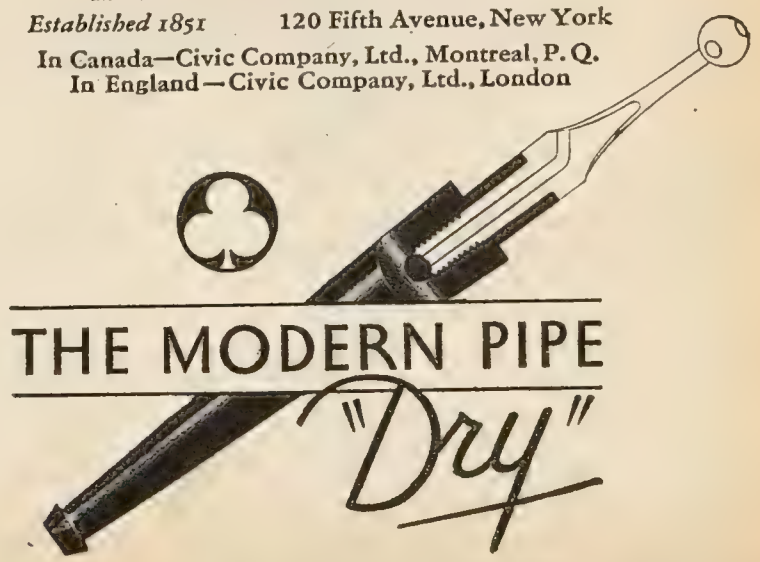


THE MODERN PIPE
"Dry"

[THEY CAN KEEP A SECRET
Continued from page thirty-nine]

was going on. The girl beside me was raging with hysterical sobs.

An axiom: Get them to squeal before they go back home, else they'll have a row with the guy and then make up. I got everything Marjorie knew, riding her around in the taxi while she exhausted her jealous fury. Then I sent her back to Bill to find out some more. Once they've squealed they're caught, definitely committed, and will go through with the job.

Arrests followed in the regular course of things, and when the boys were safely in jail I think Marjorie was relieved. A moll sometimes is when circumstances free her from her criminal associations. I never told her of the manufactured love scene for which she had fallen.

They found him lying in his bed. Planted in his breast stood a big, black-handled butcher knife. A gruesome murder, a scene to start off some bizarre mystery story. Maybe I might have uncovered a string of strange, subtle clues and picked up an ingenious trail. There wasn't time for anything like that, though. The whispered word of a stool pigeon came too soon.

"Go to the Waldorf-Astoria," I was told, "and look up the dishwashers. If one is missing, he is the man."

There had been a three-cornered affair, the stool pigeon told me. The corners had been the murdered man (who was a hotel worker), the dishwasher, and a girl. It was the old one about friendship until rivalry in love comes along—which is liable to part the best of buddies. Of course, the murdered man had grabbed off the moll. It was a kind of layout that has caused more than one successful lover to get knocked off.

AT the Waldorf a dishwasher was missing, and I found that the knife that had been used for the murder belonged to the kitchen of the hotel. That made it unanimous. In fact, when the polisher of chinaware was nabbed, as he was soon afterward, he came clean with a confession.

"Mike," I said to myself, "that one was easy, and you never can tell where the squeal may come from."

That was the funny part of it. You wouldn't expect a dick to get a tip about a dishwasher from a millionaire stool pigeon. He was worth all kinds of dough, and he was one of my regulars. A real estate man, he owned a dozen houses in the West Side neighborhood, a tough one, where the crime had been committed, and did a general rental business besides. He knew everybody and heard all the gossip, and what he didn't hear directly was brought into his office by his collectors.

As a property owner he was interested in the welfare of the district, the uplift, real estate values, and so on, and the criminal element didn't make any hit with him. He was sore about conditions, and the more the bad boys who went to jail, the better for the clean-up.

He was an old friend of mine, and didn't mind doing me a personal favor. Logically a stool pigeon, although he would have socked anybody who had called him by such an ugly name. He never thought of it that way.

What I want to put on record is that stool pigeons are not always underworld characters, but may be something very different. They may be high up or low down, rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief. It takes all kinds of feathered beauties of both sexes to make a stool-pigeon system.

Then, on the other hand, maybe you yourself are doing stool-pigeon work, and you never get wise to the fact. There are a couple of birds serving stretches on the coast who've got one big idea, and it's about how they came to be sent away. They figure it out like this: Somebody must have squealed, and there was only one guy who could have. They kept their mouths shut, except to their own particular pal, whom they'd have trusted with their lives, their money, or their best girls. And he turned out to be a rat, a stool. He turned them in.

*Francesco Puma.*

*Mariano Galante.*

*Bartolo Fontana and two fellow Camorrist killers, brought to justice after a jealous sweetheart had turned stool pigeon.*

CROOKS are always suspecting somebody of being a stool pigeon, and usually they're wrong, but, just the same, sometimes somebody gets hurt. The two boys I'm talking about happen to be wrong in their guess—that is, halfway. The man they suspect wouldn't squeal on a bet. Nevertheless, the tip did get out through him. He's an innocent simp and was used as a source of information by a bootlegger who seemed to be nothing more than the kind of wiseheimer who always wants to be in touch with everything and go around bragging about how much he knows. The simp, in a friendly way, used to scout up dope for him—when the bootlegger was, in fact, a stool pigeon who was getting all kinds of favors from the cops in return for tipping them off.

A stool-pigeon system is like an octopus, and each tentacle may have subordinate tentacles, and so on ad infinitum. Suppose a crook is a stool. He'll say to his pals, "I wonder who done such and such a job. Ask around and see if you can find out for me." And you'll have one stool multiplied by half a dozen. Or a poolroom keeper, a big man in his tough world, may say to his lineup of helpers and hangers-on, "What's happened to so and so? Look him up for me, he owes me twenty dollars." And that may send several dozen snoopers looking up the information. Multiply that sort of thing many times over, and you'll begin to understand how the detective gets his man. You've got to get that conception of a crawling, swarming thing, spread out through the dark spaces and evil-hidden corners of the underworld, worming, seeping, snooping—a living net, an underground machine, the stool-pigeon system in action in a big way—you've got to get that slant if you want a flash of the way things went when this message arrived: "Look for a man with a hole in his hand."

A thrill—no? A dark, crawly mystery?—calculated to baffle anybody but Sherlock at his most marvelous, with the faithful Watson at hand to cheer him on—? We had to get along without his help, though. Next time, I'll tell you how we did it.

---

*Another "stool pigeon" story by Mr. Fiaschetti will be published in an early issue.*

# SPARTON RADIO

*"Radio's Richest Voice"*

Model 930, $189.50
COMPLETE WITH TUBES
(Western and Canadian prices slightly higher.)

(320)

## PRICED FOR ALL . . . AND A *SPARTON*

Sparton alone could produce this wonder-instrument, for only Sparton possesses the revolutionary *EQUASONNE* circuit. With dynamic speaker, eight tubes, and two power tubes in push-pull, it is offered at the lowest price ever asked for a Sparton instrument. "Radio's Richest Voice" . . . famed the world over . . . is now within the means of all.

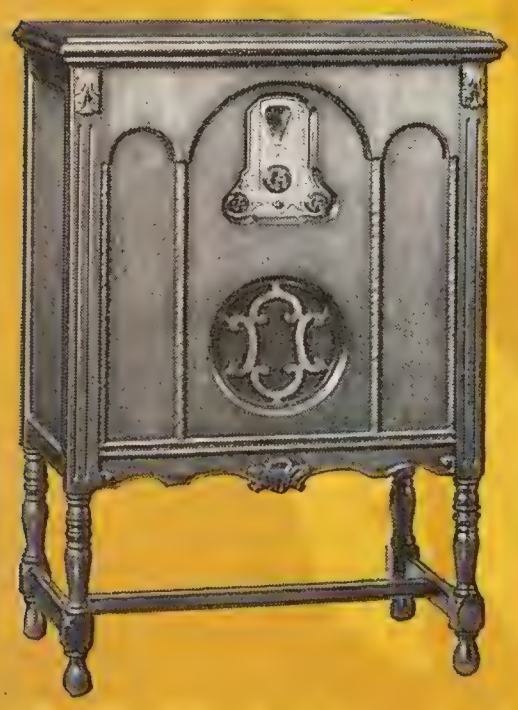
*The EQUASONNE*

THE SPARKS-WITHINGTON CO., *(Established 1900)* JACKSON, MICH., U. S. A.
*Pioneers of Electric Radio without batteries of any kind*

## *Taking the uncertainty out of radio reception*

Stewart-Warner Laboratories have worked out definite means of testing accuracy of reception —an exclusive, scientific manufacturing method resulting in

CERTIFIED REALISM
*of Tone*



**$113**

(less tubes) *

Consolette Ensemble combining Stewart-Warner Table Cabinet ceiver with the new Stewart-Warner Dyphonic Reproducer, finishe hammered gold bronze, or jade green and ivory black. With Stew Warner Electro-Dynamic Reproducer, **$123.25.*** (less tubes)

*Approved Cabinet No. 35 with Stewart-Warner Model 900*

Jacobean design in rare African and burl walnut, with new Stewart-Warner Electro-Dynamic Reproducer, **$142.50.*** (less tubes)

*Features of the 900 Series:* 8 tubes, including rectifier; new UX-245 Power Tubes in conjunc with new Push-Pull Transformers give tone fidelity; new "Balanced Bridge" Circuit does away wit oscillation and increases sensitivity; unaffected by tube replacements; 22-Carat Gold plated con tions throughout; plug-in for Television; connection for Phonograph; embossed Bronze Escutch plate; illuminated Visible Angle Dial calibrated in Kilocycles and 0 to 100 scale.

**Prices Slightly Higher West of the Rockies.*

# STEWART-W

NEW 900 SE

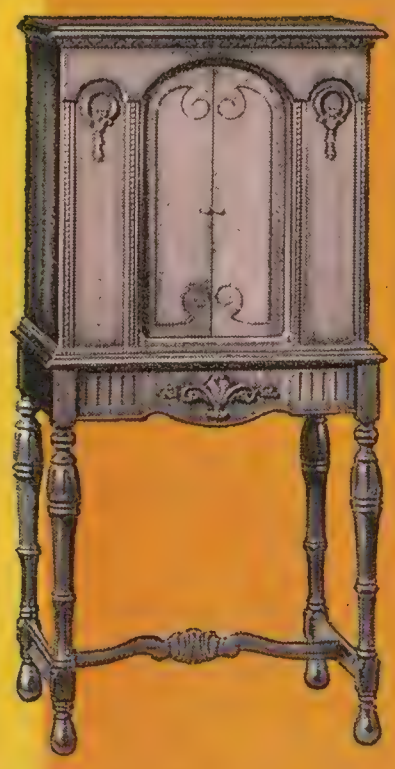
# *Presenting the* NEW STEWART-WARNER RADIO *plus* CERTIFIED REALISM

## *—an exclusive Stewart-Warner merit*

***Above and beyond*** the visible value, instantly apparent in these new Stewart-Warner instruments, you now have this outstanding advantage — an accurate check on realism of tone — CERTIFIED REALISM. Brass, woodwinds, strings, drums, or cymbals — each in its true tone *character!*

***We urge you to compare*** the new Stewart-Warner Radio, value for value, with any other instrument you are considering — compare it feature for feature, from the clean, single-deck, 8-tube (including rectifier) chassis, to the richness, beauty and harmonious dignity of the cabinets.

***Emphatically we point out*** this Stewart-Warner Consolette Ensemble with new Dyphonic Reproducer at $113.00 — richly finished in dull jade, softly blended with ivory black, or in hammered gold bronze. We urge you to see it *and hear* it. Then consider the added value in CERTIFIED REALISM, tested, checked, and proved.



*Approved Cabinet No. 58 with Stewart-Warner Model 900*
Sliding door Sheraton period in walnut and Australian Lacewood, with Stewart-Warner Electro-Dynamic Reproducer, $165.50.* (less tubes)

***A unique and exclusive*** Stewart-Warner precision device supplants "rule of thumb" methods in testing radio reception and provides an accurate, scientific test of Stewart-Warner receiving sets resulting in CERTIFIED REALISM.

Naturally Stewart-Warner, with twenty-three years' experience in precision manufacture and volume production, is first to bring this inestimable betterment to radio reception.

The radio of CERTIFIED REALISM is the set you want. Hear it today at the Stewart-Warner dealer's.

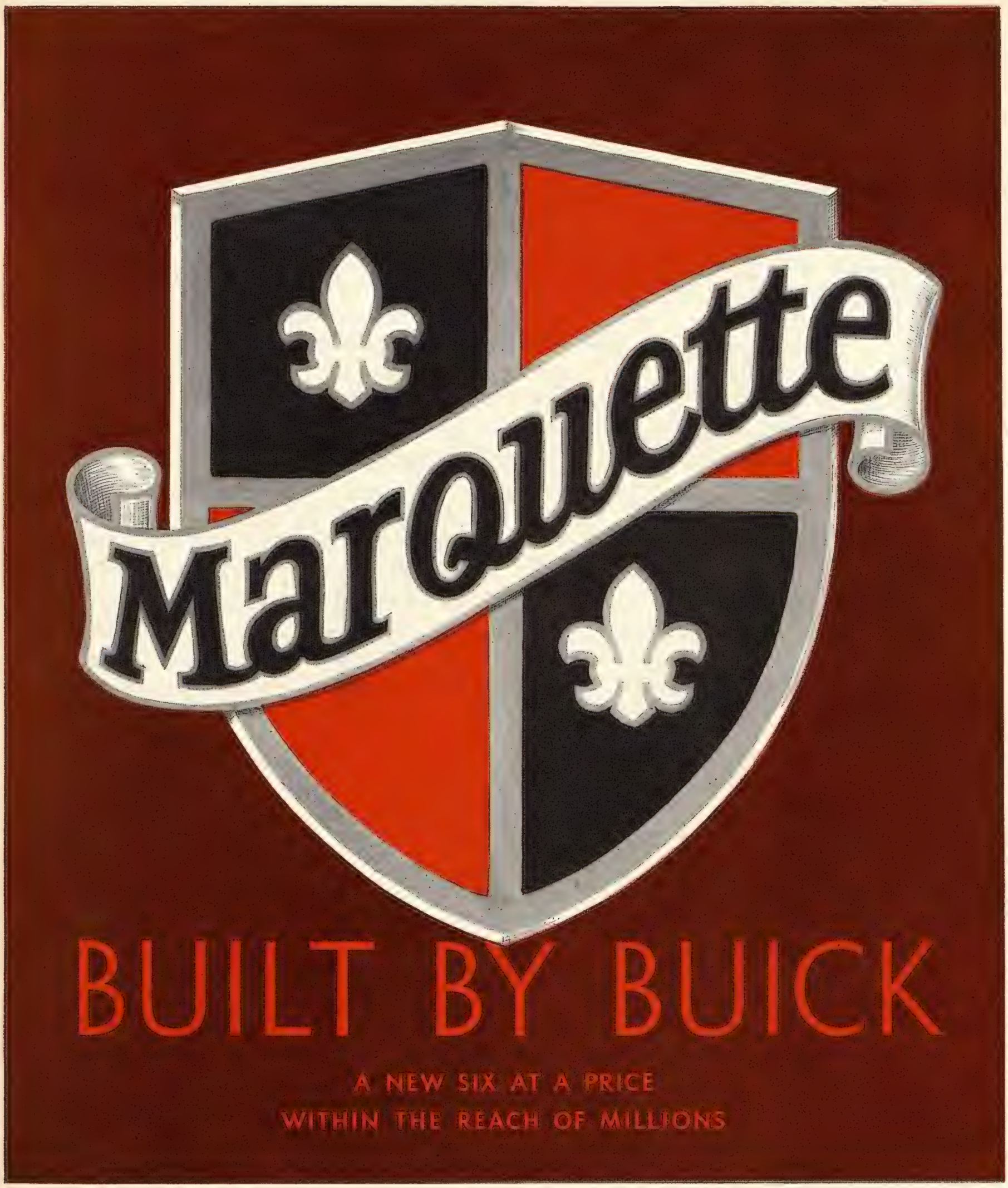
**STEWART-WARNER CORPORATION**
**1830 Diversey Parkway, Chicago**

Table Model with built-in aerial, in hammered gold bronze or jade green and ivory black, $89.75.* (less tubes)

The new Stewart-Warner Dyphonic Reproducer brings a new conception of tone. $19.25.*

RNER RADIO

IES




THE new Marquette will be offered in addition to the famous group of Buick cars. It will be built in Buick plants, by Buick craftsmen and priced within the reach of millions.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

# The Red Napoleon

*The famous sketch of Karakhan from life, made by W.T. Benda in Moscow. Far from being angered by its grimness, the Red Napoleon was delighted; he caused his official portrait painters to imitate it.*

## *A Newspaper Man's Memories of the War of the Races (1933-1936)*

By

**Floyd Gibbons**

*(Author of The Red Knight of Germany)*

MR. GIBBONS' story has now reached the verge of war between the United States, with Canada and the nations of the Pan-American Union as allies, and Karakhan, the Red Napoleon, as master of the eastern hemisphere. How Karakhan fought his way to that position has been told in previous installments. He began as dictator of Soviet Russia, fomented Red revolution in the Orient, and then conquered Europe within the twelve months of 1933.

Hoping to terrorize America, he permitted Mr. Gibbons as a veteran correspondent to accompany him and report his ruthlessness. Speed Binney, a scrappy young airman, was Mr. Gibbons' aide; Margot Denison, a beautiful English girl, was his secretary; the Bostonian Whit Dodge was his rival in news-getting and Speed's in love of Margot. Colonel Boyar was their guide and censor. Karakhan's despised white wife, the former Lin Larkin of New York, had thrown herself on their protection and followed her husband throughout his campaigns.

Last week's installment dealt with Karakhan's moves in forcing war on the United States. The climax was an attempt, on November 29, 1933, to blow up and block the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page forty-five]

Panama Canal by means of a cargo of T. N. T. aboard the steamer Sandino. Thanks to heroism and vigilance, it failed, the explosion taking place outside the Pacific entrance to the canal.

PART SEVEN—THE OLD WORLD VS. THE NEW

THE attempt to destroy the canal shook America. Washington expected the usual expressions of official disavowal and regret from London, but instead diplomatic Washington received a shock.

The Red Union denied the presence of explosives on board the Sandino, and asked for a diplomatic explanation of the sinking of an unmanned merchant vessel and the killing of twenty-two citizens of the Red Union. The act was characterized as "unwarranted."

While the foreign offices in Washington and London exchanged long cable dispatches, the United States battle fleet, long stationed in the Pacific, passed through the Panama Canal into the Caribbean Sea. The naval evacuation of the U. S. Naval Base at Pearl Harbor, Honolulu, was executed without the world knowing what had happened. It was not until the combined forces of the American navy, comprising all warships from both the Atlantic and Pacific, had been mobilized in one fleet off the Atlantic entrance of the canal, that the maneuver became public.

The resultant uproar from Chambers of Commerce and Congressmen representing Pacific Coast states, was answered by unofficial statements from Washington revealing that the sudden mobilization of the United States fleet in the Atlantic was demanded at that time by the presence in the same ocean of an overwhelming strength of the Red Navy, comprising all of the old British fleet, all of the old French and Italian sea forces, and half the Japanese fleet, which had been moved westward by way of Suez.

American newspapers endeavored to make the public understand that any division of American naval forces in the face of so tremendously superior a foreign fleet in the Atlantic would be nothing less than fatal. But even the clamoring of organized American pacifism was silenced by Karakhan's next step.

The Mexican minister in London was notified that unless the municipality of Salina Cruz paid, within twenty-four hours, the sum of $10,000,000 back interest overdue for ten years on bonds now held by the Red Union for debts contracted by the Mexican state of Oaxaca to the Compton Thompson, Ltd., firm for harbor construction at Salina Cruz, the Pan-Eurasian Union would land forces at Salina Cruz and take over the customs authority of the port.

Upon receipt of the news of this ultimatum, the American State Department advised the Red Foreign Office in London that the United States government would consider such action on the part of the Red Union a hostile act against the United States. Official American notification pointed out that any landing of a European force in Salina Cruz would be a direct violation of the established American policy, the Monroe Doctrine.

Washington proposed that the twenty-four-hour ultimatum to Mexico be rescinded or extended long enough for an investigation, with a view toward a tri-party arbitration of the question, with the possibility of the United States guaranteeing payment on the defaulted Mexican bonds.

Karakhan's unofficial retort was as follows:

"What is the Monroe Doctrine?

"Investigation of all foreign offices' archives of Europe, Asia, and Africa fails to locate a single record of any recognition on the part of any of the old nations now comprising the Red Union, by which those nations surrendered the right to protect the interests of their citizens in any country in the world.

"Likewise the Foreign Office of the Red Union is unaware that the so-called American Monroe Doctrine has been recognized by any country whatsoever.

"Finally, the Red Union does not recognize it."

It was war.

*Red veterans of all races in London, December, 1933.*

Attachés and secretaries were closing their desks, destroying files, and packing bags when I reached the American embassy on Grosvenor Square. I had just a word with Commander Dawson, the naval attaché, and he explained to me confidentially that the Red threat of a landing at Salina Cruz had been made for the same purpose as the attempt to blow up the Panama Canal. He told me that the Salina Cruz expedition was calculated to inveigle part of the American navy back through the canal into the Pacific.

IF that had been the intention of Karakhan's naval advisers, it had failed, because the United States fleet remained as a single unit in the waters of the Atlantic, where the country faced the greatest enemy sea force ever mobilized.

In the Tribune office on Fleet Street I was completing my dispatch on the inevitable outbreak of hostilities, when Speed Binney and Whit Dodge both burst into the room. I do not know which, if either, of them asked the question first. It might have been both.

"Where is Margot?"

The girl had been missing since morning.

Three Americans in London on the eve of the opening of hostilities between our country and the enormous might of the Red Union, and not one of us could think of anything or anyone but an English girl!

Speed Binney and Whit Dodge submerged their dislike for each other under the cloud of this threat of danger to Margot Denison, whose disappearance at this particular time chilled us with fear.

Drawn by Clayton Knight from his sketches, made in London at the time, of an actual cafe scene.

*They drank, sang, and took the spoils of war in what had once been the capital of the English-speaking world.*

Red revolutionary London, capital of the Pan-Eurasian Federation of Soviets and headquarters of the yellow military genius whose will and ruthlessness had consummated this mighty amalgamation of forces, was a startlingly different city from the London of King George V. And Margot's possible plight made us see it with eyes opened anew to spectacles fraught with horror to any American—with an age-old horror, born of the pride of race that has set up a desperate barrier between white women and men of color.

Yellow, black, and brown, the Asiatic and African troops of the Red Armies mingled with the white communistic soldiery of Europe in the crowded streets, hotels, and bars of the Red capital.

Comrades in arms now, these veterans of terroristic blood spillings, from the shores of massacred Australia to the gory execution chambers of European capitals, drank and sang and took the spoils of war in what had once been the capital of the English-speaking world.

AND it was in the center of this bubbling caldron of interracial license and debauch that Margot had dropped out of sight. If the girl had been my sister I could not have felt more concerned for her welfare.

Since that wild night in Moscow when Binney and I had delivered her from the riot in a revolutionary café, my paternal or fraternal affection for her had grown constantly as my dependence upon her valuable assistance had increased.

Throughout the sweep of Karakhan's armies across Europe, she had never failed in the many duties for which I had called upon her. Long hours, hard travel, uncertain accommodations—nothing had daunted her in the transcription and transmission of my dispatches.

In Paris and London, during the yellow terror's political and military reorganization of his distant conquests, Margot's familiarity with the politics, diplomacy, and economics of the Old World had raised her from the rank of a private secretary to a collaborator. Her youthful viewpoint and almost encyclopedic fund of information had been invaluable.

" It's hell," Whit said, with clenched teeth, as the three of us sat glum in the Tribune office on Fleet Street. " My fingers itch to get at each yellow throat I see."

Binney's emotions were so strong that for once they silenced him.

Our telephone inquiries for her whereabouts covered London, but the sum total of our results was that she had left the Savoy Hotel in a closed car after receiving a telephone call. Colonel Boyar gave us the only ray of hope.

" She's all right," he said. " Just wait."

It was the night of that same second day of the new year—January 2, 1934—that the news of the Red bombardment and occupation of the town and harbor of Salina Cruz, far south on the Mexican Pacific coast, was made public on the streets of London.

As the newspaper extras, printed in dozens of languages, reached the streets, the wild celebration of the crowds mounted to a new pitch.

The press made it clear that the commencement of fighting between American and Red forces would be reported at any minute.

The United States had notified Karakhan that America would intervene and resist, as a violation of the Monroe Doctrine, any attempt on the part of the Red Union to invade Mexico.

The Red official communiqué read:

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page forty-seven]

The landing of Red troops, comprising Siberian, Mongolian, and Japanese contingents, in Salina Cruz has been effected with only slight losses.

The landing, which was made under cover of the guns of Japanese and British units of the Red fleet, was preceded by a bombardment resulting in considerable damage to the town and a number of deaths amongst the civilian population. Our troops are advancing northward along the railroad which crosses the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Mexican forces are retreating toward the Gulf of Campeche.

Red air patrols are present in force.

I was to learn later that at the moment we received the first news in London, American and Red air forces were already in contact over the Mexican front.

Upon my request, Boyar arranged an interview for me with Karakhan.

The halls of Buckingham Palace buzzed with excitement as I made my way toward the waiting room of the Red Napoleon. Without delay I was admitted to the long salon in which he had his office. As the door closed behind me, I found that he and I were alone.

I ADVANCED to the long, broad table behind which Karakhan was standing. His head was bent forward, showing the short-cut black hair that fitted his head like a skullcap. His eyes were fixed on a large size map which almost covered the top of the table. From the waist up he leaned his body over the map, supporting his weight on the thumbs and extended fingers of both hands.

In a fleeting glance at the map I saw it was a planisphere of the world. The western hemisphere was in the center, flanked on the right by the Atlantic Ocean and Europe, flanked on the left by the Pacific Ocean and Asia. It was lined and dotted with marks in various colors and studded with flags and pins.

From either end of the table, light from two shaded reading lamps shone down on the white surface of the map and was reflected up to the yellow features poised above it. Immediately beneath his eyes was the United States.

During the minute of silence that Karakhan forced me to wait, standing there before him, my mind grasped the symbol of this colossus of evil, his tapering finger tips on the surface of the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, his thin body, his high shoulders, his yellow face, and close-cropped head towering over and glaring down upon my country.

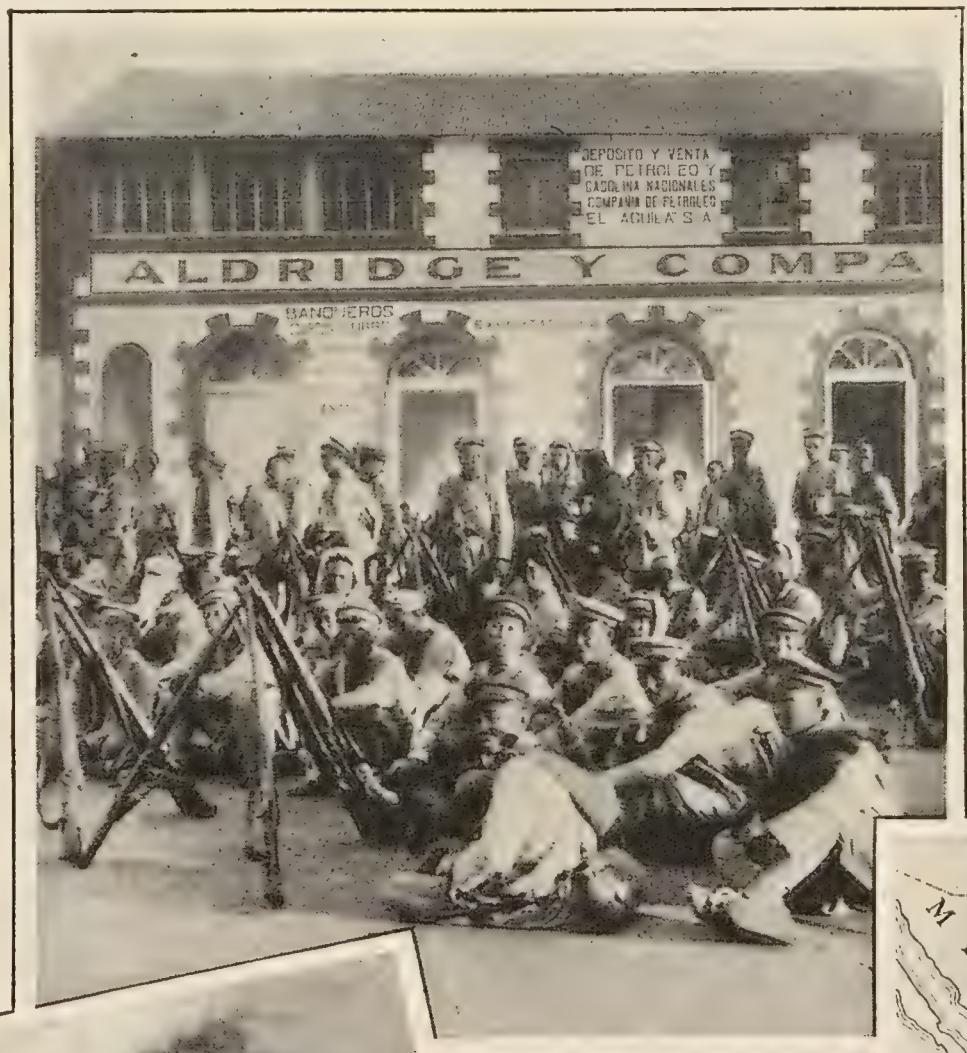
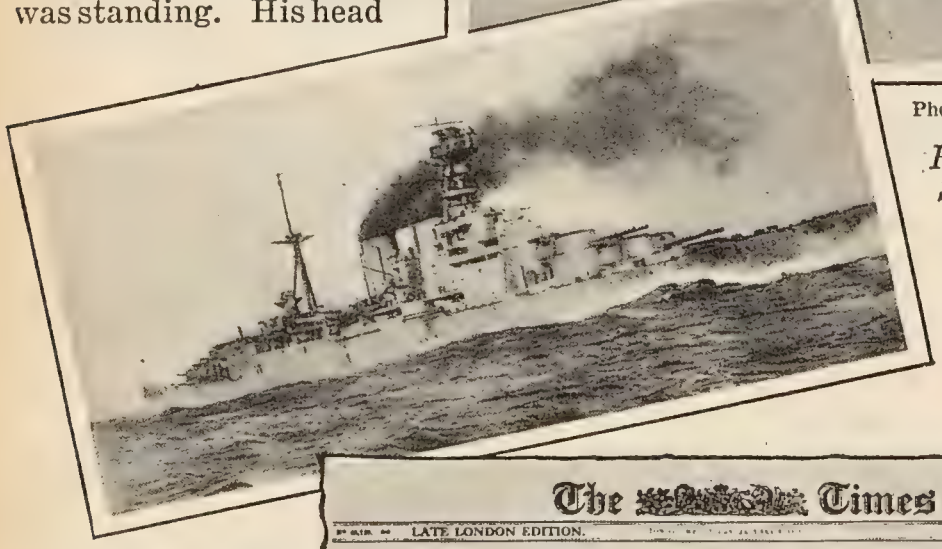


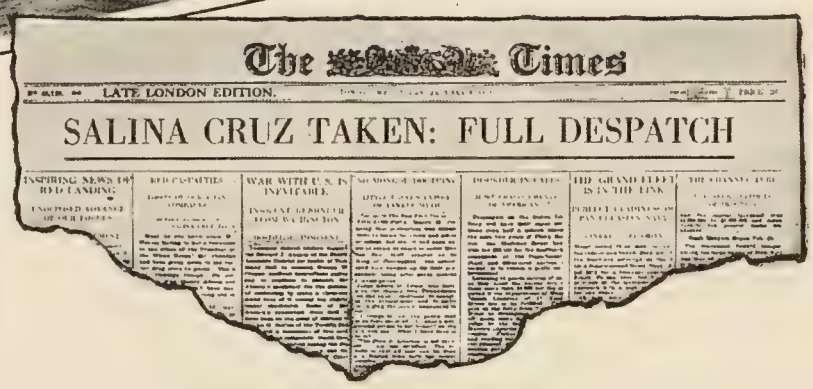

Photo Ewing Galloway-Culver Service

*Red Japanese troops in Salina Cruz, Mexico, in front of the building of the leading local banking, brokerage, and export house.*



*The Red battle cruiser Stalin, originally the Hood, which with Jap warships covered the Salina Cruz landing.*

*Showing the location of Salina Cruz. Here began the Red Napoleon's first invasion of the New World.*


The Times
LATE LONDON EDITION.
SALINA CRUZ TAKEN: FULL DESPATCH

*The front page of the London Times, January 3, 1934. The Times had become Karakhan's principal daily official organ in the English language.*

"HEN his head lifted and the peering eyes pinned me with a look. There was no smile, no greeting. Not because he did not recognize me, I believe, but because of the disturbance to his study.

"What is it?"

The tone was hard and dry. Not unfriendly; just direct and curt.

"I have come to surrender my parole," I replied. "You are now at war with my country, or you will be in a few hours. I am a citizen of the United States and as such I have been pleased to serve with your forces during the last year. I have enjoyed and respected the confidence which you have seen fit to repose in me, and which I have even presumed to cherish in the light of a personal attachment.

"You know my personal views on patriotism and nationalism—in brief, on plain loyalty. I am requesting permission to return to my country and to take my two co-workers with me."

My statement was met with another long silence, in which the steely eyes peered forth from his unemotional face into mine. The yellow features beamed with an intensity almost sardonic. Try as I might, I could not figure out what to expect from that look and that silence.

My long and almost intimate association with the Red Napoléon forced me to the realization that I could depend upon our curious relationship for no consideration, if such a consideration would be contrary to the advantages of the yellow leader. Then he spoke:

"The world is on the threshold of a new era. Taken

as a house, it is now too small to accommodate two conflicting systems of thought. This division of opinion is about to be eliminated. There must be one master.

"I have no regret for what is happening at Salina Cruz today. If it had not happened there, it would have, somewhere else.

"My pride is that, since the peace of Paris, I have been able so to organize my forces that today finds me in readiness to march into the destiny that lies ahead of us, with the certainty of victory.

"Napoleon conquered all Europe, but was held back by the strip of water between the continent and these British islands. I have conquered all the world except the western hemisphere.

"The English Channel and the British fleet held up Napoleon's progress. That was the beginning of his failure and his end. That was the weak spot in his plans; that was his great mistake. I have profited from his mistake."

THIS was a long speech for Karakhan. Others have said that he made Calvin Coolidge seem like a chatterbox. The man of few words continued:

"The people of the New World are hoping that the Atlantic and Pacific oceans offer them the security that England found in the English Channel in the days of Bonaparte. That hope is their mistake. They will find it so. The Atlantic and Pacific offer no obstacles to me. We are ready for a show-down.

"You know the forces that marshal themselves under the Red flag today—the nine hundred million people of Asia, the four hundred millions of Europe, and the one hundred and eighty millions of Africa.

"Opposed to us are the one hundred and thirty millions of North America and possibly the sixty millions of South America.

"Compare the totals. A billion and a half against two hundred million.

"Under the Red flag are the material resources of three entire continents. We have food and primary products more than ample. The industrial output of Europe combined and working together for the first time is more than sufficient for our needs.

"The merchant marine of the three continents is sufficient to bridge the oceans of the world. The navies of the Pan-Eurasian Union will be in command of the water routes of the world within twenty-four hours. No ship will sail the sea without our flag—I repeat; no ship."

*A statue of Karakhan in Venice, made by substituting his figure for Colleoni's in the equestrian statue of the latter by Verrocchio. This vandalism is only one of many such evidences of the Red Napoleon's megalomania.*

I had forgotten about this. How was I to return to America?

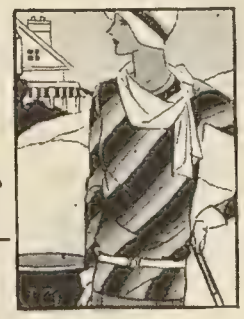
"My armies encompass the globe," Karakhan's even, nerveless voice continued. "Outnumbering any enemy or possible combination of enemies in the world, I go to war knowing that behind my combat lines stands a reserve of man power so enormous as to enable me to replace my forces in any theater of operation with fresh and even greater forces as fast as I require them.

"Why do you suppose I have permitted you to observe and report my military operations across Europe during this last year? Your sight is keen; your perception is

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]


# Moths? they won't eat your clothes

## *not if you really moth-proof the wool*



The idea of genuine moth-proofing is a new and revolutionary idea. Formerly, you filled your closets with strong odors, not knowing perhaps that the hungry moth-worm has no sense of smell. Or if you were *very* careful, you put all your woolen clothes into chests or big bags, and fastened them in for the summer. Yes, and you fastened something else in too—the moth-eggs! When these hatched into moth-worms, they couldn't get out if they wanted to, and they didn't want to, for wool is what they eat—and how greedily!

That was the usual moth story, unless you were very lucky. It became a job for the scientists to find a better way. They went at it from the cloth end, not the moth end. They developed a genuine mothproofing agent. It is called Larvex, and once a woolen fabric has been treated by it, the damaging moth-worm can't even *begin* to eat. Larvex completely stops him. And don't confuse Larvex with insect-killers. It is entirely different. Larvex is a mothproofing agent—a genuine moth-proofing agent. This is truly a wonderful discovery for the worried housewife. By spraying Larvex once on all her woolen and mohair fabrics—clothes, rugs, furniture—she is assured of a whole year's protection. And Larvex is very economical, too. Applying it to a suit, for instance, costs no more than a single "pressing"—and far less than an ordinary dry-cleaning.

### *For washable woolens there is a special Larvex*

A different form of Larvex is now available for use on *washable* woolens. It is called "Rinsing" Larvex and it comes in powder form. You simply dissolve it in water and place the sweaters and blankets in it—just like rinsing and just as easy. Package containing enough for two tubfuls, 50 cents. Then, until they must be washed again, you can use or store your precious woolens anywhere without worry. This is a wonderful feeling!

Both forms of Larvex—Spraying and Rinsing—are odorless, non-injurious and non-inflammable. They put an end to all moth damage and moth troubles. Sold by drug and department stores everywhere. The Larvex Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.

## IT COMES IN TWO FORMS

For coats, suits, rugs, upholstered furniture and all other fabrics that cannot be washed. $1 for a pint or, with atomizer which lasts for years, $1.50. Also obtainable in ½-gallon and 1-gallon sizes.

For blankets, sweaters, woolen stockings, baby clothes and all other *washable* woolens. In powder form to dissolve in tub before immersing the woolens, 50 cents a package—enough for two tubfuls.

SPRAYING **LARVEX** RINSING **LARVEX**

FREE BOOK—*write today for interesting book "Outwitting the Wily Moth." You will be glad you sent for it when you see how it helps save your best clothes and finest rugs. Just fill out the coupon.*

THE LARVEX CORPORATION, 250 Park Ave., New York, N.Y.

Please send me, free, your book "Outwitting the Wily Moth" that tells me how to end moth damage.

59-4

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page forty-nine]

good; you write with graphic vividness. I had hoped that your words would carry conviction to your people—a conviction that would save them from the inevitable disaster that now awaits their latest defiance. Force must be the teacher now—it is the best one anyhow.

"About your request to return to your country. You appreciate, of course, that it is within my power to keep you here with me. I would have no moral scruples against such a course—morals are surplus baggage in war—but it serves my purpose better to send you back to your people. I learn by the mistakes of my predecessors.

"One of the greatest mistakes in the World War was made by the military leaders of both sides. It was the error of blind censorship, suppressing information, military or otherwise.

"The censorship had no reason for existence. It was imposed by military fools, in the hope of preventing their costly blunders from becoming known among the civil populations.

"I have applied terror in Europe. You saw our executions beginning in Warsaw and Bucharest; you saw the number of bourgeois that paid with their lives in Belgrade and in Vienna; you saw the Fascisti fools mowed down by the thousands in Italy; you saw Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Englishmen forfeit their lives before our execution squads. You were permitted to report it fully with all its gruesome details. Why?

"That is war. I was waging war. I had nothing to conceal, nothing to regret, nothing to be ashamed of. The world sees the result today in the unification of three continents; in the pacification of a billion and a half people and the amalgamation of their economic, financial, and military forces under one flag—and all in the space of one year.

"That is a worthy accomplishment. Worthy of all the lives taken, of every drop of blood and every tear shed to bring it about."

Karakhan walked the length of the long table and returned to his position behind the map. Resting one long finger within the outline of the United States, he said:

"YOUR country and your government should have learned something from what has happened in the last year. The phenomenal prosperity that came to your country after 1918 produced a national blindness to realities. Since the debt question became acute in 1918, American popularity in Europe has steadily declined.

"The dull ignorance that has marked the advice which your back-country statesmen have repeatedly offered to the rest of the world has been more sickening than instructive.

"Like President Wilson at Versailles, America has repeatedly boasted that it wanted nothing from the rest of the world, and rather deplored the fact that the rest of the world was inclined to want and demand things.

"That policy was all right for America, which had everything and needed nothing. But it was poor medicine and poor sermonizing for American moralists to propose such a code to overcrowded, struggling, poverty-stricken nations that had nothing and needed everything.

International photo

*A group that illustrates strikingly the diversity of racial types in Karakhan's expeditionary force for the invasion of Mexico.*

"I speak frankly because I would like you to let your people know exactly the esteem their government is held in around the world.

"You ask to return to America, and I am granting your request. You have respected the agreement we made in Moscow. At times it was necessary for me to withhold some of the dispatches you wrote for publication in America. Some of your conclusions were a trifle premature for my purposes.

"But now, upon your departure, I wish you to go with the feeling that you will be under no restrictions or obligations concerning what you report or communicate from now on.

"All that you know, all that you have seen, all that you have heard, and any of the old-fashioned military secrets that you may think you possess—you have my leave to reveal it all. Present the information to your government and your people with my compliments."

I bowed acknowledgment of the offer. Karakhan took a sheet of paper from his desk and consulted it.

"YOUR airplane pilot, Binney, will go with you," he said. "But your stenographer or secretary will not. She is not an American. She is a citizen of the Red Union.

"You and your pilot will be escorted in safety to the American lines, and if the fortunes of war are kindly to you, it is quite possible that we will meet again. I will look forward to the meeting with pleasure. You may go. Colonel Boyar will attend to details."

So he knew the whereabouts of Margot. A question sprang to my lips, but he silenced it with a curt "That is all," spoken with utter finality by the Red Napoleon.

But Boyar knew, and this was my thought as I hurriedly returned to the Tribune office, where I found the smiling colonel and the nervous Speed Binney.

"Where's Margot?" I demanded. "You know."

"Now I can tell you," said Boyar.

"Quick!" shouted Binney with something of a menace in his tones. "Where?"

"Safe and sound, and as happy as it would be possible for a pretty girl to be while separated from the exciting rivalries of an American democrat and an American aristocrat. By the way, Whit ought to be here also. Where is he?"

"To hell with Whit. Where's Margot?" from Binney.

"She will not be allowed to return with you," Boyar replied. "That's definite. It develops out of our Little Uncle's domestic affairs. Unfortunately, Mme. Karakhan has the Western conception of the wife's constant position beside her husband.

"Margot saw fit to befriend her when she went to Vienna against the General's orders to the contrary. Karakhan has no feeling against Margot for that reason. On the contrary, he feels that she has done much to prevent him from being bothered by a hysterical wife—so much, in fact, that he will see that the two of them remain here together. He has seen neither of them, and I doubt if he will.

"The General's affairs with women in general are one matter. The conduct of his domestic household—his wife and the mother of his children—that is

an entirely different one. Such an arrangement is for the best. It will guarantee the safety of both Mme. Karakhan and Margot. That ought to please you, Speed."

"And she'll have to remain in England until the war is over?" Binney asked.

"Unless the General permits her to accompany his wife to New York," said Boyar smilingly.

Packing my bag for our departure that night, I discovered the following note in my toilet case:

The Reds are rounding up all Americans for internment. You and Binney are all right, but they are after me. If they get me it will not be without my getting several of them. I do not know how I am going to get to the States, but I will get there and be in the fight if I live.

I think I know where Margot is, and I will see her before I go.

Good luck, and good-by. WHIT.

Late that night, Binney and I, accompanied by Boyar, left London by night plane over the Red trans-Eurasian airways, destination Yokohama.

Boyar explained that we would be returned to America *via* the Pacific. During the four days and nights of air travel, we spent hours with the ear phones clasped to our heads, listening to the Red broadcasting out of London.

WE heard the voice of the Red Napoleon himself as he delivered, in slow, precise English, his radio declaration of war which combined assurances of success to the millions of the Red Union with a general appeal to the "American proletariat."

It was followed by Red appeals in all languages to the varied and supposedly divergent sections of the United States.

Territorial autonomy within the borders of the United States was offered to all foreign-born elements and hyphenates.

To the German-speaking citizens of Wisconsin the Reds offered an autonomous soviet of their own. Announcements in Swedish, Norwegian, and Danish carried to the Scandinavians of Minnesota and the Dakotas the plan for an independent New Scandinavia.

To the Italians of New York, to Irish Americans wherever they were, to the immigrants of north and south Slavic extraction, to citizens of Mexican and Spanish derivation in the southwest—to all of them—independent territory was offered.

Moses Carling, American Negro exile, for many years proprietor of a prominent Moscow café, addressed himself through the microphone to 10,000,000 Negroes in America, declaring that Karakhan would give them the states of Louisiana and Mississippi for an independent soviet of their own, if they would revolt against the "lily-white lynchers" of Washington.

"More receiving sets in America than in all the rest of the world combined," explained Boyar. "Every set in the Red Union is known and registered by the police, and we can call them in any time we want to. Washington has no control over the sets in America, so I see no way you can prevent our propaganda reaching you by air."

Later, in Washington, I learned it had been within the power of the government broadcasting stations to jam the air with conflicting waves that would have silenced Red radio propaganda. But Washington had abjured this defensive measure and left the radio open to the propaganda of both sides. It became a war of words in the air.

Loyal Americans of all foreign and racial extractions broadcast firm replies in every language. But in spite of this fair and patriotic effort, some of the Red seeds of dissension did take root.

---

*In next week's installment, Speed and Mr. Gibbons are landed from an enemy airplane within the American lines in Mexico. Mr. Gibbons at once goes to Washington and tells President Smith and his Cabinet of Karakhan and the Pan-Eurasian menace.*

# Vox

### *"The Red Napoleon": Some Like It, Some Don't*

CHICAGO, ILL.—I have been reading this story by Floyd Gibbons which is called "The Red Napoleon."

Anyone having a bit of reasoning power can see that that brilliant author of yours is piling a lot of dirt on a newly born child: Soviet Russia. I wonder whether Mr. Gibbons has read what some of the big minds of today predict for Russia?

It's high time America began to look with open eyes at Soviet Russia. If 2,000,000 of your weekly readers get a dose of bunk handed out in such form as "The Red Napoleon," Americans won't know what present-day Russia really is like.—*I. S. I.*

MONTREAL, CAN.—Believe me, Mr. Gibbons surely knows his stuff! He presents facts and events so accurately that "The Red Napoleon" is bound to be one of the best stories of the year.

Please, Mr. Editor, don't let Floyd go!—*Hyman S. Manster.*

MIAMI, FLA.—War, war, war! You can't find enough of it in the dark and bloody centuries gone past, but you have to use your wildest moments of imagination and run a story of impossibilities, viz.: "The Red Napoleon."

The last installment I read kept me awake all night. Enough is enough. Please give us a rest. Gibbons is too good a writer to waste his talent on rot like this.

Pleazzze, Mr. Editor, no more like this!—*Chas. H. Carnifax.*

DETROIT, MICH.—Floyd Gibbons is a better writer than a certain author of the same name who undertook to explain all about the decline and fall of Rome. —*E. K.*

WILLOUGHBY, OHIO—I think your story, "The Red Napoleon," is rotten. It's the hooey. I could write a better story myself.—*A Reader.*

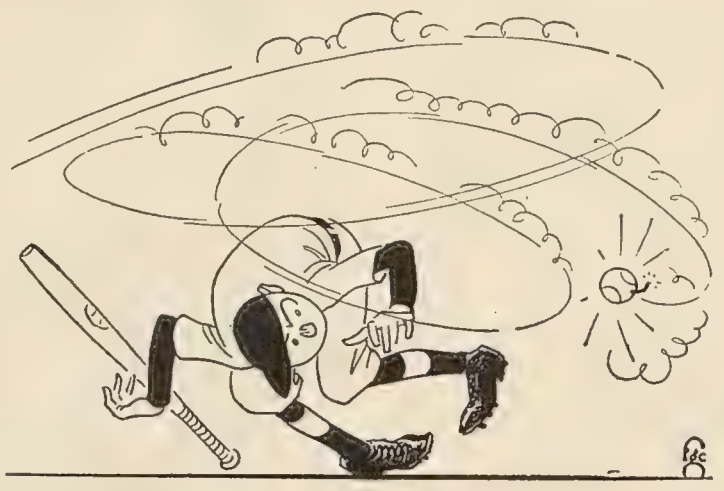
FALL RIVER, MASS.—As a sergeant major, Seventh U. S. Cavalry, with the punitive expedition in Mexico in 1916, it was my good fortune to observe and meet personally Floyd Gibbons, who was at our headquarters in Chihuahua.

When Mr. Gibbons takes up his pen to write about wars—past, present, or future—you can rest assured he knows what he is talking about, as his equal is hard to find as a war correspondent.

Although handicapped by wounds received with the First Division, A. E. F., after twenty-seven years' service in the U. S. army, here's hoping that we meet again, Floyd, on the battlefield of the war of 1933-1936, to show those Reds that the red, white, and blue cannot be lowered or defeated, and will ever rule supreme.—*C. J. Masterson.*

### *Haw!*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Say, that was a funny one, the trick the ball played! Hugh Fullerton told about it in "The Greatest Game of Baseball." He said that, in a game between the Chicago White Sox and the Washington team, Walter Johnson hit a baseball so hard that it seemed certain to pass over the center-field



fence, but it stopped, fell straight down for a second, and then sailed halfway back to the infield—driven back by a baby cyclone that came up suddenly.

Haw! We need some more trick balls like that to make baseball interesting. Let's fix one up with a charge of powder inside it—enough to drive it along like a skyrocket—and a little rudder on it, and a detonating cap.

Then, when the batter hits the ball, the powder will start doing its stuff, the rudder will get in some good work, and—oh *baby*, look out for that ball! —*F. Gregory.*

### *With Over 2,000,000 Net Paid Circulation*

TAKOMA PARK, D. C.—LIBERTY has fallen from grace, and has become the organ of:

Thugs. Libertines. Gangsters. Hijackers. Bootleggers. Racketeers. Murderers.—*John N. Quinn.*

### *Aw, Give Us Time. We're Only Five Years Old*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—At last—after so many years—you have published a really good short story.

I congratulate you on Robert Hichens' "Saturday Night."—*Zeh Bouck.*

### *Bang Goes Another Illusion*

BOSTON, MASS.—Aha! The secret's out! Now we know how our greatest detectives solve crimes—when and if they solve them. Michael Fiaschetti has given us the answer in "Stool Pigeons."

I always did think that authors were being pretty romantic when they made their detectives track down criminals by analyzing the mud on their boots, or the ash from their cigarettes. I suppose that to have a "dick" find his man through information furnished by a stool pigeon would be considered too sordid and prosaic, in fiction—too damaging to the reputation of the great crook-catchers, who must appear to do everything alone and unaided.

Yes, Mr. Fiaschetti has toppled the crime scientist of our novels, enthroned on a stack of detective novels, right off his pedestal.—*J. F. S.*

### *George I. Disclaims It Too. He Says It Was Nero*

BENTON, ILL.—Mr. Frederick Palmer, who wrote "Was Grant Drunk at Shiloh?" for you, repeated the exploded anecdote about Lincoln inquiring for the brand of whisky that Grant drank, that he might send a barrel of it to every general in the Union army.

Writer Palmer should keep posted. Biographer W. E. Woodward puts this famous story out of commission, in "Meet General Grant":

"Lincoln himself denied its authenticity, not only once but many times. This piece of fiction was made up by Charles G. Halpine, a newspaper man and correspondent of the New York Herald, and it appeared first in that newspaper on November 26, 1863.

"In disclaiming the story, Lincoln

remarked that it was over a hundred years old, anyway. He said that it had originated with George I. Somebody had complained to George about General Wolfe . . . asserted that he was mad. Thereupon that red-faced, outspoken monarch fell into a royal mood and said, 'If General Wolfe is mad I hope he bites some of my other generals.'"—*W. G. Johnston.*

### *Don't Be Disrespectful, Wm.*

DANVILLE, ILL.—I must say that Frederick Palmer's article, "Was Grant Drunk at Shiloh?" was the best that has appeared in LIBERTY. It is a question that has been at issue ever since

# Pop

that particular battle was fought. I certainly appreciate the masterful way Palmer brought up the question, and then buried it again—I hope for good.

George Washington may have been the father of this country, but it was Grant who saved him from becoming the father of twins. No foolin'!—*Wm. Meyers.*

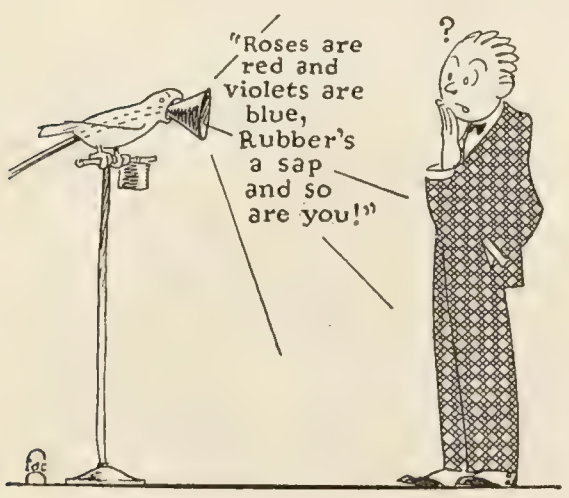
### *That's the Spirit! Live and Let Live*

MONTGOMERY, ALA.—Thank you, suh! The last few issues of your weekly have shown a great improvement. During the past few years there were times when I almost gave up hope that you would continue to exist, but you have, and now you give us such stories as "Fool Errant," by Patricia Wentworth. That alone will grant you a reprieve for your past conduct.—*H. P. M.*

### *Well, Miss Wentworth Certainly Put It Over on Us*

ST. LOUIS, MO.—A good serial? Yessir! That "Fool Errant," by Patricia Wentworth, is one of the best serials LIBERTY has ever made public.

There's just one thing I can't quite swallow about it, and that is that Ananias, Mr. Smith's parrot, ever got off such long, elaborate poems and sentences as Miss Wentworth has him do.




Do you know what I think Ananias is? I think he's just a fake parrot, with a little speaking tube running through his body and through a hole in the wall, into the next room. And in the next room there's a guy who does Ananias' talking for him.

That's the low-down, even though that stammering, shy Hugo Ross is too dumb to see it.—*Helen.*

### *From a Coupla Loud-Speakers*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Tell me, Miss "Just Outa High School," why it is that I have to go steadily with three young lady friends? You give up and want to know my reason? Sure. One has beauty and intellect, another has a sporting turn of mind and physical charms, and the third is the original sure 'nough hot stuff girl who is ready for the good time a guy can give her.

Now you can see that it takes three girls to completely satisfy one "mere" man, and since a mere man is negative

zero with you, and three girls are equivalent to one man, it follows that you yourself aren't worth commenting on, since one-third of zero is zero.

No, I'm not a Turk or a Mormon, but still looking for an all-purpose mate. When I do get one, then I may condescend to treat her as my equal.—*The Original Hard-to-Get Guy.*

FORT SCOTT, KAN.—I read a letter, attacking all men, from a girl in the Vox Pop, over the signature, Just Outa High School, wherein the little pepper box says, "I wouldn't marry any of these insignificant animals for billions and jewelry stores—and I'm not an old maid."

In the first place it was not necessary for her to add that she was not an old maid, as one of them would not make such a statement.

This little pepper pod, no doubt, has just had a falling out with her jellybean and thinks all men are ungrateful, fresh go-getters just because she has had a run-in with one.

She will live and learn and I'll bet good hard cash that by the time this is being written, she is warming up to some "insignificant animal" like a sick kitten does to a warm rock.—*Helzbelz.*

### *What About Vox Pop?*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—After reading every letter in Vox Pop since it first became a feature of LIBERTY, I believe I have discovered a method for publishing a magazine that will suit everyone.

Leave the picture off the cover. Cut out the editorials and other features. Stop the short stories. Discontinue the serials. Omit the articles. Cancel all advertising. In short, issue a blank book, with the name LIBERTY printed on the cover, and let each purchaser write his own magazine.

On second thought, it might be better to leave off the title. There are so many people, nowadays, who object to even the word "liberty."—*Richard S. M. Jones.*

### *Poem*

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—

Your growth, of which you blat and bray,
Recalls the squash, that hollow shell
Which bloats to giant size today—
'Tis mostly air that makes it swell.

—*Jason F.*

### *Afterthoughts on an Editorial*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In your editorial, "If You Want Culture Learn Spanish," it was stated that ". . . to an almost complete extent, alas, American diplomats speak no Spanish at all." This statement is not in harmony with the facts. It happens that many American ministers and ambassadors do speak Spanish, and speak it well.

Your generalization is still further from the truth if it was meant to include diplomatic officers of lower rank.—*P.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I liked your editorial, "If You Want Culture Learn Spanish." Beyond question the cultural value of Spanish is very great and the language should be widely studied in the educational institutions of the country. Our people are just beginning to appreciate the tremendous wealth and worth of the literature written in Spanish; and the politicosocial values of Spanish, especially for us North Americans, grow greater as each day passes.

Your article will, I believe, serve to arouse and increase interest among your many readers in a matter of great importance to all American citizens.

In our local senior high schools, 30,000 students are registered in Spanish classes, 50,000 in French, 9,000 in German, and 2,000 in Italian, while 30,000 are enrolled in Latin.

This out of a high-school population of 158,000.—*Lawrence A. Wilkins, Director of Modern Languages in High Schools.*

### *Yes. Continued Shooting Is Sometimes a Bore*

ATLANTA, GA.—I am a new LIBERTY fan of only a few weeks' standing. I like the stories, the dimensions of the book, the editorials, et al. And best of all the lack of:

"All were terribly frightened, and—which is the important point—nobody left the hotel while the shooting was

"(Continued on Page 747)"

Instead of that, you go on from page to page throughout all the stories.

Fine business! Keep it up.—*An Engineer.*

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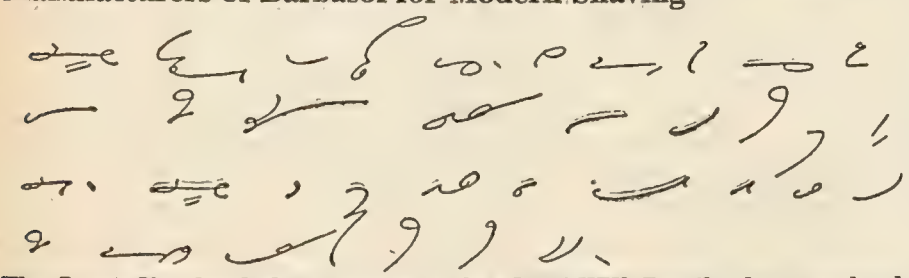

**The Gregg Shorthand above, written with a SEMI-HEX Pencil, when translated, reads: Semi-Hex Pencils are absolutely O. K. That summed up my opinion of them after the very first time I tried them and I've never changed since. Semi-Hex is comfortable to write with, holds its point and has the smoothest lead I've ever found.**

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# "Outside, Bum"

## A New For the Love o' Lil

A THRILLING 4 o'clock tête-a-tête with Bodo Hauptmann Ritter von Felsenheim! Lil felt very self-conscious. Would her secret Platonic tea party in a corner of the drawing-room turn into a passionate tryst? She hadn't seen Bodo since the moonlit evening a week before when he had tried to kiss her.

The silver hum of the doorbell! She nodded her head quickly to set in alluring motion her glittering earrings of crystal. She stared into space like a bride who wonders if her husband-to-be will surely appear at the altar. Had Bodo really come to tea?

This week's cover picture.

"Ah, my dear!" He suddenly strode into the room, a dashing figure in red, blue, and gold, boots, and a white plume stuck in his shako. "Pretend we are meeting on the Riviera, our rendezvous a terraced garden looking down over vineyards and pink roofs to that great sheet of azure which mariners named the Mediterranean Sea!" He bent horizontally over Lil's extended hand and stayed there so long that she feared he had become paralyzed.

"Place the tray here, Meadows," she murmured. She wondered just how much of Bodo's oratory he had caught. Then his eyes told her that his ears had heard!

The liquid gleam of blue greens and purple reds in her lovely Margherita pottery. Two cups and saucers gay with flower clusters. Two spoons, their edges touching in suggestive intimacy. Sun gold of lemon slices. Snow white of sugar cubes. High lights on the silver tongs. And the grinning dragon-mouth spout of the flowered teapot! Was it a smirking medieval gargoyle in miniature snooping there as an unwanted guest?

"One or two?" she asked, poising the tongs.

"Three, dear," he smiled. "A Continental habit. Ah, I recall the last time I tête-à-têted at tea with a lovely woman. The Countess Glorianna Magdalena Cankadora of Monte Carlo. She'd made a fortune from citrons. Her eyes, like yours, matched the Monacoan sky. Her hair, like yours, seemed like sunlight quivering—quivering."

Bodo helped himself gluttonously to cheese sandwich after cheese sandwich from the wicker muffin tray by the couch. (It was his first meal that day.) He balanced three cups of Lil's two-dollar-a-pound Darjeeling tea upon his red-trousered knee, devoured six hot crumpets, and then tackled her luscious pink almond fruit-paste sweets.

"Lil," he whispered huskily ten bonbons later, "accept me as your lover. Elope with me to my villa on the Riviera. Let us share our love and live as European men and women have lived since Rome became Rome."

His flushed face was close to hers. She sprang to her feet, blushed like an early summer strawberry, and rushed toward the hall. Bodo sprang to his feet, towering above her in black-booted splendor, and met her by the portieres. Before she could escape he grabbed her around the waist and kissed her *once—twice—three times* in a passionate cinema pose!

"Stop!" she cried. "If you do that again I'll call my husband!" She tapped her knuckles on his chest.

"Save your lungs!" Sandy suddenly yelled from the hall. "I'll use my hoof. Hobo, you may be a bodo to my wife—but you're a damn bozo to me. OUTSIDE, BUM."

And with a flying kerflew Bodo Hauptmann Ritter von Felsenheim went sprawling out the front door, propelled by Sandy's hefty number twelve C.

*(Next week's cover adventure: The Quarrel)*

*If I get a peak at that crockery glim I'll bust out in a laf sure.*

# Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

## *Some Tactful Hints from a Prospective Bridegroom*

Words and Pictures by
BERT GREEN

*Palermo and Naples.*

DEAR MARG:

Hold everything! Wow, why the hot cable? Great jumpin' hippos youre breakin out in a rash. Just because Ive been acein around in the Mediterranean with a lota catsy dudes you get burned up. Sister youre tryin to glom the works thinkin Im goin to take a run out powder.

Lissen Love Lashes, just as soon as I get back to New York we'll proposition the minister and get hooked up. No kiddin, its a promise! Spring it on your girl friends and get em to give you a crockery shower so we wont have to buy no dishes.

And what about the trueso? You better get one of them long ones with a lotta burlap on the back like the high hats have. You know, how the dry goods trail along the isle and the flower girls ankle behind holdin it up. And another thing dont get your girl friend with the china eye to pinch hit as brides made. I aint souperstishus but if I get a peak at that crockery glim while the minister is doin his stuff I'll bust out in a laf sure as the devil.

I was just thinkin I better get Jack Downey the bartender to stand up for me. I got a swell letter from him sayin hes just after gettin a new brown suit for $14.50 from a mail order house in Chicago.

Yea, an another thing Marg, try and get your old lady to get her tusks fixed. No kiddin, she looks like a panic with only three teeth. Id hate like the duce to have a slew of my swell friends like Jack Reilly, the horse doctor, Tim Grogan, the revenoo agent, Paddy Mulligan, the magistrate, and the bunch from the gas house district up, and her comin in with all her butter dishes gone. Good hamberger crushers makes all the difference in the world. A tusk in the gum is worth two in the bridge work, no foolin!

Oh yeh, and what about invitin Jimmie Galliger the contractor? You remember the nifty silver plated cocktail outfit he gave Minnie O'Toole when she went for the weddin bills. He gives swell presents. Sure, he can afford it hauling giggle soup! I'll bet hes got about 250 grand stashed in the bank. Hes no gambler, but if we can put the bee on him and cop a good weddin present, whats the dif? The only trouble in invitin him is worrin about your old man showin up. You know what enemies they are. Boy, if your old gent ever came in all lushed up and took a slant at Galliger the joint would be a riot. No kiddin. It would take the milisia to stop em. Otherwise wed be sittin hansome. Your old mans alright if hed keep his form outer them nose paint parlors up in Mootch Chunk. On the level Prohibition means the same to him as a bottle of Scotch. Hed drink nickel polish if it wasnt for it gaggin him.

Now lissen Gorgeous, lets have a quiet weddin. How about gettin Omah the tent maker to run one of them nifty canvas subways out to the street so the neighbors

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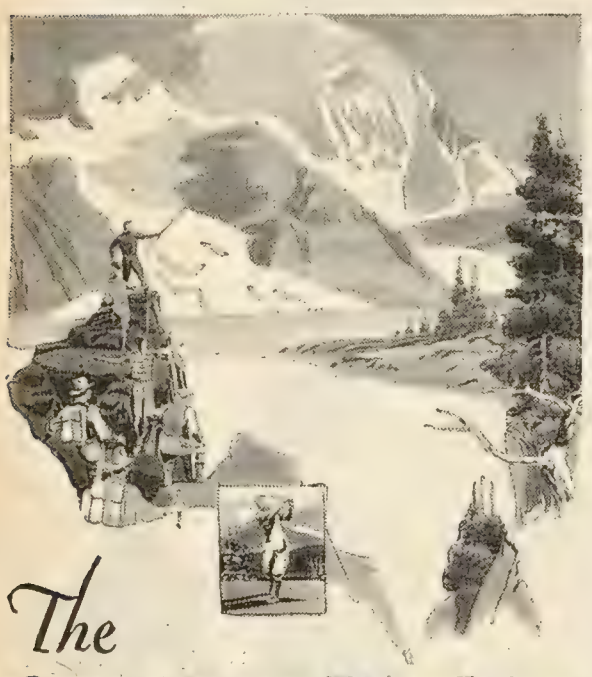

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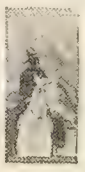

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

cant throw flasks out. If theres anything worse than bein hit with a bottle when your goin on your funnymoon, I dont know what it is. I never will forget when Mike Doyle was goin for the wedlock. Just as the headman was sayin, Will you take this gal for your lawful wedded wife, some wise egg in the crowd tossed over a beer pump and poor Doyle has been spendin his honeymoon in the sykopathic ward doin cross word puzzles with a rubber pencil standin on his head. What a break.

Theres no use you gettin steamed up and sending me wild letters. Wait till we get married and we'll battle this thing out.

Speakin of matrimoney Marg, theres a bride and gloom on this boat that have a swell hook-up. Oh shes the prettiest thing. My dear what optics. Every time he looks at her he gets filled up with remorse. They live in Providence on Hope and Benevolent Street and the telephone exchange is Angel. Beat that for romance. I suppose when we get tied up we'll be livin in Chicago on Bomb and Bullet Street and grab Riot for a telephone exchange.

Oh, wait till I tell you about this place Naples. All they do here is make wine and spaghetti. They squeeze a bunch of dough through a gas pipe and it comes out spaghetti. Then they hang it out on racks like clothes to dry. The wops make so much of the darned stuff they hafta use it to tie up bundles.

YESTERDAY we went over to a place called Pompie. Oh boy, every thing is all busted in the place. The Greeks and the Romans musta had a merry party in that joint. Why there aint an apartment in the layout that has a roof left on it. Somebody musta left the gas burnin under the home brew by the look of the ruins. They got whats left of an ampere theatre here. You can still see the lions dens and the arena where they used to throw the bad little girls what came home at 3 a.m. all jinned up and told their mothers they were out playin ping pong with a big greek fruit polisher.

Oh yes, then they took us in some big swell cars and drove us over to a mountain called Vesuvius. It was cookin inside. At the foot of the mountain we got in a goofy lookin car that was pulled up by a wire. 4,300 feet we went up. Brother, if the cable ever busted the outfit would knock the eye right outer the idol in China. What a sight from the top. Ships in the bay of Naples looked like red headed ants. Oh was I scared on top. We were standin on the edge of the krater when all of a sudden the top began shakin and roarin and BANG goes the works. Holy mackrel out comes red hot rocks, bricks, gin bottles, foldin beds, old busted coarsets and what have you. Lissen Kid, I nearly passed out. Ive seen some sights, but if that thing ever gets mad and blows up there aint goin to be no more barbers left.

*Another little Irishman came along. He watched em until he couldnt stand it any longer.*

I just got a cable from Senator Morgan. He wants me to send him a shipment of Laughin Soup. Yep, he wants to rub it on his grandmothers chest to cure her chillblanes.

We're leavin for Monte Carlo tonight but as soon as I get back we'll get married. Remember me to your old man.

He reminds me of a little tad I saw over here in the woods. Wait till I tell you. A little bit of an Irishman and a great big turkey about seven feet high was sawin up a big tree what they had on the ground. They were on each end of a big saw shoven the thing back and fourth. Well, another little Irishman came along.

He watched em for a while until he couldnt stand it any longer. So he sneaks up behind the big Mick an says, You great big stiff—why don't you let the little guy have it!!? and unhooks a terrific right an catches him square on the button.

Thats your old man to a model T.
Well I gotta go. Toodle-oo,

Yours truly,
MIKE SHEA

P. S. Tell your old man I didnt get that 17 bucks for them French post cards yet.

---

*If Mike has enough left to buy a stamp after visiting Monte Carlo, the next letter should be along soon.*

# Bucky Harris' Game of GAMES

## A Battle of Baseball Strategy in 1924

By

HUGH FULLERTON

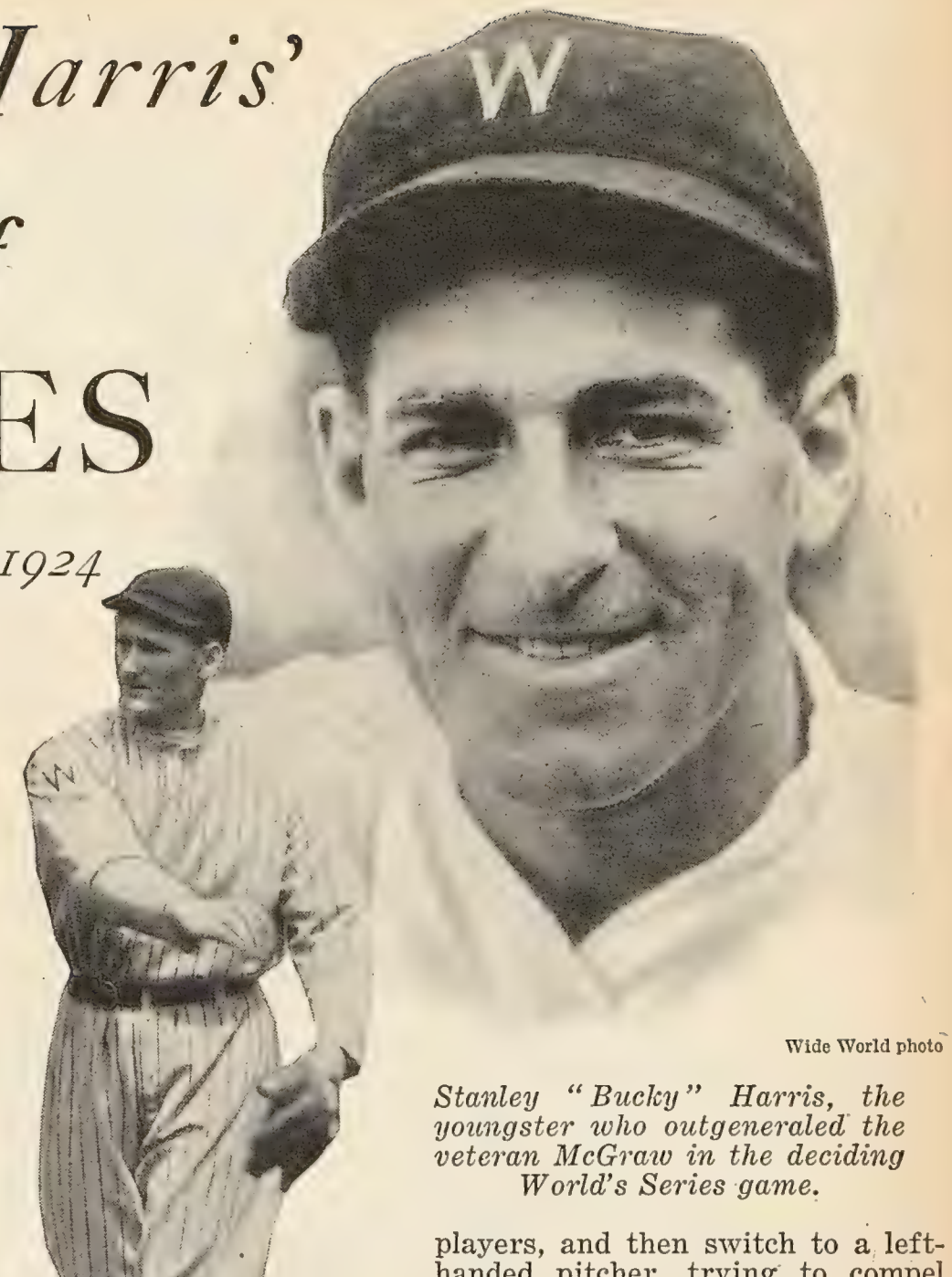
*(Second of a series on "greatest games" chosen by various baseball notables)*

BUCKY HARRIS, leader of the World's champion Washington team two years, now manager of the Detroit Tigers and threatening again to upset the American League, has played in many thrilling games. Without hesitation he picks the game of games in his career. The battle that gave him the greatest thrill was the final, the seventh and deciding game of the World's Series of 1924, played in Washington, October 11.

That final struggle between two tired and nearly exhausted, crippled, and still fighting teams representing Washington in the American and New York in the National League, was one of the most dramatic ever staged. The drama of that game was the comeback of Walter Johnson, who, after being twice defeated in hard games, came to the rescue of his team and, rising superbly to the occasion, staved off defeat until the Senators could score and clinch the championship for which they had fought so hard.

But aside from the brilliant individual feats, the hair-raising situations, and the close decisions that kept the frappéd crowd warm with excitement, it was one of the finest strategical contests in the history of World's Series; a contest in which Harris, the youngster winning his first spurs, outgeneraled and outwitted the veteran McGraw and maneuvered him and his Giants to defeat.

Harris, aside from his own hitting and fielding, which accounted largely for the mechanical victory, really won the game before it started by as clever a bit of strategy as ever was thought out. He elected to start Ogden, an almost unknown right-handed pitcher, against the Giants in the decisive battle of the series. His plan was to open with Ogden, thereby forcing McGraw to use his left-handed batters among his regular players, and then switch to a left-handed pitcher, trying to compel McGraw to replace the left-handed batters with right-handers and thereby to make it impossible for the Giant leader to use his pinch material late in the game. As it resulted, McGraw's team failed in the final test because the material was exhausted.



Wide World photo

*Stanley "Bucky" Harris, the youngster who outgeneraled the veteran McGraw in the deciding World's Series game.*

P. & A. photo

*Walter Johnson revenged himself for a double defeat by beating the Giants in the final struggle.*

Neither team was in shape. Peckinpaugh, who had played wonderful ball in the early games, was crippled, and Oscar Bluege, a third baseman, was at short. Each team was equipped with tired pitchers and battered fielders. Harris, fighting for every advantage, was spurring his team on, and in the fourth inning he drove a home run over the fence to put Washington in the lead.

Then, when everything seemed going well, the Senators exploded in the sixth. Mogridge started to wabble. He issued a base on balls to Ross Young, and Kelly singled, sending Young around to third. Harris immediately took Mogridge out and sent Marberry to the slab. Meusel

[CONCL'D ON NEXT PAGE]

P. & A. photo

*Former President Coolidge and Mrs. Coolidge rooting for the Senators in the famous series of 1924.*

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Dr. Edwards OLIVE TABLETS


[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

scored Young with a long sacrifice fly and, when Wilson drove a teasing bounder straight over second base, neither Harris nor Bluege started for the ball quickly enough. Harris, accustomed to playing with Peckinpaugh, relied upon Bluege to get the ball—and Bluege, unaccustomed to the position, was off stride and it went as a hit.

Kelly reached third and Washington seemed in panic. Judge muffed Jackson's drive and Long George scampered home. When Hank Gowdy's bounder went straight between Bluege's legs untouched, Wilson scored.

That batting rally and the panic among the Senators appeared to settle the series, and when Bluege fouled out to start the eighth the Giant fans counted the championship won. In that crisis Harris called upon "Little Nemo" Leibold to bat for Taylor, and the little speed boy smashed a two-base hit past Lindstrom who, until that day, had been the boy wonder of the series—now destined to be the victim of fate.

EVEN then, with "Muddy" Ruel at bat, the Giants had no forebodings. Ruel, expected to be a star, had failed miserably. Not once during the six preceding games had he made a hit, but in the crisis he landed upon Barnes' curve for a clean hit and Harris, strong in reserves, rushed Tate to bat for Marberry. Tate walked, filling the bases and bringing McNeely up to save the day for Washington. McNeely's best effort was a fly to Wilson. With two out and the bases filled, the manager of the Senators hit a bounder straight at Lindstrom. The ball leaped over his head, and before it could be retrieved the score was tied.

Then, while Washington roared welcome, Walter Johnson came on to revenge himself for the two defeats handed him by the Giants. By the odd fates of the sport it was Lindstrom, the youngster who had twice been responsible for the overthrow of the Old Master, who was first to face him—and he popped out ignominiously. Frisch, however, arose to the occasion and tripled, bringing Ross Young, the most dangerous hitter of the Giants, to bat. Johnson studied the situation and purposely passed Young. Then, working with infinite caution and mixing his slow ball with a flash of speed, he struck out George Kelly on three pitched balls.

THEY staggered through the tenth, Johnson growing better as he warmed to the task, and in the eleventh Heinie Groh, who was crippled, was summoned to the desperate need of the Giants. He singled and Billy Southworth, running for him, reached second on Lindstrom's sacrifice. Again the Old Master studied, and again he passed Young intentionally. Smiling sardonically, he struck out Kelly again.

The pitching changes had been frequent. Nehf had replaced Barnes for the Giants after Harris' drive tied the score and, in the ninth, McQuillan had replaced Nehf.

Bentley was pitching for the New York team when the twelfth came. He retired the first batter and Ruel, the "bust" of the series, came to redeem himself, and laced out a clean two-base hit. In the crisis Jackson fumbled Johnson's bounder and allowed him to reach first, and with the crowd in a frenzy McNeely sent a bounding ball straight at Lindstrom. Again the ball took a high bound, leaped over the head of Lindstrom, who played it uncertainly and with poor judgment, and, as it went on out to left, Ruel, the goat, raced home. Meusel made no effort to throw to the plate, and the Senators were victors.

*What Ty Cobb calls the greatest game he ever played in will be reported by Mr. Fullerton in an early issue.*

## THE BOX SCORE

NEW YORK

| | AB. | R. | H. | Po. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lindstrom, 3b | 5 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| Frisch, 2b | 5 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 0 |
| Young, rf-lf | 2 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Kelly, cf-1b | 6 | 1 | 1 | 8 | 2 | 0 |
| Terry, 1b | 2 | 0 | 0 | 6 | 0 | 0 |
| Meusel, lf-rf | 3 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Wilson, lf-cf | 5 | 1 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| Jackson, ss | 6 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 2 |
| Gowdy, c | 6 | 0 | 1 | 8 | 0 | 1 |
| Barnes, p | 4 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 |
| McQuillan, p | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Nehf, p | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Bentley, p | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Groh* | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Southworth** | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 45 | 3 | 8 | 34a | 15 | 3 |

WASHINGTON

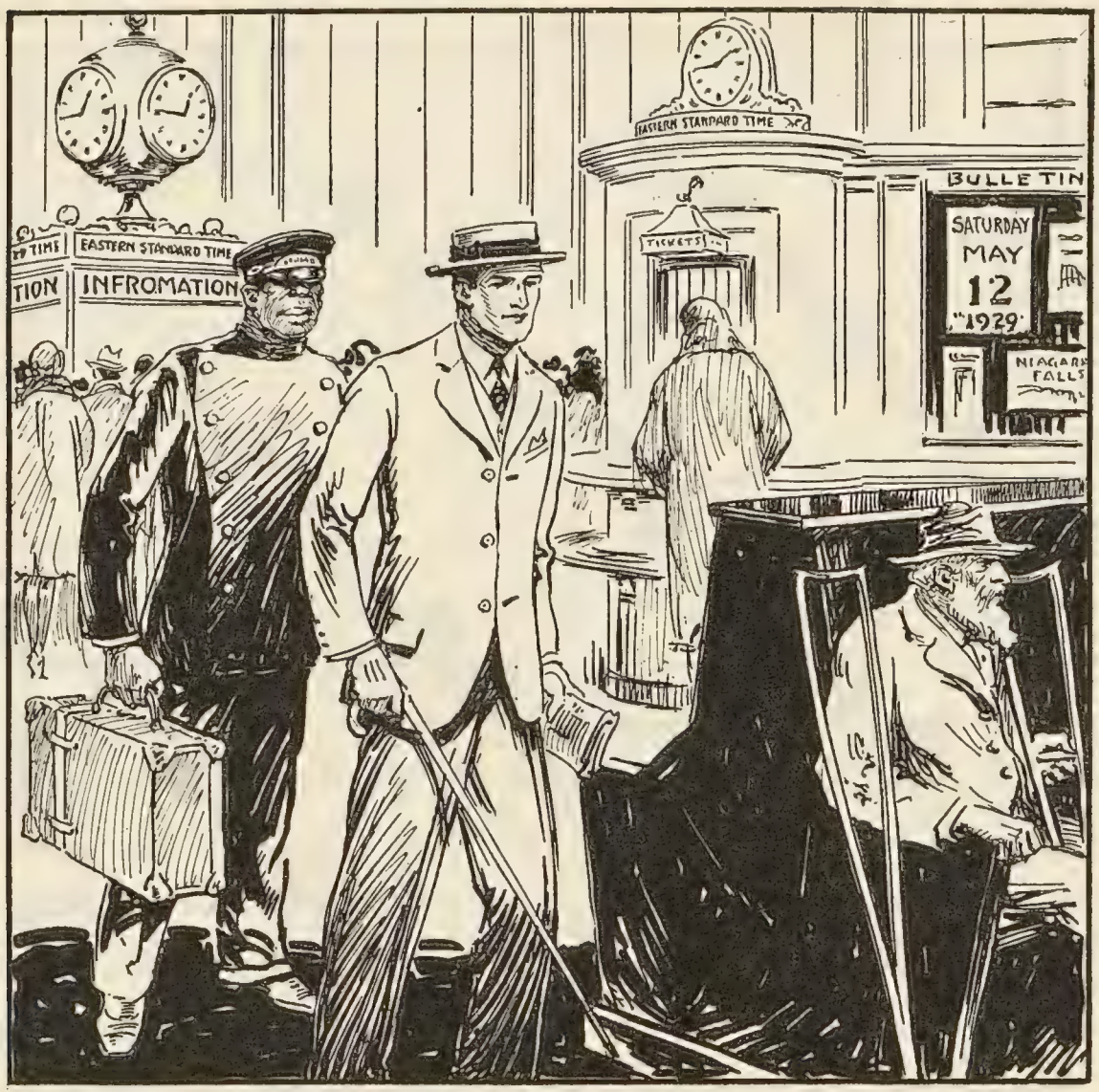
| | AB. | R. | H. | Po. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| McNeely, cf | 6 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Harris, 2b | 5 | 1 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 0 |
| Rice, rf | 5 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Goslin, lf | 5 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Judge, 1b | 4 | 0 | 1 | 11 | 1 | 1 |
| Bluege, ss | 5 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 7 | 2 |
| Taylor, 3b | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 1 |
| Miller, 3b | 2 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Ruel, c | 5 | 2 | 2 | 13 | 0 | 0 |
| Ogden, p | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Mogridge, p | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Marberry, p | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Johnson, p | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Tate*** | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Shirley† | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Leibold†† | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 44 | 4 | 10 | 36 | 14 | 4 |

* Batted for McQuillan in eleventh.
** Ran for Groh in eleventh.
a One out when winning run scored.
*** Batted for Marberry in eighth.
† Ran for Tate in eighth.
†† Batted for Taylor in eighth.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| New York | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | —3 |
| Washington | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | —4 |

Two-base hits—Lindstrom, Leibold, Goslin, Ruel, McNeely. Three-base hit—Frisch. Home run—Harris. Stolen base—Young. Sacrifices—Meusel, Lindstrom. Double plays—Kelly to Jackson; Jackson to Frisch to Kelly; Johnson to Bluege to Judge. Left on bases—New York 14, Washington 8. Bases on balls—Off Ogden 1, off Mogridge 1, off Marberry 1, off Bentley 1, off Barnes 1, off Johnson 3. Struck out—By Ogden 1, by Mogridge 3, by Marberry 3, by McQuillan 1, by Barnes 6, by Johnson 5. Hits—Off Ogden none in ⅓ inning; off Mogridge 4 in 4⅔ (none out in sixth); off Marberry 1 in 3; off Johnson 3 in 4; off Barnes 6 in 7⅔; off Nehf 1 in ⅔ (one out in ninth); off McQuillan none in 1⅓; off Bentley 3 in 1⅔ (one out in 12th). Winning pitcher—Johnson. Losing pitcher—Bentley. Umpires—Dineen, Klem, Connolly, Quigley. Time of game—3 hours.

# How Many Mistakes Here?




*The artist erred eight times in drawing this picture. Can you find all of the mistakes without the aid of the list on page eighty-two?*

## Bright Sayings *of* Children

**LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.**

*Sheer Desperation*

Billy received two birthday presents, a diary and a pea-shooting popgun. A few days later his mother found the following terse record in the diary:

"*Monday*—Cold and sloppy."

"*Tuesday*—Rain."

"*Wednesday*—Cold and sloppy—shot grandma."—Jack Watkiss, 310 McGowen Ave., Houston, Tex.

* * *

*A Sleepless Argument*

It was Frances Rose's first night in the country. All was new and exciting and sleep was impossible. After several trips upstairs mother became annoyed.

"You must stop calling me. If you are restless, listen to the katydids—one says 'Katy did' and another 'Katy didn't'—and you will soon be in dreamland."

About ten minutes later she was startled by a despairing wail from above: "Mother, I just can't sleep with those birds arguing."—Mrs. H. Barnes, Gallup, N. M.

## Poems You Ought to Know

### *To Thine Own Self Be True*

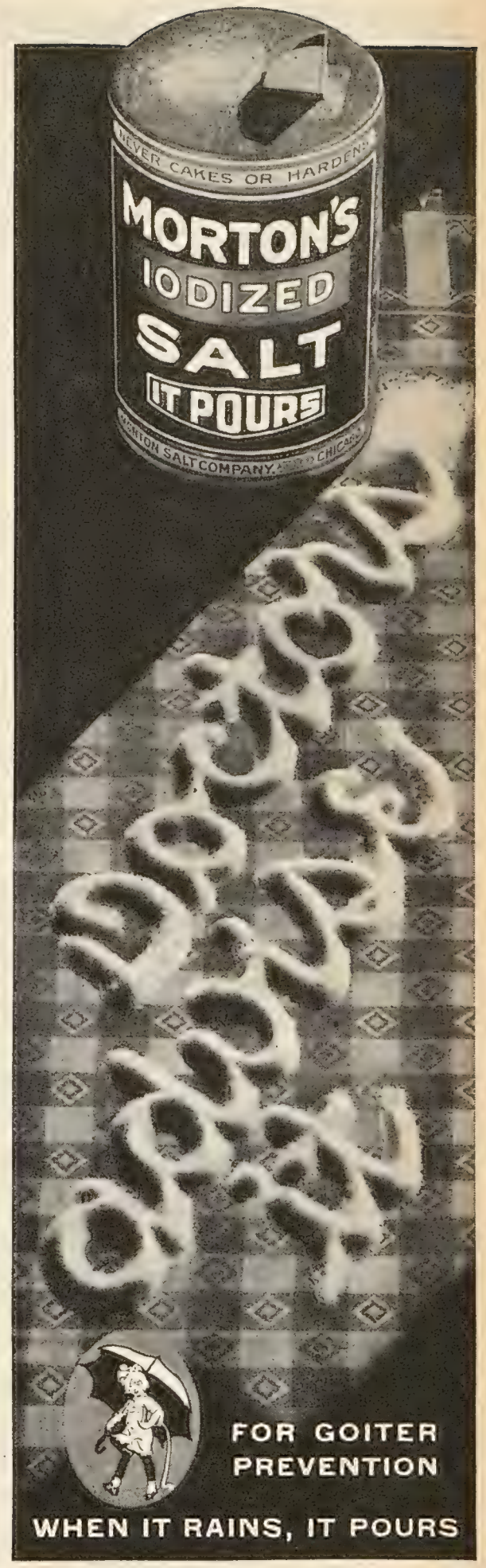
*By* PAKENHAM BEATTY

[Pakenham Beatty, an Irish poet educated in Paris, was born in 1855. He has written To My Lady, 1878; Three Women of the People, 1881; Marcia, a Tragedy, 1884; and other works.]

BY thine own soul's law learn to live,
And if men thwart thee take no heed,
And if men hate thee have no care;
Sing thou thy song and do thy deed.
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer,
And claim no crown they will not give,
Nor bays they grudge thee for thy hair.

Keep thou thy soul-worn steadfast oath.
And to thy heart be true thy heart;
What thy soul teaches learn to know,
And play out thine appointed part,
And thou shalt reap as thou shalt sow,
Nor helped nor hindered in thy growth,
To thy full stature thou shalt grow.

Fix on the future's goal thy face,
And let thy feet be lured to stray
Nowhither, but be swift to run,
And nowhere tarry by the way,
Until at last the end is won
And thou mayst look back from thy place
And see thy long day's journey done.

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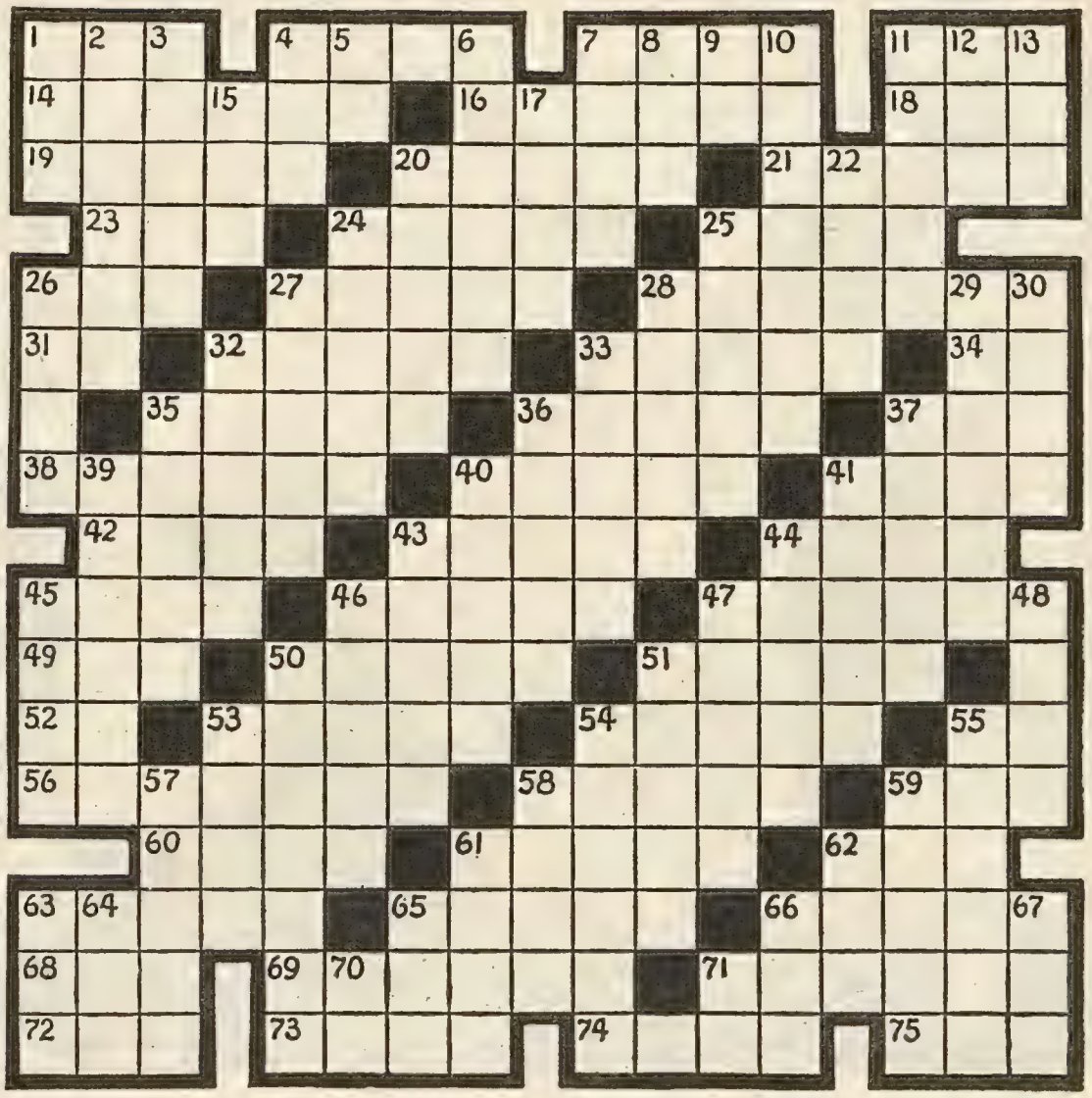
# *Two Puzzles for*

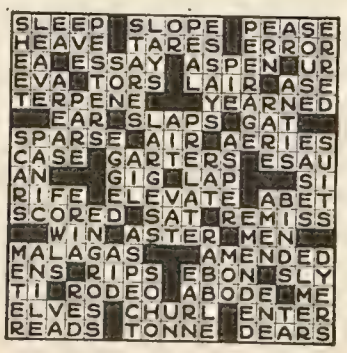


### HORIZONTAL

1 Woman's name
4 Scandinavian legend
7 Exclamation
11 Beverage
14 Stinging insect
16 Pianolike instrument
18 Japanese coin
19 Viper
20 Out of the way
21 Warm
23 Obtained
24 Ancient Greek gravestone
25 Learning
26 By
27 To develop reproductive cells, as a plant
28 A game
31 Alleged force
32 Scarcely sufficient
33 A fortification
34 Live
35 Allotted portion
36 Pretend
37 Devoured
38 Regard approvingly
40 To rank
41 Ornamental knob
42 Bears young
43 Made of a hard wood
44 A man's name
45 Unadorned
46 Scatter
47 Reproaches
49 Craft
50 An anæsthetic
51 Falls short
52 Pronoun
53 Scoff
54 Ethical
55 Exist
56 Caster
58 Listens
59 Greek letter
60 Throw
61 School periods
62 Strike lightly
63 Goddess of destiny (Greek myth.)
65 Large basins
66 Spread publicly, as an opinion
68 Constellation
69 Laud
71 Seek to attain
72 Form of to be
73 Glide through air
74 Go suddenly
75 Compass point

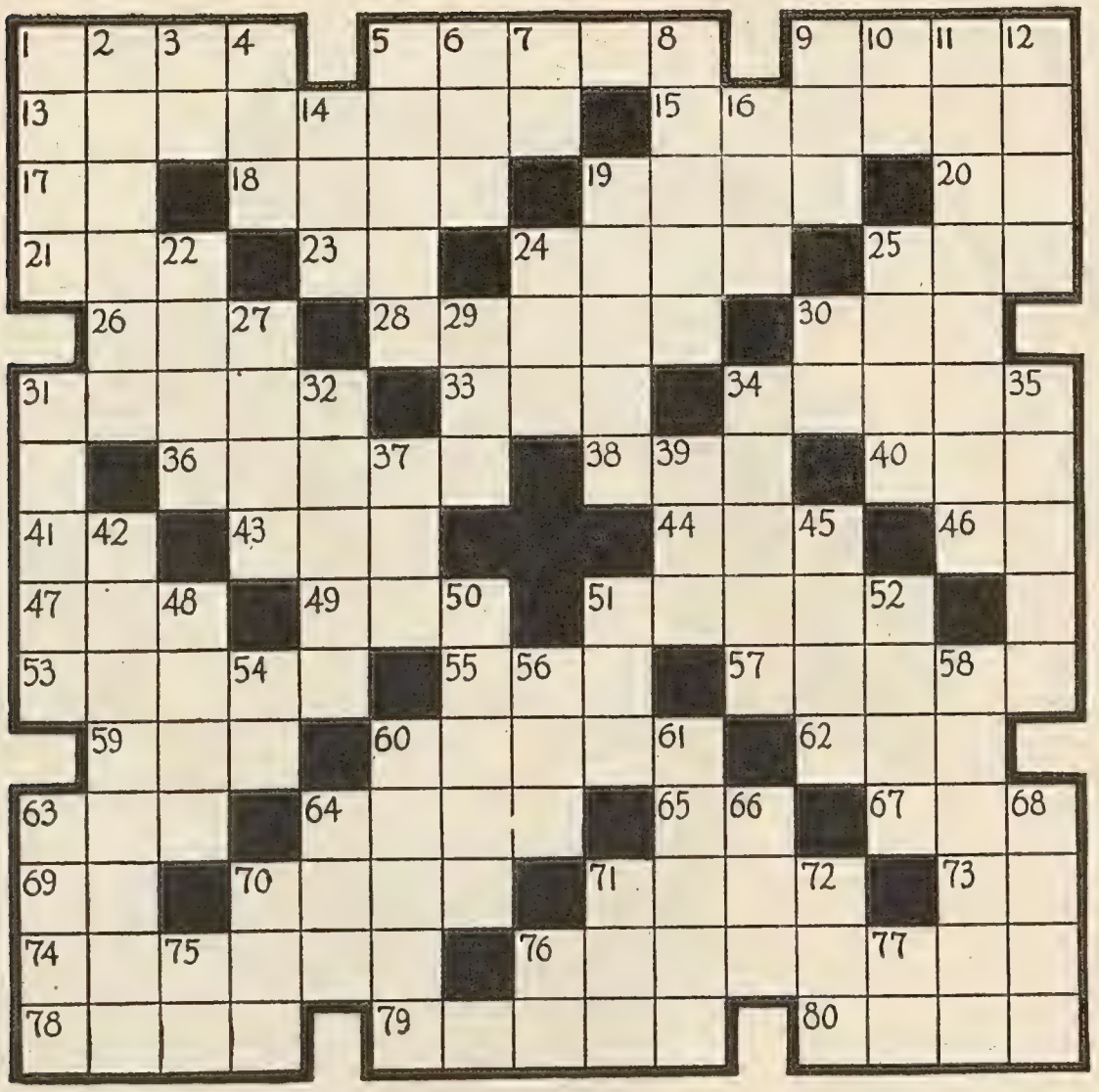
### VERTICAL

1 Exclamation
2 Started aside suddenly
3 Enthusiasm
4 Weight of India
5 By
6 Declare
7 Secrete
8 Cardinal number
9 Pronoun
10 Pertaining to Turks
11 Species of poplar
12 Roumanian coin
13 Culminate
15 A snare
17 Stack
20 Expiate
22 Ireland
24 Show mercy to
25 The house of a gatekeeper
26 Seaport of Austria
27 Disfigures
28 Condescend
29 Dull or stupid
30 Plant by strewing
32 Gleam
33 Regenerate
35 Clever
36 Pretender; fraud
37 Minute particles
39 Famine
40 More unusual
41 Diminutive
43 Different
44 Another name
45 Lure
46 Metal alloy
47 Sound made by some animals (plural)
48 Prefix: partly
50 Enfolds
51 Contours
53 Acid
54 Scored
55 Flowers
57 Ostriches
58 Fowls
59 Son of Priam (Greek legend)
61 Appendage
62 Fruit seed
63 Craw
64 Anglo-Saxon coin
65 Person of Siamese or Shan speech
66 A tree
67 River in Wales
70 Son of Nut (Egyptian religion)
71 While




Answer to last week's puzzle

# Cross Word Fans



## HORIZONTAL

1 Genus of South African liliaceous plants
5 One of the Federated Malay States
9 Biblical city (Gen. l.)
13 A mineral
15 Gleaming
17 Prefix meaning not
18 Archipelago of the Philippine group
19 Wear away by friction
20 Whirlwind off the Faroe Islands
21 Errancy
23 Pass from one spot to another
24 Chinese weight
25 Yard end (nautical)
26 Oriental plant
28 Sharp-pointed, and leafless branch
30 Biblical name (I Chron. vii.)
31 Former English coins
33 Curve
34 Kingdom in Indo-China
36 Lachrymose
38 A tree
40 Tierra del Fuego Indian
41 Month of the Jewish year
43 Inclosure
44 Eternity
46 Symbol for an element
47 Craw
49 Assent
51 Pertaining to hair
53 Bovine animal
55 Pastry
57 Obliterate
59 Charge or burden
60 Forest in As You Like It
62 Outfit
63 Pronoun
64 Periods
65 Babylonian deity
67 Less than normal
69 One indefinitely
70 Unyielding courage
71 A fiber
73 Egyptian deity
74 Man's name
76 It seems to me (poet.)
78 A state of bliss
79 Sweep of a scythe
80 Word of contempt

## VERTICAL

1 A deer of Asia
2 Gentleness
3 Preposition
4 Wife of Tithonus (Greek mythology)
5 Helmsman
6 Large ratite bird
7 Note of the scale
8 One of a people of Burma
9 Height (abbr.)
10 Symbol for an element
11 People of a North Atlantic island group
12 Consider
14 Laborious straining
16 God of the earth (Babylonian myth.)
19 Forcemeat
22 Pertaining to cattle
24 High, pointed hill
25 River in Italy
27 Beverage (plural)
29 Fodder
30 Preposition
31 Countersinks
32 Species of butterfly
34 Soap substitute
35 Margin, as of a brook (poetic)
37 A gypsy gentleman
39 Roumanian coin (plural)
42 Fastened down, as a ship's hatches
45 A stool pigeon (cant)
48 Consume or waste gradually
50 A herring
51 The calipee
52 A bird
54 Away from (prefix)
56 Small fishes
58 Wading birds
60 Seed covering (plural)
61 Below (poetic)
63 Sound; healthy
64 Sooner than
66 A tree
68 Lave
70 A weapon
71 Stake
72 Gratuity
75 Pronoun
76 Parent
77 Symbol for an element

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| S | P | A | R | ■ | S | A | A | N | E | ■ | M | A | L | L |
| C | A | N | E | ■ | T | R | I | E | S | ■ | A | R | I | A |
| A | T | T | S | ■ | E | A | S | E | S | ■ | S | E | A | R |
| T | H | E | O | R | E | M | ■ | D | A | S | T | A | R | D |
| ■ | ■ | ■ | R | A | N | ■ | L | E | Y | T | E | ■ | ■ | ■ |
| P | A | S | T | Y | ■ | G | O | D | ■ | O | R | A | T | E |
| O | V | I | S | ■ | D | A | B | ■ | P | A | Y | E | E | S |
| L | E | G | ■ | E | I | R | ■ | M | U | T | ■ | G | A | S |
| A | N | N | A | L | S | ■ | D | I | G | ■ | R | I | S | E |
| R | A | S | P | S | ■ | C | A | N | ■ | P | O | S | E | N |
| ■ | ■ | ■ | P | I | S | A | N | ■ | H | A | T | ■ | ■ | ■ |
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| O | V | E | N | ■ | O | I | L | E | R | ■ | T | E | A | R |
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| A | D | D | S | ■ | T | O | D | A | S | ■ | D | I | N | E |

Answer to last week's puzzle

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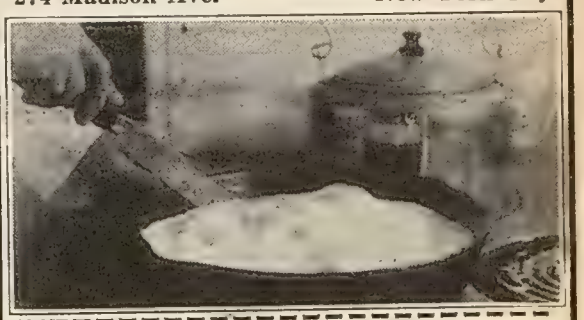

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Address .....

# When GERTIE Squared Him

*Pictures by*
G. PATRICK NELSON

*JOE said breathlessly, "Look out, Ed—quick—behind you!" As the other turned, Joe yanked from his pocket a blackjack and whipped it down.*

*A Story of What Love May Do to a Perfect Crime*

By
GERALD MYGATT

HIS real name was Nicholas Quirt, and as Nick Quirt he had gone through grammar school and first year high in Seattle. But when he arrived in Dover, which is in Connecticut and facing a different ocean, his name was Joseph Sanderson.

Perhaps a psychologist could have made something out of Nick's choice of a new name. The first syllable of Sanderson and the first syllable of San Quentin, which happens to be a penitentiary of note, are the same. And it is said that San Quentin, or as a matter of fact any other first-class pen, leaves an impress—white on the face and black on the heart.

When Joe Sanderson, whose name on the other coast used to be something else—and God help the man who remembered it!—when Joe arrived in Dover he arrived with an idea. He was twenty-three years old when he lit in Dover and he had an idea. This, too, was a shade out of the ordinary. Most kids of twenty-three with brains enough to accommodate an idea leave Dover at the age of twenty-two for New York or Hartford or Boston or Philadelphia or some place where ideas are supposed to get credit.

Not Joe Sanderson.

Joe, who was dark and strikingly handsome in a keen-eyed sort of way, had already marked Dover in his mind before he dropped on there. He had marked it after some study of a commercial atlas in the New York Public Library. He handed back the atlas and walked out to one of the marble benches that face Fifth Avenue. There he threshed the subject:

"Want an old-fashioned place, conservative-like. That ought to be New England, from all I've heard. Want it up-and-coming though, with New York money in it. That might be Connecticut. Don't want a big city. That lets out New Haven and Bridgeport. Hmm—we'll give a look at Dover. If it ain't right—hell, there's other places!"

He arrived in Dover on a fast freight—Harlem River yards to Springfield, Massachusetts, not stopping at Dover. As far as Joe was concerned it didn't need to. When it slowed to a theoretical thirty-five for the Dover drawbridge Joe dropped off. Just that. He wriggled out from the rods and held tight for a moment and then swung free and away.

He missed the traprock of the roadbed and sprawled on hard black cinders. He favored himself, as from long habit, and he rolled convulsively. The cinders didn't even scratch him. Joe was no novice on the rods. Except for a short stretch from Ogden to North Platte—short in the Western sense, that is—where he had plastered himself to the head of a blind baggage, his entire trip east had been on the basement floor of side-door Pullmans.

JOE smoothed himself and looked about him. He thumbed his nose at the retreating caboose. Then he dusted his clothes and took a full breath of the salt air that is the birthright of Connecticut's shore. The next minute he had faded off the railroad right of way and into temporary oblivion.

The first actual knowledge Dover had of Joe Sanderson was his arrival at the Y. M. C. A. with a membership card, marked paid, from Altoona, Pennsylvania. Joe was wearing a new clean shirt and he was washed and shaved. The Y secretary welcomed him with enthusiasm, for clean-looking, cool-eyed young men do not arrive in Dover every day in the week.

Joe said, just short of casually, "I was working my way

through to Boston—hitch-hiking, you know—but this town looks good."

The secretary beamed. "It's a beautiful town," he said. "Wonderful trees and homes. You'd like it here, I'm sure."

"Any pep?" asked Joe.

"Pep?" The secretary smiled fondly. "Why, just look at this beautiful building. Gymnasium, swimming pool, bowling alleys—everything. Doesn't that look like pep?"

"DON'T look like anybody's usin' it much," remarked Joe, surveying the chaste and empty lobby with distaste. For the moment he was skeptical, and honestly so. An instinct revolted at the quiet of this perfectly appointed building, so majestic from the outside and so untenanted within. Then he recollected his idea and smiled with affability. "Guess I'm accustomed to a railroad shop town," he advanced. "There's a gang around the Y all day. Of course, these swell towns, I suppose it's different. By the way, what's the chances for a job here?"

Now, Dover at that time, which was four years back, was pretty much what Dover is today. Mostly elms and green lawns and sizable white houses. Ten thousand people maybe, with a summer influx of another five on account of its bathing beach and its proximity to New York. A string of water-front estates called Millionaires' Row. A yacht club and two golf clubs. Modern schools, a half-dozen churches. A few red-brick factories along the upper river. Two movie houses. Two banks, the Farmers' National and the Dover Trust Company.

Two banks. Joe Sanderson knew this already, since he had feet to walk with and eyes to see with, and a complete tour of Dover's business section could be made in seven minutes.

Nevertheless, as he reflected upon it, he permitted himself a faint smile. Out of two banks, surely one would prove his meat.

THE Y secretary was asking Joe what kind of job he wanted. Joe said dreamily, "Any kind." As a matter of fact, from Joe's point of view, the job didn't matter much.

Any regular job would be distasteful; or rather the other way. No job would be distasteful as long as it helped him go ahead with his idea.

The Y secretary persisted. "But what have you been doing? Are you a mechanic?"

"Sure," said Joe. "Good mechanic." Few better, he reflected grimly. It takes a good mechanic, a mechanic with sure fingers, to kneel in front of a modern safe, all in the dark, and presently swing open the door.

The Y secretary now called a single telephone number and spoke briefly. The voice at the other end of the line said, "Send him around." And so it came about, quite simply, that Joe Sanderson got his job. It was a job at the Bridge Garage, where they eternally were looking for another mechanic.

Joe stayed at the Y a week, and then he checked out in favor of a furnished room over Saxon's grocery. He paid his bill at the Y from a wallet which only the week before had belonged to an elderly gentleman who made the mistake of saying "Pardon me" at finding himself jostled in a Broadway crowd. Joe had decided to keep the wallet for luck. The few bills in it were just about gone and, when they went, there would be no more like them; not for four years anyway, mused Joe. Yes, the wallet would be a luck piece. It would serve as a connection between the old life and the new. It would serve also as a reminder; a reminder that the new life was dedicated to an idea.

Joe was proud of his idea, which, like all good plans, was simple. He had thought it out and balanced it in his mind through night after long night in the San Quentin cell block. The pen, he saw, was full of crooks. Second termers, third termers, lifers—all crooks. Men with records, men known to the police, men who were sent up time and again for working the racket too hard.

The thing to do was to play it the other way. Go out deliberately and build a reputation for honesty. Build it in a small town where it would mean something. Take

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[WHEN GERTIE SQUARED HIM]
Continued from page sixty-three

time about it; three, four, five years at least—call it four years, like a college course in honesty. Be honest as hell for four years, then make one big killing and take the gravy. A cinch.

"It's the cat's," said Joe to himself. "Play it right and make one big haul.

"That's the way the big boys do it. Play it right and live on Easy Street all the rest of your life."

Joe played it right.

Four years after his arrival in Dover—he was twenty-seven now and still lean and youthful from working with his hands—Joe was known by his first name to half the people in town. He was quick and willing and courteous.

For three years he had worked at the Bridge Garage; worked hard and intelligently and steadily. Then, having saved a little money and having learned much about Dover, he had bought a two-ton truck.

He bought the truck by making a down payment and by trading in an old hulk the Bridge Garage people had given him for his own to tinker on when work was slack. He bought the truck and promptly bid on the local express concession which Old Man McAdam had had for years, and outbid Old Man McAdam $400. The local concession was an ancient town inheritance, upon which the big express company had not yet trod. Much to Old Man McAdam's surprise and indignation, Joe got it. What Joe did then was masterly. He went to Old Man McAdam and said he was sorry; said he hadn't realized he was cutting in. He didn't intend to be unneighborly, said Joe. He offered to give the concession back to Old Man McAdam if McAdam would split the loss with him. In other words, Joe offered to take a straight $200 loss if the old man would make up the balance of the four hundred extra that Joe had paid for the business.

*San Quentin, or any other first-class pen, leaves an impress—white on the face and black on the heart.*

Joe was a little nervous along about then, but he didn't show it. He figured his proposition would hit the old man in two places, his pride and his pocketbook. Joe figured right. The old man wouldn't take $200 charity. Neither would he pay two hundred out. Gruffly he shook hands with Joe and confided that he wanted to retire anyway. He wished Joe luck. The story got around and didn't hurt Joe any.

FOR a year now Joe had driven his truck, a polished, shiny truck with his name on it. He made two trips a day from the railroad station with light freight and express packages, picking up stuff from the surrounding country and delivering it to the station each afternoon. He had considerable money to handle and he handled it to the penny. He did all sorts of things that a local expressman does in a small town. He cashed checks for people. He bought groceries and returned the change; very often more change than was expected. It began to be said of Joe Sanderson that not only was he quick and willing, but that he was as honest as the summer's day is long.

When, at last, this came back to him, Joe smiled. Not even Old Man McAdam knew that the real reason he had bought the express business was because each Thursday morning a sealed and bulky package bearing the imprint of the Federal Reserve Bank arrived in Dover for quick and quiet delivery to the Farmers' National.

The big express company signed it off at the station. The local expressman was responsible for it from there on.

In the old days, this weekly package would have been a temptation to Joe. Not now. He was after bigger game, far bigger game. What was more, he was creeping up on it.

The old Farmers' National could have been made to his order, it was so ripe for picking. And here, after four years, they were trusting him to deliver the weekly currency shipments. There was not even a word about bonding him. They trusted him. Every Thursday he carried his package into the bank through the private alley entrance that opened behind the cages. Every Thursday, as the receipt was being prepared, old Colonel Johnson smiled at him paternally and said, "Well, how are things coming, Joe?"

"Fine, sir."

"I wish more young men had your idea about systematic saving, my boy. Your interest account is building up handsomely."

"Yes, sir," said Joe. He sort of liked the Colonel, at that. Nice old duffer in spite of his whiskers. Friendly-like.

"Just keep on as you're going now," said the Colonel, "and you'll be worth a hundred thousand dollars by the time you're sixty."

JOE answered politely, but after he was outdoors, and on the seat of his truck again, he laughed aloud. A hundred grand by the time he was sixty! Hell, he'd be dead before he was sixty, probably. That was a hot joke—thirty-three years to make a hundred grand, when ten minutes' work at the right time would net him maybe twice that much.

The precise sum would depend, of course, on how the bank happened to stand the day he tapped it, but he knew it would be $150,000 any Thursday afternoon—which was when they started building up for pay-roll withdrawals—and by good luck it might be considerably more.

"I can use a hundred and fifty grand, at that," said Joe, spinning his truck into Main Street and pulling up neatly in front of Mason's hardware store. He hopped down, strode into the store, and called out, "Hey, Nat, here's another dozen of them wire rubbish burners. Where you want 'em—down cellar?"

Now, abruptly, he took off his hat and grinned sidewise and said, "Hello, Gert. How's tricks?" There was something kind of sweet about Nat Mason's kid sister, sitting there so primly in her little gilt cashier's cage. She was scarcely more than knee-high to him, but she certainly was sweet. Cute-like. Dark hair and blue eyes and a smile that wasn't faked, the way most girls' smiles were.

She said bluntly, "You stood me up last night. What was the big idea? I waited for you all evening."

Joe Sanderson blinked. Then he said slowly, "Wait a minute—wait a minute. I called you up twice and your phone didn't answer. Anyway, it wasn't a set date. I told you I thought I'd have to be at the Y for that membership drive meeting. Remember? Well, I couldn't duck it, so I called you up. Your phone didn't answer."

The girl said hotly, "I was there all evening. The phone didn't even ring. Nat can prove it. He was home too."

"Well, I called you."

"I'll bet you did!"

"Tom Leary was there at the Y desk when I called you. Suppose you ask him."

The two of them glared at each other. They glared until they felt foolish. Then, little by little, they warmed into a mutual smile. Nat's sister said casually, "You ought to report that operator."

"Aw, say—she probably was tired and plugged the wrong number."

"That's right."

Joe said, "How about tonight?"

"I'm sick of being stood up."

"I won't stand you up tonight, Gert."

"Better see that you don't, Joe Sanderson. About one more of those and I'm through." Her eyes snapped. But she smiled.

Joe moved closer to the cage. "The Colonel says I'm headed to be rich," he whispered and grinned. "Better not sass me, baby."

She eyed him. Then, "Hand over that bill of lading for those burners," she remarked.

It was funny, thought Joe a little later. He could dope everything out except the woman end of it. What it boiled down to was that he could dope everything out except Gert.

Here he was, all ready to tap the bank, and he'd figured everything out except what to do about Nat's kid sister. He liked her; that was a cinch. He liked to be with her. She was a sweet kid, a swell kid, if anybody was to ask him. The kind of a kid he'd like to buy things for; silk dresses and velvet maybe; necklaces and doodabs and all the rest. Just to have her look at him with those eyes of hers and sort of whisper, startled-like, "Oh, Joe!"

HE furrowed his brows. This was going to take thought. Suppose he wanted to marry Gert. Not that he really wanted to marry her, but just suppose. Well, there were two ways of doing it. One was to marry her first and crack the bank afterward. Being married would fix him for sure; nobody would suspect him, ever. Not unless something slipped and he got nailed on the job. Hmm! That would make it bad for Gert. Sweet kid she was. Yes, a swell kid.

No question about it, things would be bad for her if he married her first and then got sent up for a stretch. Wethersfield! Not so famous as Quent, but just as tough. And the years just as long.

No—nothing doing. He'd use the other way. Crack the bank first, salt the jack away, then marry her. Oh, well, might as well admit it! He'd been crazy about her long enough.

If he married anybody—and so help him he was going to—he was going to marry Gert. Gert Sanderson—Gertrude Sanderson; she'd like that. So would he.

Having made up his mind, Joe, as was his habit, proceeded to act. That very evening—they were sitting in the Gloucester hammock on Gert's front porch—he took the plunge. He was holding her hand at the moment—and doing only that because he knew darned well she wouldn't stand for his arm around her waist—and he said, speaking with a strange huskiness, "Baby, you know I'm crazy about you. How about you and me keeping company, regular?"

The color came swiftly to her cheeks, but she laughed, though at the same time her fingers gave his the tiniest little squeeze. What she said was, "You're awfully old-fashioned, aren't you, Joe? Maybe that's one reason I like you. Old-fashioned and sort of nice." She let her eyes dance sidewise and upward at his. Then, "People don't keep company any more, goose. They either just pet without making any bones about it or else they get engaged—engaged to be married, I mean."

This gave Joe a chance to be righteously indignant, and he was. Ten minutes later she was in his arms, crying a little and laughing at the same time, and already they were making plans.

"Shall we put it in the Clarion?"

"You bet." This from Joe.

"Oh, isn't it wonderful!"

"Sure is. Listen, baby, remember what I told you what old Colonel Johnson said? You know, about me bein' rich? Well, I'm going to be. How will that suit you?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]


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[WHEN GERTIE SQUARED HIM]
Continued from page sixty-five

She merely closed her eyes in ecstasy. After all, Gert Mason knew, though Joe didn't, that he was the secret speculation of perhaps half the unsquired girls in town. Here he was; good looking, clean-cut, bright, ready with his tongue and his smile, already head of his own business. And, above all, very obviously heart-whole.

"Will you give it to the paper or will I?" asked Gert.

He said, "You better."

And so it appeared in the What's Doing columns of Saturday's Clarion: "One of the most important announcements of the week in local social circles, which will be welcomed by every good-wisher of the beaming couple and also by customers of Mason's Up-to-Date Hardware Store and Sanderson's Express, which includes many of our fellow citizens, is the engagement of Miss Gertrude (Gert) Mason, popular high-school graduate and cashier of the Mason store, and Joseph Sanderson, well known expressman and Y. M. C. A. enthusiast. Good luck and happiness, say we."

Joe was glad he had a few days in which to make his final plans. There must be no slip. That, above all, was essential. He wanted to check up everything. And he did.

As for his own standing in the community, he was certain of that. For four years he had been industrious and honest, scrupulously honest. His Y. M. C. A. card, filched from Altoona, might have been a mistake, because he had never belonged to the Y. M. C. A. in Altoona or anywhere else until he arrived in Dover. But that was now forgotten. He never spoke of Altoona at all, and even at the first, when asked about it, he had said indifferently that he had lived there only a short time.

THE rest of his life, before that, was a jumble of adventure, confused even in his own mind. That was how he told it. One town and then another. No father since babyhood, though his father, he averred, had been a school-teacher. His mother, with whom he had traveled as a baby and who had died when he was very young, had been a concert singer. On the road mostly.

These stories had given all the initial background that Dover required. For the rest, there was his own spotless record. He had put money away. He had left liquor strictly alone. He had never played around with the local sirens or with any others.

For four Spartan years Joe had been a model young man. He knew it and he knew the town knew it. His period of probation was ended.

For a moment he thought, "Well, I could keep on this way and play safe. This express business ain't so bad, at that." But then he laughed harshly. Getting soft and yellow, that's what he was! Why, even that Y speaker the other day had said the same thing about people, only meaning something different. The Y speaker said that the talents a fellow used were the ones he developed, just like muscles, and at the same time the ones he didn't use would rust on him and go sour. Joe Sanderson smiled grimly. There was one thing that hadn't gone sour on him, and that was his idea. Hell! What

*TEN minutes later she was in his arms, and already they were making plans.*

was he here in Dover for, anyway? Well, Thursday would see.

At 3:20 o'clock on Thursday afternoon Joe drove his truck into the alley behind the bank. He killed the engine and jumped down to the curb. The truck itself was half filled with barrels, boxes, and miscellaneous packages; his afternoon delivery from the railroad station. From among these Joe reached for and pulled out an ordinary cardboard box, about the size of a shirt box, tied with brown cord. This he dropped to the pavement at his feet. It dropped lightly, as if it were empty.

Now he walked around the truck, pretending to examine it, but actually examining the alley. It was a dead-end alley, with two sides blank brick walls. The open end gave on State Street, filled with cars and pedestrians, about fifty feet away. The only windows opening on the alley were those of the bank; a long row of windows, high and dignified. The alley itself was empty.

Joe nodded with satisfaction, picked up the cardboard

box by its string, and stepped to the bank's private door. The bank, he knew, closed at 3. He pressed the electric push button beside the door, three times slowly, then twice quickly. He waited a moment, humming. Then as the latch clicked—he could picture the irritated scowl of Ed Jorgensen, the teller, being interrupted in his tallying at the end of the business day—he turned the knob and walked in.

Just inside the door, he laid the cardboard box softly against the entry wall. Then he opened an inner door and walked into the holy of holies.

Ed Jorgensen scowled at him. "This is the hell of a time of day to interrupt a guy. What you want, anyway? I'm out a hundred seventeen eighty-six and I can't go home till I've found it."

Directly back of Jorgensen yawned the open steel door of the vault, a neat, clean vault with two big money drawers in it. Joe had seen them in use.

Joe said, without changing his expression, "Got to see the old man about a mortgage. Didn't want to bother him during hours. He's always so busy. Going to buy a little piece of land and build me a house."

Ed Jorgensen smiled faintly at this. "She's a swell girl," said Ed. "Guess you're in line for congratulations, all right, Joe."

They shook hands, both a little sheepish. Jorgensen cleared his throat and said, "Old man's inside in his private office. Him and me are the suckers that have to stay here after everybody else leaves."

It was at that moment that Joe said breathlessly, "Look out, Ed—quick—behind you!" And as the other turned, Joe yanked from his pocket a blackjack and whipped it down with all his force on the back of Ed Jorgensen's head. As Jorgensen slumped to the floor, Joe stooped swiftly and bound him; bound his hands, bound his eyes, gagged his mouth. In the meantime, in a strange voice, he uttered guttural sounds.

HE looked down at his handiwork and then rolled Ed in behind the note-teller's file case.

After this Joe examined his own fingertips. He smiled pleasantly. Yes, the collodion was still there. No fingerprints for his. Now, again, he moved quickly. He stalked to the Colonel's private door, flung it open, yelled at the top of his lungs: "Colonel Johnson—quick. Bank robbers. Two of 'em. They got Ed. Look out!"

The old man turned bewilderedly in his swivel chair. At the same instant Joe Sanderson lurched forward, sprawling against the Colonel's plump seated form. The Colonel's chair went over with a crash.

It was then, again, that Joe pulled out his stubby loaded whip and used it.

Joe stood up, looked down at the Colonel and then, to make sure, used the blackjack once more. But he did not bind the old man. That was not in his plan. Anyway, he knew what a blackjack would do.

He sped out of the private office and through the space behind the cages. In the vestibule behind the back door he found his empty cardboard box. He untied it hastily, raced back to the vault.

Three minutes later, Joe Sanderson, expressman, walked calmly out through the back door of the bank and nonchalantly looked about him. Nobody was in the alley. Nobody ever was. He smiled again and tossed a corded cardboard box negligently into his truck. Then he turned and walked back into the bank, through the door he had left open.

ONCE there and alone, he produced a bottle. Chloroform it smelled like. With an old rag he washed the collodion from his fingertips. Next he clenched his hand and with all his force struck the brick wall with his fist. Then, the rag in his hand, he entered the banking inclosure. There he bent down and with the saturated rag gave a dose of chloroform to Ed Jorgensen. Next he entered the Colonel's private office and gave a dose to the Colonel. Then, standing there and grinning, he struck himself smartly upon the forehead with his own blackjack—just enough to raise a wholesome red welt—carefully rubbed his fingerprints from the blackjack with the chloroform rag, and dropped the blackjack to the floor. Next he saturated the rag again from the bottle, let the bottle smash upon the floor, and then, moving to the doorway, clapped the saturated rag to his mouth and inhaled deeply. For a moment he was panicky. He thought the chloroform wasn't going to work. But presently, swaying on his feet, he felt himself going. He threw the rag wide and fell.

When he recovered consciousness the police were in the place, three or four of the local force and a state trooper. Ed Jorgensen was sitting in a chair, being fanned. The old man was on a stretcher. Jorgensen, Joe learned, had come to life first, but it was the old man, staggering and blinking, who had untied him. Now everybody was talking, all at once, and asking questions. Joe Sanderson, who pointedly had given himself an extra dose, was deathly sick from the chloroform, and when he shook his head it throbbed and buzzed.

"But didn't you see them?" they kept pounding at him.

"Yeah. Wait a minute, will you, till I snap out of it a little. Yeah,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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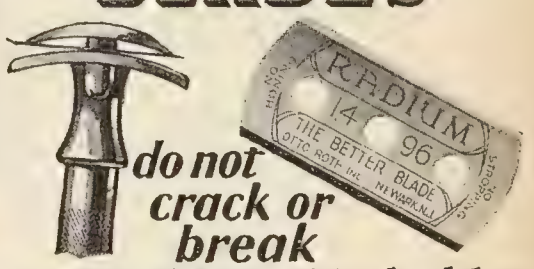


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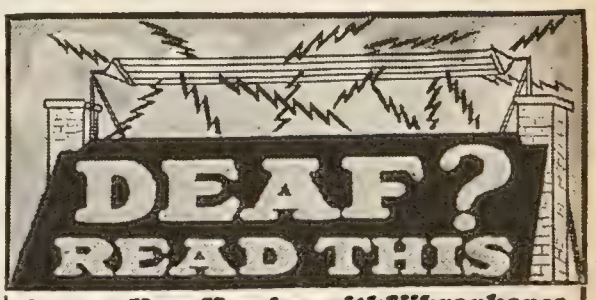


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[WHEN GERTIE SQUARED HIM]
Continued from page sixty-seven

that's better. What's that? I saw 'em all right, just before they got Ed. I tried to warn the Colonel, but they got me."

"But what did they look like? Describe 'em, can't you?"

"The one I saw was dark. Nigger maybe, or else just dark. He came too quick."

"Where'd he come from?"

"Back of Ed. You see, I was talkin' to Ed and all of a sudden—"

"What did the other man look like?"

Joe shook his head. "Didn't see the other one. I mean not to look at. Just caught his shape as he jumped me." Now, being a little wider awake, Joe remembered and looked with surprise at his knuckles. He held them up to his eyes, examining them, and whistling softly. Then, "I don't remember hitting anybody," he remarked, "but I guess I must have socked one of them." And he displayed his bleeding fist with a rueful smile.

Forty-five minutes later he was backing his truck out of the alley. The truck was still loaded, and in the center of the load, tossed there carelessly, was an ordinary cardboard box, about the size of a shirt box, tied with brown cord. Joe was still pretty wabbly, but he could smile.

Everything had broken right for him. Ed Jorgensen, pressed for testimony, had said rather dubiously that he had seen one man behind him just as he was warned by Joe. He saw the man's arm come up as if to strike him. After that he remembered nothing except a confusion of sound. The Colonel's story was even more surprising to Joe. Yes, said the Colonel, Joe had come racing in to warn him. That was correct. And it was correct about the two men, too. There were two of them, and they had jumped Joe and him simultaneously. No; no description. Everything had been too quick, too confused.

Joe Sanderson backed into State Street and swung off into Elm to make the first of his deliveries, a crated baby carriage for Mrs. Yomans. He was lifting the crate when he heard running footfalls behind him and looked around with abrupt terror. For an instant he knew what it was to feel icy cold. Then a flood of relief surged through him. The running figure was that of Gert Mason.

SHE caught up with him, stood panting, gulping for breath.

"Joe—you might—might have been killed. I—I just heard about it—at the store. Hurried—fast as I could."

"Aw, it wasn't anything," said Joe uneasily.

"But why didn't you let me know?"

"I don't know. Groggy, I guess. Had my job on my mind. You know—deliver the goods." He smiled tentatively.

She said hurriedly, "You go right home this minute, Joe Sanderson. What does anybody care whether they get their old stuff today or tomorrow? You go see Doc Polk."

"Seen him, baby. He gave us all the once-over. Says nothin's busted anywhere. The old man's sort of shot, though. You know—shock to him, the doc said."

"I should think it would be a shock, getting knocked on the head and chloroformed and losing a hundred thousand dollars of somebody else's money."

*There was something sweet about Nat Mason's sister, sitting there in her little cashier's cage.*

"Hundred and forty-eight thousand seven hundred and something," said Joe, who had listened to the figures with relish. Instinctively he glanced toward the cardboard box in his truck.

The girl caught his look. "Will you stop thinking about those deliveries of yours?" she demanded. "Or else do you want me to get up on that driver's seat and take the truck into the garage for you?"

Joe peered at her meditatively. Then, "Say, it won't hurt me any to finish the route," he pleaded. "There's seven bundles of evergreens here that's got to go out to Hilton's, anyway, or they're liable to dry up and be no good. They only came in on Number Forty-two, but Hilton's been kicking since day before yesterday. Listen, baby, it'll do me good to get my mind off what happened. You run back to the store now and I'll see you tonight. Early too."

SHE was devouring him with her eyes. What she said was, presently, "Oh, Joe, I'm so darned proud of you! Nat says the chief told him you jumped between the Colonel and the robber that was trying to hit him."

"Aw, that's a lot of boloney. I was just tryin' to get out of the way myself." Now he hesitated. There was one thing he dearly wanted to know, one thing he needed to know, for his peace of mind, for his very security. He debated with himself, felt himself weakening. It was a fool thing to put into anybody's head, and yet—and yet . . .

"Listen," he said clumsily, and then again, "Listen, Gert. You know, me being there and not belonging in the bank or anything — nobody thinks I had anything to do with it, do they?"

She looked at him, stared at him blankly, her mouth sagging open. "What a terrible thing to say about yourself," she whispered.

"Well, you know," and now he tried to laugh lightly, "all I meant was you might hear of somebody trying to say that, and if you did I'd like to know who it was so I could sock 'em, see?"

She said belligerently, "Nobody would dare say it." Then her eyes softened and she caught his two hands. "Oh, Joe, don't you know that the reason everybody loves you is because you're so good and so square and so—oh, everything?"

His wit came back to him. "I guess I'm worried because I wasn't fast enough to keep 'em from getting at the old man," he said.

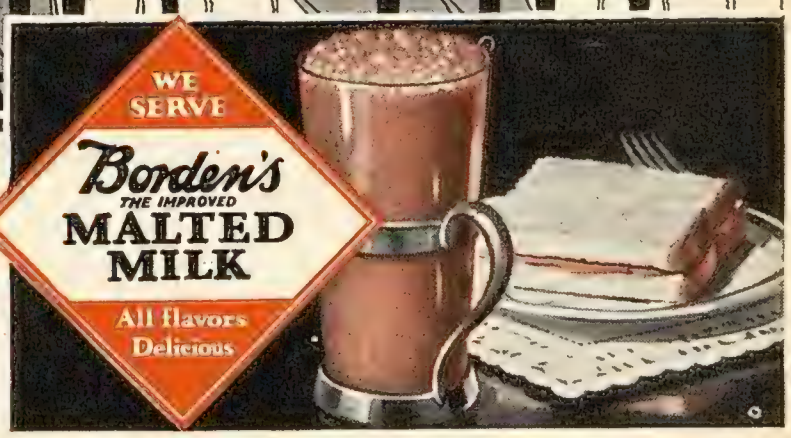
But he was confused. Everything was so mixed up. Here he was, sitting pretty after one of the biggest small-town bank burglaries in years, with all the jack under his hand and with all the world to run free in, and still everything was all balled up. His idea had worked. The idea he had spent four years on had worked and he was big winner. But just the same, everything was a hot hash.

With narrowed eyes he made his deliveries: the baby carriage to Mrs. Yomans; two barrels of tar to Crump, the builder; carboy of weed killer to the new golf club; twelve bales of copper shingles to the Cornell job; miscellaneous packages here and there, and at last the seven bundles of evergreens way out to Hilton's. Eight miles out, Hilton's was, with Hilton himself and a grouchy wop gardener to bawl him out for being late. As if it was his fault!

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE SEVENTY-ONE]

# It's how I mix it, plus its extra-nourishment that makes Borden's Malted a come-back number

All over the country they come back for another. Men and women who value better health, who appreciate the quick-energy need of a nourishing food-and-drink like Borden's Malted.

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SPARKLING MOMENTS *in the* HISTORY OF BOTTLED CARBONATED BEVERAGES

# *"It's that confounded snake again!"* said Adam —reaching for the bottle . . . .

Adam laid aside the sports extra of the Eden Daily Fig Leaf, and sniffed contemptuously. "That's a lot of applesauce and salesmanship," he growled. "Here's a letter to the editor signed 'Lillith' recommending whale oil ointment for snake bite. Did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous? Why don't they call on a Man of the World for some real expert testimony? I've probably been snake bitten with more regularity than anybody in the Garden and there's no remedy like bottled carbonated beverages. I've sampled every known variety and flavor and I ought to know . . . Ou-u-ch!"

Gingerly Adam lifted his foot for a rueful inspection. "It's that confounded snake again!" he exclaimed, reaching for a bottle of his favorite carbonated beverage, at the same time summoning a preferred blond stenographer, to whom he spake, saying, "Take a testimonial to American Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages, U. S. A. Gents: I always use Bottled Carbonated Beverages for Snake Bite and find that I get best results from same. Sign that 'Adam' and get it in the mail tonight.

"I'm going out for a little game of golf with a good customer—an animal trainer from the Consolidated Circus. And, oh yes, don't forget to order another case of bottled carbonated beverages. Tell 'em to put it on ice at the Nineteenth Hole."

*Free!* *Write today for a copy of this new recipe book. Frozen salads, delicious punches, dainty desserts. American Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages, 726 Bond Bldg., Washington, D.C.*

# Bottled beverages Carbonated

AMERICAN BOTTLERS —OF— CARBONATED BEVERAGES

THERE'S A BOTTLER IN YOUR TOWN

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-EIGHT]

It was dusk when he left Hilton's. The only package remaining in the truck was a soiled cardboard box about the size of an ordinary shirt box.

Joe looked back at it now and then warily. Wouldn't do to let it bounce out. Big responsibility, that box was. Just get caught with it; that was all that would be needed.

Abruptly he pulled up at the side of the road. He was in a wooded stretch. Swamp lands. Nobody lived there. The road was clear, front and back. He climbed out, seized the box, gently dropped it back of the right-hand stone wall. With his eye he marked the place. About a hundred feet down from the second rise in the road. Big clump of sumac opposite. An old black-barked wild-cherry tree in about six feet from the wall. Hmm! Easy to find.

He hopped back on the truck and was aware directly that he was singing aloud. Relief to get rid of the damn' box. No joke being hooked up to a proposition like that. Involuntarily he shivered. Jeese, he'd forgotten about that end of it. Cops. Fingers twisted into your collar. Boots in the tail, plenty of 'em. Finger printing. Cells. A courtroom full of people who didn't give a damn. A prosecutor with a sneer on his face. The judge, solemn. The jury—huh! Only a movie queen with good legs could kid a jury.

Yeah, and then the pen. Guards in blue coats, and a lot of poor slobs that ought to know better moping around in their lousy gray clothes and figuring how they were going to beat the game next time.

Again Joe Sanderson stopped his truck. He was out of the woods now. To the right, across a gently swelling breast of green land, the last glow of the sunset still held the sky. Joe looked at it. He flicked off the switch and let the engine die. For a long time he sat staring ahead of him.

After a while he spoke; and aloud. Rather he grunted. "Dirty trick on the old man," was what he said. Then, minutes later, "I'm damned if I don't."

HE left the truck and walked back. The box was easy to find. He returned to the truck with it, thought a moment, and then stuffed it under the hood. Twenty minutes afterward he was in his room, digging deep into his trunk from which he finally pulled out a bunch of dull and corroded keys. He looked at these keys without particular interest.

"If one of these skeletons doesn't get me in," he muttered, "then, damn it, I'll have to cut the glass." Now he looked at his watch. "Gosh, I'm due at Gert's in half an hour."

Joe Sanderson dropped the keys into his pocket. He stalked into the garage behind his rooming house, lifted the hood, and got his cardboard box. It was oily now, but he decided that the oil didn't matter. After all, it might have been oily to start with—and let any cop try to locate the source of oil these days! Carefully he carried the box to his room and locked the door. A last look wouldn't hurt.

He took his one last look, a little longingly, a little sadly. There they were in packages; mostly centuries, but some grands and some half-grands. A lot of fifties and twenties too. No use counting it; he knew the total—one hundred and forty-eight thousand seven hundred odd dollars. Real dollars; American dollars; dollars that would insure a life of luxury and ease.

"The hell they would," remarked Joe Sanderson dourly. He shut the box and tied it, examining it carefully for any particular marks that could identify it with his truck or himself. There weren't any such. He said to himself, "I'll have to chance that."

Using back streets and keeping in the shadows, he came eventually to the alley that led behind the bank. The alley, as always, was empty. Nevertheless, Joe set down his box and walked up the alley boldly, though not noisily, as if looking for something that might be on the ground. If they had a cop there, he had his story all prepared—in the afternoon's excitement he had dropped his receipt book.

THERE was no policeman or watcher in the alley. Joe made sure of this and then turned his attention to the back door of the bank. His third key opened it. With his heart jumping he walked back, got his box, shoved it through the doorway so that it tilted neatly against the inner wall, closed the door softly, and then, with a new and unexpected boldness, walked out through the alley and into State Street. He wanted to sing. He did sing.

From her front porch Gert ran out to him, clung to him.

"Joe—I called you up and you weren't in. I was worried. How's your head?" And now he smiled down at her. "Head's working for a change."

"Head? Never better."

He swept her into his arms, held her tighter than ever in his life he had held anyone before. He whispered huskily, "I couldn't get along without you, baby. I'm just getting wise to that."

Gert laughed up at him. She whispered a little jerkily, "Maybe a bang on the head does you good once in a while."

She didn't really hear what Joe said to that, but then she wasn't exactly listening. What Joe said was, and a little slowly, "I guess it took a knock on the head to do it. You know, baby, when I was a kid I had sort of—well, funny ideas. But that feller at the Y was right. He said—remember, I told you?—he said the talents you use are the ones that grow out on you. Well, I'm just learnin' to turn my talents on you."

What Gert said was, meaning nothing in particular, "Honest?"

"Honest as hell," said Joe sturdily. And it was only after he had spoken them that the full significance of his own words came to him.

Over the top of Gert's nestling curls he looked straight out into the night, a little defiantly, perhaps, but proudly too. His mouth set itself firmly. "That's me," he said, "and you can bank on me."

THE END


# WINNERS!

## Eight New Awards in Liberty's Offer of $10,000 for Mystery Solutions

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND has awarded prizes as follows for the solutions which, in his judgment, were the best of those submitted on The Mystery of the Lost Heiress, the eighth problem in his recent series of ten for solutions of which LIBERTY is giving its readers a total of $10,000:

FIRST PRIZE—$500

To Arthur Brand,
Attorney at Law, Pacific Building, Rooms 353-5, Cor. Market and Fourth streets, San Francisco, Calif.

SECOND PRIZE—$250

To Fred W. Gray,
Editorial Department, The Examiner,
San Francisco, Calif.

THIRD PRIZE—$100

To Mary Taylor Hallam,
4846 Swiss Avenue, Dallas, Texas.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

To Col. Constantine M. Perkins,
Navy Department, U. S. Marine Corps),
45 Broad Street, Plattsburg, N. Y.

FIFTH TO EIGHTH PRIZES—$25 each

To Ira C. Taylor, P. O. Box 223, Northampton, Mass.; Dean L. Heffernan, R. R. 1, Box 348, Clayton, Mo.; William MacLeod Raine, 150 Race Street, Denver, Colo.; Dr. W. Conyers Herring, 1812½ Main Street, Parsons, Kan.

**Prize awards for the ninth problem, The Mystery of the Pencil Factory, will be announced next week.**

*Reboux makes a picture of the face with this beautiful hat of shiny straw.*

# Just Like a PICTURE

By
BETTINA
BEDWELL

*Paris.*

IT'S fashionable to make pictures this summer. Most of the Best Dressed over here are doing it. Materials for smart picture making aren't the kind you buy in an artist's supply store. They come right out of the grandest, most expensive fashion houses in Paris. Clothes, of course. The woman herself is the canvas on which picture clothes are applied, and if some paint is used and some tan (out of bottles) to augment the effectiveness of the picture costume, Paris hasn't the slightest objection. Clothes that make you look just as if you had stepped out of a picture are the latest and most lively of Paris styles.

*A pink taffeta evening gown from Vionnet has a bow at the back.*

It's no good going to a gallery and getting yourself up like Mme. Lebrun, Marie Antoinette, or any of the other famous women preserved on canvas. The picture clothes that Paris is wearing suggest such quaint charm, but they are as modern as the talkies and speak quite as eloquently.

Quaint prints; big bows; ruching; flower-trimmed and picture hats; frilly collars and cuffs; normal waistlines and fitted bodices—these are some of the important details of picture styles as seen in Paris. More important, however, than any of these things is the quality of seeing yourself as a picture (preferably a moving picture), just as the successful actress does. Be yourself, in clothes as well as character, but consider yourself as something decorative in the life composition in which you move.

Most important to this kind of style are the new hats. They are wider and thinner than the kind lately worn even in midsummer. They are high on the forehead and flared at the sides, making a picture of the face. The newest of these hats, created by Reboux, is shown on this page. It's one of those thin, shiny straw hats with a one-side droop and one-side uplift, showing a triangle of forehead. A band with bow of satin ribbon is the sole trimming.

Fromenti has sketched this hat also with the Redfern

*Redfern's contribution to the picturesque mode is a blue georgette suit trimmed with ruching*

*Two creations in silk: from Premet (the left-hand model) a dress in brown and white; Cheruit developed the other costume in blue and white.*

sky-blue georgette picture suit shown in our center picture. It fits the costume perfectly. This suit has a fitted jacket trimmed with ruching of blue taffeta, and a two-tier skirt of georgette trimmed with the ruching. The blouse beneath is white and blue chiffon.

OUR Vionnet evening gown is the most effective young-girl picture frock that Paris has brought out this summer. It's all in sunset-pink taffeta, and the dress is just a chemise slip gathered on to a round neck. Vionnet ties a stringlike belt in a small bow at the normal waistline, and places a wide sash with a huge bow at the back. That's all there is to this picture of youth and charm.

A picture frock from Premet, shown on the left in the upper panel, is in necktie-silk cinnamon brown and white confetti dotted. The very long bodice is shirred from waistline to knees and held flat by four bands, the front and right side band being decorated with a bow of self-material. A circular ruffle cut in one piece with the bands makes the skirt. The bodice has a collar and cuffs of cream batiste edged with brown crocheted lace.

Next it is an ensemble from Cheruit, in navy blue and white flowered foulard, with a little cape-sleeved jacket and a basque-waisted dress with a circular ruffle on the skirt and a big bow at the back of the waistline—pulling the bodice back, fitting and draping it.

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# Entertaining the Bride

By Ethel Somers

*An appropriate climax to a party for a bride is a heart-shaped cake with dessert.*

IF planning to entertain a bride, the clever hostess first considers the guest of honor. The party decorations should enhance the charm of the bride's natural colorings. Why not choose one of the accompanying menus? Both of these color schemes lend themselves to decorating inexpensively with seasonable flowers.

### GREEN AND WHITE MENU

Cream of Mushroom Soup — Parsley Garnish
Fried Chicken Fingers — Green Sauce
Parisian Mashed Potatoes
Corn on the Cob (in husks) — New Peas
Spinach Timbales
Celery — Olives
Heart Cake — Fig Bisque

### ORANGE, PINK, AND VIOLET MENU

Surprise Apricot Appetizer
Creamed Crab Meat on Rosettes
Parisian Mashed Potatoes
Frozen Cucumber-Pineapple Salad
Cut Radish Roses — Parsley Garnish
Heart Cake with Candied Violets
Mixed Bouquet Ice Cream Mold

## *Fried Chicken Fingers*

1 quart chicken cut 2½ by ½ by ½ inches
2 eggs, slightly beaten
¼ teaspoon salt
1½ cups bread crumbs
Deep fat or oil for frying

ROLL the chicken in crumbs, then in the salted egg, and then in crumbs again. Keep chilled until ready to fry and using a fry basket, immerse in hot fat (375° F.). Serve with green sauce and parsley.

## *Green Sauce*

1 pound spinach
½ cup chopped parsley
⅓ cup chopped cress
1½ cups mayonnaise
2 sweet pickles, chopped fine
4 green olives, minced
Added vegetable coloring if needed

CLEAN the vegetables, remove the stems, and crisp in cold water. Chop very fine, using a wooden bowl and a chopping knife. Place in dampened cheesecloth and press out the juice. Add the chopped pickles, olives, and green vegetable juice to the mayonnaise. Keep cold and serve as a sauce accompaniment to the chicken fingers.

*Perfect heart-shaped cakes are easily obtained with the modern spring form cake pans.*

## *Parisian Mashed Potatoes*

1 quart cooked potatoes, mashed
½ cup cream
2 teaspoons chopped chives
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon confectioner's sugar
2 teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon paprika (Omit the paprika for the green and white luncheon)

MASH the cooked potatoes until smooth. Beat in the cream (this may be increased to two-thirds cup) and seasonings. When fluffy, serve hot, preferably molded from a pastry bag.

HERE comes the bride! So, on this page, Ethel Somers presents in detail menus especially thought out to please the young guest of honor. Substitutions may be made in the menus by referring to one of the three LIBERTY cookbooks compiled by Miss Somers. If you haven't these handy little books, send for them today, using the coupon herewith. Price 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents.

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## *Fig Bisque*

1 cup confectioner's sugar
3 egg yolks, beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ pint cream, whipped
½ pound chopped figs

BEAT the sugar and egg yolks together until creamy. Stir in the whipped cream and vanilla. Freeze until mushy and then stir in the chopped figs. Pack in a mold and freeze.

## *Surprise Apricot Appetizer*

12 apricots
2 ounces almonds, blanched
1 cup confectioner's sugar
1 tablespoon cold water
Pistachio nuts to garnish

PEEL the washed apricots. Cut them in halves. Crush the skins and cook together with the pits until rather a thick sirup forms. Meanwhile mix the grated or crushed almonds with the sieved confectioner's sugar and water. Roll this mixture into the shape of the pits. Fill the apricots and combine the halves. Pour the boiling sirup over the whole, chill, and serve garnished with the pistachio nuts.

## *Heart Cake (Serves 40)*

1 cup butter or substitute
3 cups sugar
¾ teaspoon nutmeg, if desired
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon salt
5¼ cups flour
3½ teaspoons baking powder
1¾ cups rich milk, or half cream and half milk
9 egg whites

WORK the shortening to a smooth cream. Gradually blend in the sugar. Sift the dry ingredients. Add one-fifth of these with one-fourth of the milk and flavoring, beating during each addition, and fold in the egg whites last. Pour into the oiled heart pan and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for one and one-half hours. Increase to 375° F. the last fifteen minutes. Invert and cool before frosting (see below). Add candied violets if served with second menu.

## *White Mountain Frosting*

2 egg whites
2 cups sugar
2 teaspoons vanilla
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
⅔ cup boiling water

AFTER the water in under part of double boiler is boiling, put the first four ingredients into the top part. Then to these add two-thirds cup boiling water and quickly beat the frosting. See that the water underneath is kept hot and that the beating is vigorous for about seven minutes, when the frosting should be stiff enough to stand up in peaks as the beater is pulled out of it.

# For LUNGS and LEGS

By
EILEEN BOURNE

IN gymnasiums, in the physical training classes in schools, and in private reducing parlors the skipping rope is gradually losing its unsavory reputation for provoking sudden death—a tradition scarcely deserved by a pastime so commonly indulged in by modern youngsters and which came down to us from the ancient Greeks.

Rope jumping, it is true, should never be recommended where there is suspicion of any heart disorder. Nor would we recommend it for a woman who for years has been muscularly inactive. But as an exercise for a normally healthy person it is enjoyable, exhilarating, and healthful, for it has distinct benefits on the human circulatory mechanism. Professional athletes, especially boxers, jump the rope for precisely this benefit. Losing one's breath after a slight exertion is a common condition, which a better circulation and better breathing power forestall.

Too, rope jumping uses the leg muscles in a manner that few other exercises provide. What is called " venous circulation " (return of the blood from the leg) is claimed to be weak in women, owing to their mode of life, a claim supported by the prevalence of varicose veins. It is a preventive of constipation, for the jumping stimulates the intestines. And it unquestionably contributes to light-footedness.

If there is a question in the individual mind about taking to the rope to reduce, to develop, to correct constipation, or to remedy short-windedness, we advise having the family doctor pass on the condition of the heart. But ordinarily we would recommend it on personal experience, with the advice that speed be worked up slowly, just as we would suggest that your daily dozen be gone at rationally.

The trouble with most of us is that the little exercise we treat ourselves to is rarely exhilarating enough. We walk three miles—but seldom with beneficial gusto. We do our setting-up work with the stolidity that goes with a duty well done. Rope skipping and running automatically supply the needed exhilaration, and they benefit legs, circulation, and lungs.

Running is an excellent form of exercise. Again we call attention to the favor it holds with the professional athlete. It strengthens the foot ligaments and muscles. And it is indorsed for persons who toe out and have a tendency to flat foot. Five minutes of stationary running is equivalent to an ordinarily paced two-mile walk; but running in the open has greater benefits.

Persons out of condition, greatly overweight, or elderly would naturally not be solicited for membership in running courses; and excessive smokers or coffee users are warned to be careful about running.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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IMPORTANT—*Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are mildly laxative.* ALL-BRAN *—another Kellogg product—is* 100% *bran and guaranteed to relieve constipation.*

# FOOL ERRANT

## *Villainy Sets a Trap for Love*

in a New Episode
of the Serial by

PATRICIA WENTWORTH

*Pictures by* RAYMOND SISLEY

*"Why be proud? Why not crawl in behind and lick the hand that throws the bone?*

HUGO ROSS knew that two men had cast him for the rôle of scapegoat and thief. He knew also that they had decided on him because they were certain he was a young fool. But Hugo was not a fool, and he was going to try to beat them at their own game.

The men were Ambrose Minstrel, inventive genius, and Hacker, his assistant. Hugo had been taken on as Minstrel's secretary. It had become pretty clear that Minstrel wished to sell the plans of his astounding new invention to some foreign power and to make it appear that Hugo had stolen and sold them.

Hugo had got his first hint of this plot the evening before he took the job of secretary. He got the hint soon after he bumped into Loveday Leigh in the dark, near Meade House, Minstrel's home, and had happened to mention to her his hope of the secretaryship. She had cried out a word of warning, then had dashed for her London train—and Hugo hadn't even seen her face!

Loveday's collision with young Ross was a near-tragedy for her. Trustingly, she told a girl in London about her warning to him. The girl told Hacker, and Hacker tried to have Loveday smuggled out of England. Hugo managed to save her under cover of darkness, and learned, from her lips, that she had overheard Minstrel and Hacker discussing the plan that, according to them, was to ruin him.

Then Hélène de Lara entered the plot on the side of the inventor, her neighbor. She arranged for Loveday, her cousin, to visit her, and planned a dinner to which Hugo and Hacker were to be invited. She did this so that she and Hacker might determine whether Hugo and Loveday had met after that first collision in the dark.

Hugo had three strokes of luck. He discovered the dinner trap, was able to warn Loveday, and had previously received from Mr. Benbow Smith of the Foreign Office—to whom he had confided his troubles—an important long envelope.

Young Ross had warned Loveday of their danger at a chance meeting outside Hélène de Lara's house. After their brief talk, Loveday had found herself locked out, and had had to climb in through a window.

### PART EIGHT

WHEN Hugo turned in at the gate of Meade House, it occurred to him for the first time that he was likely to find himself locked out too; but as he came round the turn of the drive, he saw the hall door standing wide and light streaming out from the hall. Even for Meade House this seemed odd and a trifle disconcerting.

He came across the gravel sweep, and saw Hacker in the doorway like a black shadow. There was a momentary effect of menace; then Hacker's voice:

"That you, Ross?"

It was Hacker's voice, but not quite his ordinary voice. Hugo had the impression that Hacker was trying very hard to be ordinary. He did not quite succeed.

Hugo said, "Yes—I'm l-late." And then, as he came up close, Hacker began to speak, to say something that never got farther than a single rough sound. With a sudden break he swung round and went striding across the hall and up the stairs.

Hugo waited to shut and bolt the door and put out the hall light. Then, as he went up the stairs in the dark, the feeling of menace was there. He was conscious of it to the point of shocked expectancy. Something—some force of anger—something violent, horrible, malignant was there—waiting. If Hacker had sprung upon him with

murderous intent, it would have been a sheer relief. The unseen menace was a subtler and more horrible thing.

The turn of the stair showed him Hacker's door with a line of light beneath it. He felt his way to his own room and lit a candle. Five minutes later he was calling himself a fool; but he locked the door and pushed a tin bath against it before he went to sleep.

HE dreamed that he was dancing with Mme. de Lara in a fairy ring in the moonlight. The ring was a ring of scarlet toadstools, and Helène de Lara wore silver slippers with scarlet heels. Someone was playing the flute, and away in the outer darkness he could heard Loveday crying. She was crying bitterly. But he couldn't go to her, because he couldn't get out of the fairy ring; the toadstools grew as tall as trees and burned with a red scorching fire; the wind blew over them and burnt him. But Hélène de Lara danced on. The heels of her shoes were scarlet flames, and her silvered hair was full of dancing fiery sparks.

He woke up hot and panting, and as he woke he heard the handle of his door turn and the latch click. He called out at once, "Who's there?" and there was no answer, only a faint, faint sound of withdrawal. It was so very faint that he could not have said that he heard it or that it was really a sound at all.

He jumped out of bed and went to the open window. The air of the house was heavy with menace. He did not sleep again that night.

Next day there was a comedy played at breakfast: the comedy of Hélène de Lara's invitation to dinner. There was a letter for Hacker and a letter for Hugo, sent over by hand.

Hugo opened his letter with a good deal of amusement. It smelt of violets, and began without a beginning:

> You are coming to me tonight, are you not? A quarter to eight. I rely on you. Au revoir.
>
> H. de L.

He looked up and saw Hacker's hand clenched on a torn envelope, Hacker's face forced to a dark indifference.

It was Minstrel who asked with a rasp, "What's Hélène writing about?"

"Asking me to dinner," said Hacker with a shrug.

Minstrel laughed.

"An olive branch! She hasn't asked me. You are favored—or are you, I wonder? She hasn't the impudence to write to me, so she writes to you. Is that it?" He was tormenting Hacker, and knew that he was tormenting him. He turned with a sneer to Hugo.

"You also have a *billet-doux!* Are you also asked to dinner?"

"Yes, sir."

"ADMIRABLE! The lady is particularly charming and particularly hospitable, and particularly fond of novelty—ladies are, I'm told—this one has a passion for it—hence the olive branch. Hacker and I were out of favor, but as soon as you appear on the scenes we are forgiven—that is, Hacker is forgiven—she throws him a nice little bone, she invites him to dinner. He ought to show gratitude, but I doubt if he will—eh, Hacker? Gratitude's not much in your line—is it? I suppose you won't go?"

"Why not?" Hacker got up scowling.

"Why not indeed? Why be proud? Why not crawl in behind Ross and lick the hand that throws the bone? I only wish she'd asked me too. I should have enjoyed myself—a most edifying spectacle."

The door banged behind Hacker. Minstrel pushed back his chair.

"Come and write letters! Hacker's got a damnable temper. Some day it'll get him into trouble. Come along and do a job of work. You won't earn your salary by going out to dinner. I suppose you think you oughtn't to work on Sunday—eh? Well, I can tell you this—my secretary works when I want him to work, if it's in the middle of the night, or forty-eight hours at a stretch. He's a machine, and he works when I want him to work—or he goes."

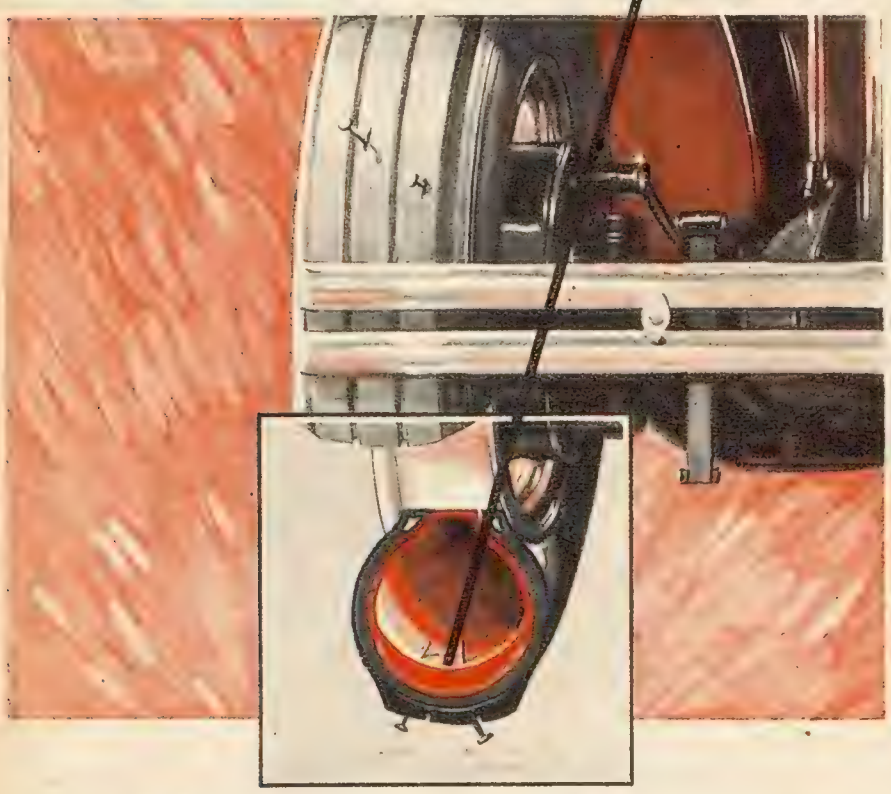
There was not, after all, very much work to do. Hacker came in presently and lounged in one of the big chairs with a novel and a cigarette. Minstrel dictated a couple of letters and began a third; but halfway through the first sentence he stopped.

Hugo looked round. He had got used to Minstrel's restless ways and quite expected to see him lost in a book or disappearing into his laboratory. What he saw was this: Minstrel looking at Hacker with an angry, questioning stare, and Hacker—no, he was just too late to catch Hacker off his guard. When he looked, Hacker's eyes were on his book. But Hugo knew very well that they had not been there a second before; they had been looking at Minstrel, saying something to Minstrel. It was all over in a moment.

Minstrel swung round, pulling at his beard.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

# LONGER TIRE MILEAGE and NO PUNCTURES



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FOOL ERRANT
Continued from page seventy-seven

"I can't dictate. Finish the letter yourself, and keep out of my way, or I shall find myself sacking you."

"Do you want to s-sack me, sir?"

Minstrel swore at him.

"No, I don't. I shouldn't tell you to keep out of my way if I did. It's not you; it's those damned interfering busybodies who think that because they sit in a government office and fatten on red tape they can come down here and hustle me."

He picked a paper weight off the table at Hugo's elbow, balanced it a moment, and sent it crashing into the bookcase. It splintered the middle panel, and fell with a heavy thud. He went striding up the room and stood staring at the damage. Then he laughed his rasping laugh and came swinging back.

"They rouse me. It's folly—but they rouse me. I'd like to smash them—like that!"

He turned on Hugo:

"Did you know we were having company tomorrow?"

"No, sir."

"Oh, you didn't? You don't know very much—do you? D'you still think I've been inventing a submarine?"

"Haven't you, sir?"

Minstrel pursed up his mouth and echoed him in a sort of snarling whine: "'Haven't you, sir? Haven't you, sir?' How discreet! How secretarial! No, sir, I haven't. And what's more you know very well that I haven't, unless you're even more of a fool than I ever took you for. A submarine!" He ran his hands through his hair and left it wild. "Does one correspond with the Air Ministry about a submarine? Does the Air Ministry send down its experts to haggle with me about a submarine? How much of a fool are you? Why, I believe—"

He paused, caught Hugo by the shoulders and pushed him back, looking down at him with a hot, unwinking stare. "Are you fool enough to believe what you see in print? Why, upon my soul, I believe you are—I believe you are!"

Hugo felt his color rise.

Minstrel went on looking at him for a moment, and then burst out laughing.

"My submarine *flies,* Master Ross! Put that in your pipe and smoke it!" he said, and turned on his heel. The laboratory door banged on him, and the key turned harshly.

Hacker shrugged his shoulders. "Sometimes I think he's mad," he said.

Hugo spent the rest of the morning wondering what method there was in Minstrel's madness. That the outburst had been calculated, he was sure. He thought it was to Hacker's order; and he thought that Hacker, for some reason, wished him to know, first, that Minstrel's invention was of the nature of an airplane, and next, that there was to be an official visit in connection with it on the following day.

## II

HUGO walked over to Torring House with Hacker that evening. He found it rather a strange walk. Hacker did not speak once, and the menace which had been present in the night was with them in the dark woods. It seemed to fill them. It seemed as if Hacker was always on the edge of speech, always just about to say something, to do something. There was a sense of violence just controlled.

They came into the hall at Torring House, and all at once Hugo began to feel elated. The feeling puzzled him because, in the ordinary way, a dinner party reduced him to a state of stammering alarm. Now he felt elated. He followed Hacker with a sense of pleased expectancy.

They came into the little room where he had talked to Mme. de Lara, and saw her standing under the tall lamp with the pale blue shade. The light gave her an elfin look, with her flaxen silver curls and a dress of moonlight blue.

Hugo's eyes went past her to Loveday. He looked at her because he couldn't help it. They had met in a dark lane, in a dark room, on a dark roof, and in a dark garden. He had seen her by the light of a street lamp, pale, ruffled, and dusty. He couldn't keep his eyes from her now. There

*He could not warn her; she was going to speak—she was speaking.*

was color in her cheeks, and she wore a pink frock. She looked very young. She made his heart beat terribly, and under the eyes of Hacker and Hélène de Lara he felt himself blushing.

With a desperate effort he transferred his gaze and his blush to Mme. de Lara. If he had met Loveday's eyes, the disaster might have been complete. But Loveday was not looking at him at all. She said something to Hélène and she laughed quite naturally. And then Hélène de Lara had her hand on his arm.

"Well, my friend, you have come. Shall I tell you how pleased I am to see you?"

She kept her hand on his arm and just touched Hacker.

"James, you haven't met my cousin. *Chérie*, this is Mr. James Hacker, who is a very dangerous person for you to know, because he invents explosives and things like that, and our dear Emily would not approve of him at all. And this—" She drew Hugo forward and paused. "This, my dear—" She paused again, and Loveday turned and looked at Hugo.

Hugo admired her very much; she did it ever so much better than he; her eyes were as innocently unaware as a kitten's. She saw a pleasant boy who was a stranger, and she waited for Hélène to introduce him. She could not have done it better.

HÉLÈNE introduced Mr. Hugo Ross.

Mr. Hugo Ross said, "How do you do?" and Miss Loveday Leigh, who had not been given any name except *chérie*, looked at him with an air of startled interest and said, "Oh," in a very natural girlish manner.

"Oh—is your name Ross?" said Loveday. Then she said "Oh" again, with the effect of being a little out of breath. It was very well done.

Quite suddenly Hugo wanted to laugh. He and Loveday playing at being solemnly introduced! He turned to Mme. de Lara and said, stammering a good deal, that it was a fine night.

"Is it?"

Hélène de Lara still had her hand upon his sleeve. She withdrew it now, rather slowly.

"Perhaps there'll b-be a f-fog later."

Hugo didn't want to laugh any more. He was making an ass of himself, and his cheeks burned.

They went in to dinner, Loveday with Hacker and Hugo with Hélène, and from the time that they were seated Mme. de Lara kept up a soft, unceasing flow of talk—about music—about flying—about jazz—about the Schneider Cup—about all the cities in Europe—about the world's record flights.

THE little dinner was perfect in every way. Even Hacker's gloom lifted, and by the time coffee was served he had vouchsafed at least one observation. Loveday was plainly enjoying herself. Emily never gave parties like this.

Hélène stopped talking about record flights. As the servants left the room, she lit a cigarette, looked through the faint veil of smoke at Hacker, and asked:

"Now, why didn't you bring Ambrose?"

"You didn't ask him," said Hacker rudely.

"Didn't I?" She laughed. "Did he expect that I would? He's like royalty—he says he will come, or he says he won't come—one doesn't ask him—especially when he is inventing something. What is it now?"

Hacker leaned back in his chair.

"Don't you read the papers?"

"Never. Why should I? They contain all the things which are not true, or which one knows already. When they are indiscreet, they lie—and when they tell the truth, they are as dull as ditch water."

"How picturesque!" said Hacker with a sneer.

She turned to Hugo.

"He is rude because he is afraid of me. He is afraid that I shall ask him to be indiscreet. He is in the sulks,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FOOL ERRANT
Continued from page seventy-nine]

so I shall ask you instead. Tell me about Ambrose's invention."

"I don't know anything to tell," said Hugo.

"And do you think that I believe that?"

"It's t-true."

She waved away the smoke that hung between them and made an odd little monkey face.

"Then I shall tell you—and you shall tell me whether I'm telling true or not."

She kept her eyes on him; dark, sad, malicious eyes. "I'll tell you this, but I won't tell you how I know—Ambrose has invented something that is going to sweep all the other flying things out of the air and leave it bare for him. Now isn't that true?"

"I don't know," said Hugo.

"Isn't it true, James?"

"Ask Minstrel."

"I don't need to—it's true. And I'll tell you what I heard, and that's this: they sent experts down from London to see a test, and he showed them a little model that they laughed at for a child's toy, and homemade at that—for it's true, isn't it, that he and you and Leonard made the parts?"

"Some of them," said Hacker.

Loveday was listening with all her ears and looking with all her eyes. Hélène laughed at her.

"Look at this child! Her eyes will fall out. She's admiring you, James, and thinking how clever you are. And she's wondering how your great clumsy fingers can make anything so fine and delicate as the sort of toy that Ambrose plays with."

*"Are you fool enough to believe what you see in print?"*

Hacker looked at his hands with a certain complacency. Hélène blew him a mocking kiss.

"How nice to be so pleased with oneself! Perhaps, now that you are pleased, you will tell me if what I have heard is true. I have heard that the experts laughed until they saw what the little toy could do, and that then they didn't laugh any more. I have heard that they came away with long, grave faces. I have heard—"

Hacker frowned again.

"What have you heard?"

"What I have heard comes straight out of a fairy tale." She put her elbows on the table and leaned forward, whispering: "James—is it true that it rises up quite straight without a run? Ah, now, tell me!"

HACKER laughed.

"That's nothing!"

"Isn't it, now? Listen to him, *chérie!* Ah, James, be indiscreet and tell us about it! What can it do?"

Hacker pushed back his chair and stood up.

"What can't it do?"

"Tell us." She was whispering again.

"Not a word." He went to the door and opened it. "If you want to know anything, you'll have to ask Minstrel yourself."

"But we've quarreled."

"Make it up." There was contempt in his tone; and all at once there was offense in hers—offense and dignity.

"I think we will go into the next room. Mr. Ross, has Ambrose ever shown you his collection of Chinese snuff bottles? He hasn't? Well, they're worth seeing—and if you can catch him in a really good temper, he likes showing them. But of course that's only when the sun shines in the middle of the night. You wouldn't expect him to have artistic tastes—would you?"

"I don't know," said Hugo.

She laughed.

"What a lot of things you don't know!" Then, on the threshold of her little room, she patted Loveday on the shoulder. "Go and talk to James. I am offended with him. Talk, or play the piano, or show him photographs—whichever he likes least. I wish to punish him."

"Thank you," said Loveday. She dropped a little curtsy, made a schoolgirl grimace, and went over to where Mr. Hacker frowned savagely at an innocent water color.

"Hélène says I am to show you photographs," she said, and forthwith picked up a little book of snapshots.

Hélène sat down on the sofa by the fire.

"I want more cushions. Yes, that blue one—and the one with the silver roses. Thank you. And now come and sit down and tell me why you blushed when you came in?"

Hugo did it again.

"Did I b-blush?"

She looked at him with an air of mournful reproach.

"Did you? Is that what you're asking me?"

Hugo went on doing it. The mournful look lifted; something sparkled and glanced.

"You might tell me why. Everybody tells me things except that sulky, obstinate James. Isn't he detestable? Do tell me why you blushed!"

"It was very stupid."

"Was it? Why did you?"

"I s-saw you—"

"And you blushed for me?"

"It was very s-stupid."

HUGO hoped earnestly that she would believe him and talk about something else. He hoped earnestly that she really thought him a singularly stupid young man. If only he hadn't been ass enough to look at Loveday! He was aware of her, now, out of the tail of his eye, sitting up primly and turning the leaves of an album which Hacker made hardly a pretense of looking at. He wanted to punch Hacker's head; he wanted to throw the furniture about; he wanted to smash something and shout.

Mme. de Lara hadn't done with him.

"You *might* tell me," she said, and her eyes teased and promised.

"I had a m-most awfully f-funny dream last night," said Hugo.

"So bad that you had to blush for it?"

Hugo would have given about ten years of his life to have boxed her ears. He supposed she thought she was being attractive.

He said, "Oh—no," and found a hand upon his arm. It clung there for a moment with a delicate pressure.

"Did you dream about me?"

"Yes, I d-did."

"Tell me! Ah now, do tell me! If I was in it, it's my dream as well as yours. What did we do in our dream?"

"We d-danced," said Hugo. He was looking down at the big diamond with its circle of tiny emeralds; it shone most amazingly bright. She had a little skinny hand. He thought how much nicer the ring would have looked on Loveday's finger. And then quite suddenly he hated the idea of Loveday wearing the ring, and he hated the ring.

"We danced," echoed Hélène de Lara. Her voice sank and was sad; her hand fell from his arm. "We danced. . . . Go on."

"We just d-danced."

He had a vision of the fiery toadstools and of Mme. de Lara's burning heels and the sparks that flew from her hair. The wild dream and his own banal phrase shook him with inward laughter.

"Where were we?"

"It was a f-funny sort of place."

"Ah, tell me, now! You're not telling me."

Hugo looked blank.

"We just d-d-danced."

. . . . .

"Do you like looking at photographs, Mr. Hacker?" said Loveday.

"Not specially."

"I thought you didn't." She shut the album with a

snap. "I think it's one of the most boring things in the world—so now we needn't do it any more. Why don't you go and talk to Hélène and let Mr. Ross come and talk to me?"

"I didn't know you knew him," said Hacker.

"I didn't say I knew him. He looks nice." She began to get up. "Let's go over to the fire."

Hacker pulled himself together. It was his business to keep Loveday from talking to Hugo. He said:

"I believe you do know Ross all the same. Where did you meet him?"

Loveday hesitated.

"Well—I don't know. I didn't say I *had* met him."

"But you *have*."

"Oh—well—"

"Is it a secret?"

"Yes, it is. No, I don't mean that. I can't think why you should think I know him."

"Well, you jumped when he was introduced to you."

"Did I?" Her eyes opened very wide.

"Yes, you certainly did."

"How clever of you to notice! It was only—only—well, I did know his name."

"Did you? I say, this is getting exciting!"

Loveday pursed up her lips.

"It isn't really."

"You knew his name, but you didn't know him by sight."

Her eyes opened still wider.

"How frightfully clever of you! How *did* you know?"

"Well, I was looking at you, and you didn't jump until you heard his name."

"How *frightfully* clever! Why were you looking at me?"

"Because you're rather nice to look at." He said it with the ease born of considerable practice.

Loveday's finger tips pricked and tingled. It was not only Hugo who wished to box the ears of the person he was talking to. Her color rose.

"I'm not the only person who's told you that, I'm sure," continued Mr. Hacker.

LOVEDAY got up and walked over to the fire. The orange cat lay curled up on the hottest part of the hearth-rug. She knelt down and began to pull its whiskers. The cat woke up and sneezed. Hugo turned round to look, and she addressed him.

"His name is Pif-paf-pouf. Isn't he beautiful?"

Mr. Hacker had apparently ceased to exist.

It was at this moment that the butler came in. He approached Mme. de Lara and said in a low voice:

"Miss Dumaresq is on the telephone."

"Ask her to give you a message."

He hesitated.

"Miss Dumaresq hoped you would be able to come for a moment."

Mme. de Lara jumped up.

"Why does one have a telephone?" she said, and ran out of the room.

Mr. Hacker strolled across to the fire. He frowned absently for a moment at Loveday on her knees beside the orange cat. Then, with the air of a man who has suddenly remembered something, he went quickly out of the room and shut the door. Hugo and Loveday were left alone, and Loveday opened her mouth to speak.

It was a most horrible moment, because Hugo was quite sure that they were not really alone; he was quite sure that they would never have been left alone; the telephone message and Hacker's departure were according to plan; they were being watched and tested.

HUGO did not think these things one after another; there was a sort of mental flash, and he just saw them. The flash did not take up an instant of time. He saw Loveday opening her lips to speak, and he knew that if she said so much as a single word, if she even said "Hugo," he would have failed, utterly and miserably. He could not warn her; she was going to speak—she was speaking.

She said, "Isn't Pif-paf-pouf a nice name?"

"V-v-very nice," said Hugo.

"Are you Mr. Minstrel's secretary?" said Loveday.

"Yes, I am."

"Do you like it?"

"V-v-very much."

Loveday looked down because she was afraid she would laugh if she went on looking at Hugo. He looked so embarrassed, and he sat on the edge of Hélène's comfortable sofa as if it had been a hard wooden bench. It was very funny. She wondered how long they would have to make silly remarks to each other, and she thought how awful it would be if she got the giggles. She tickled Pif-paf-pouf under the chin and said in a fluttered voice:

"Do you *really* like it?"

"Yes, v-very much."

Loveday said, "Oh!" and took a plunge: "Oh, Mr. Ross—there's something I want to say."

"Is there?"

"Yes—I think I ought to—but I don't know—perhaps—" She hesitated, and before she could say another word the door opened and Mme. de Lara came in a little out of breath.

"I knew it wouldn't be anything," she said in a vexed voice. "Marie Dumaresq is the limit, and every time she makes a mystery and drags me to the telephone I swear I'll not be taken in again. Would you believe what she wanted? An address that I've given her one dozen times already! She tires me!" She gave the cushion with the silver roses an angry pat. "Where's James? Still sulking?"

Mr. Hacker appeared as if this had been his cue—perhaps it was. He came over to the group by the fire and seemed to have recovered his temper.

Mme. de Lara looked at him teasingly.

"Have you thought of something to say? It's half an hour since you said anything, I believe."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[FOOL ERRANT
Continued from page eighty-one]

"As bad as that? How dull of me! I've really got rather a lot on my mind just now, if that's any excuse. I shall be glad when Minstrel's got rid of this job."

He laughed a little. "You think I'm bad-tempered—but you should see *him*. The fact is, after innumerable delays the Ministry have pinned him down, and he's sworn to hand over the plans and specifications tomorrow. They're sending a man down, and Minstrel's like a volcano in consequence—he does hate parting. You'd think he'd be glad to be rid of the whole thing—I know I shall be. It's a most infernal responsibility having the plans of a thing like that knocking about. He's so dashed careless, too—as often as not he forgets to lock the safe, and when he does lock it, he leaves the keys lying about."

*"Do tell me why you blushed!"*

Hélène laughed airily.

"Well, it's safe enough. No one's going to steal his old plans."

Hacker frowned.

"Aren't they? Do you realize that they're worth fifty thousand pounds? *Fifty?*" He laughed. "They're worth a hundred or a thousand times that if you work it out in terms of cities. What's the city of London worth?" He laughed again.

Hélène lifted her eyebrows.

"What are you talking about, my friend?"

"Pounds, shillings, and pence," said Hacker—"and Minstrel's infernal carelessness. I shall sleep a good deal better when the Ministry have got those plans in their own official safe, and that's a fact."

Hugo found this very interesting. He began by wondering why Hacker's tongue had suddenly loosened; and then he decided that this was also according to plan. If it were to appear that Hugo Ross had sold the plans, it might be useful to be able to prove that Hugo Ross had knowledge of certain things—as that the plans were carelessly kept, and that they were due to be handed over tomorrow.

He continued to sit on the edge of the sofa and to look very shy.

HACKER made an early move, for which Hugo was thankful. He shook hands with Mme. de Lara and felt her fingers cling to his for a moment whilst her lashes swept up and down again over darkly mournful eyes. They seemed to say, "Ah! If we were alone—"

Hugo turned to Loveday sitting on the rug beside the orange cat. He touched her hand, and she said, "You must say good-by to Pif-paf-pouf—he is a very important person. Just feel how lovely and soft he is."

He stroked the orange fur, and as he did so, Loveday's hand slipped up to his and pushed a scrap of paper under his stroking fingers. Pif-paf-pouf gave a little sleepy growl as Hugo's hand closed. He rolled over and stretched himself. Hugo got up with a beating heart. He slipped the scrap of paper into his pocket and went out with Hacker.

They were hardly clear of the house before Hacker began to talk with a curious suppressed energy.

"I wish I could be sure—" he began and then broke off. "Sure—you can't ever be sure of Minstrel. He's supposed to be handing over those plans tomorrow. Well, I'll bet anything you like that he'll play something up and go back on it. He loathes parting, and he won't part as long as he can invent an excuse—but he's never been as bad as this. It's getting on my nerves."

"Does it m-m-matter?" said Hugo. He wondered why he was being confided in.

Hacker gave a jerky laugh.

"Matter? That's good!"

"But why?"

"You heard what I said up there. The plans are too dashed valuable, and he leaves them lying about."

"Well, I don't s-see"—Hugo spoke in a slow, puzzled way—"I m-mean, supposing the Ministry have the plans to start making the—the airplanes or whatever they are—well, you can't keep things like that very s-secret. I don't see it's really worth anyone's while to steal the plans."

"Don't you?" Hacker's tone was one of open contempt.

"No, I d-don't."

Hacker laughed.

"They're worth fifty thousand—the two secret processes alone—" He stopped with the air of pulling himself up.

"S-secret processes?"

"WELL, you'd better forget that—I oughtn't to have said it—and yet I don't know that it matters. The thing's on my mind. D'you know what it is to have a thing so much on your mind that you can't help talking about it? No—I don't suppose you do."

He walked for half a dozen yards in silence, and then said, low and abruptly, "It's the two secret processes that are worth the money. They're worth double—treble—but they'd *fetch* fifty thousand." He laughed harshly.

"They'd fetch more in the open market—they'd fetch anything you like to ask. I can't tell you about them, but they're going to revolutionize flying. I tell you there's not as much difference between a toy balloon and the best modern plane as there will be between that plane and Minstrel's. There!"

The last word was fired at Hugo like a shot. He said, "Oh, I s-say!" and waited for more.

There was no more.

On the step of the house Hacker shook himself and said gruffly, "Don't talk about it." Then he went across the hall and up the stairs at a run.

Hugo followed slowly. He found his room with the blinds up, and he pulled them down carefully before he took out the scrap of paper which Loveday had pushed into his hand.

It was a little uneven piece torn from the margin of a book; a letter or two of print showed at the edge. Across it in a faint pencil scrawl he read:

"Come to the scullery window."

That was all. He stared at it, angry and perplexed. Loveday had taken a frightful risk, and she was asking him to take a worse risk still. If the slip of paper had been seen, the game would be up. It was a frightful risk to take. Only the most urgent necessity could justify it. Was there any urgent necessity? They oughtn't to risk a meeting unless a meeting was absolutely essential. Suppose Loveday only wanted to see him?

What could have happened that could possibly justify their taking such a risk? He couldn't think of anything. But there might be something. It was most difficult to decide what to do. He wanted to see Loveday so badly that he was afraid of doing what he wanted to do; and he was afraid of going in the opposite direction and staying away just because he wanted so badly to go.

*Poor bewildered Hugo was destined to be still more bewildered as the net tightened about him and Loveday. Follow their struggles to escape in next week's issue of Liberty.*

## HERE ARE THE MISTAKES ON PAGE 59

Handgrip is missing from one of the crutches.

Three buttons on man's coat; only two buttonholes.

Bow of his hatband is on the wrong side.

One leg of the porter's trousers has a cuff bottom; the other has not.

Calendar is incorrect. May 12 falls on Sunday.

A strap is missing from the suitcase.

Information is misspelled in sign over the booth.

Clock over the ticket office window is one hour ahead of the others.

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